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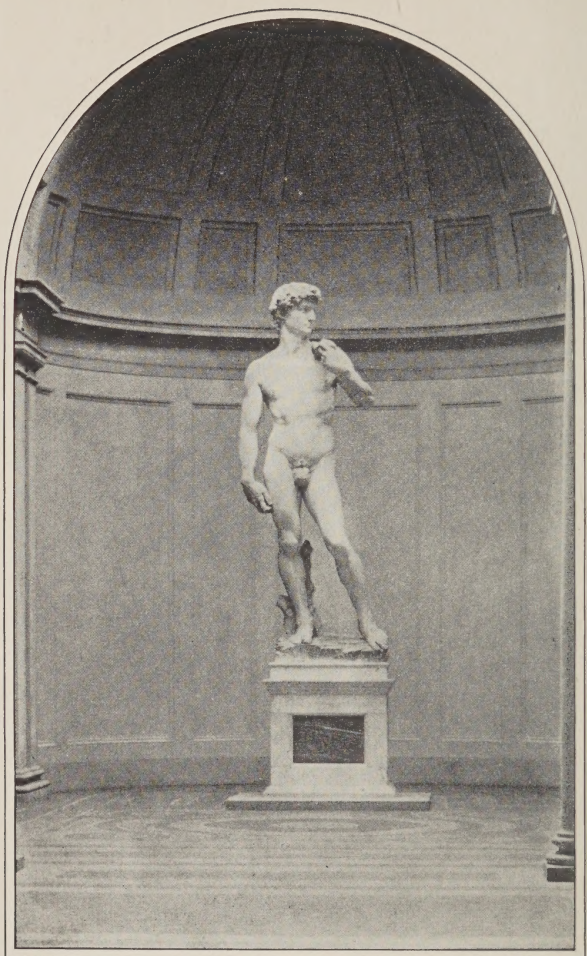


THE IDEAL ITALIAN TOUR

By
HENRY JAMES FORMAN



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MICHELANGELO'S DAVID, FLORENCE

(See p. 273)

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BY
HENRY JAMES FORMAN



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PREFACE

THE chief object of this volume is to serve as a companion to the traveller making the general tour of Italy. There is nothing in these pages, so far as I am aware, to hurt the leisurely sojourner, who can spend many weeks, or even months, in any one place that may take his fancy. But the book is intended rather for those whose Italian tour is more limited in time. For them there are, on the one hand, the dry, all-comprehensive guide-books, and, on the other, the more readable, often massive, works devoted to particular regions or cities. Neither of these was it my aim to rival, but rather to write such a single volume as I sought in vain during and after my first Italian journey, — selective, descriptive, easy to read, yet containing a sufficient web of legend, fact, romance, and history to clothe the scenes and sights withal, until such a time as I could read of them at leisure. I can only hope I have not utterly failed.

I wish here to express my indebtedness not alone to such standard works as those of Mac-

chiavelli, Gibbon, Ruskin, or J. A. Symonds, but also to a host of later writers, including Gaston Boissier, Bernhard Berenson, F. M. Crawford, Professor Lanciani, A. J. C. Hare, William Heywood, W. D. Howells, Laurence Hutton, Edward Hutton, A. H. Norway, H. M. Vaughan, Charles Yriarte, and many others. In a list of books on Italy appended to this volume most of the more recent works consulted are enumerated, though it is, of course, impossible to mention all. That this volume is free from errors is beyond my hopes, and I shall be most grateful to those who will bring them to my notice.

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THE IDEAL ITALIAN TOUR

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CHAPTER I

NAPLES

THE old Italian proverb, "See Naples and then die," may or may not come home to you after a considerable sojourn in that city. Certain it is, however, that when the steamer arrives and you look out upon the Neapolitan docks, you will not be stirred to the romantic pitch of enthusiasm implied in the proverb.

It may be you are of an energetic turn and have risen at dawn to get a glimpse of the Bay of Naples before the ship has docked. Or, perhaps, your steamer arrived in the afternoon instead of early in the morning. But the chances are that your best views of the bay will come later, after the excitement of disembarkation. Your first sight, then, are the docks, with their traffic and noise and bustle, drays rattling, derricks, cranes, and building machinery filling the

air with creaking and clangor, as they might do in London, New York, or Chicago. Round about the ship small boats are circling like insects. On long bamboo poles the occupants thrust up at you baskets of fruit and nosegays of flowers. Naked boys are waiting for your silver to drop as a signal for them to dive after it. But if you have come by way of the Azores and Madeira, this is no longer a novelty to you. Through all the hubbub and turmoil of the pier swarthy men, darting hither and thither, are constantly shouting in what you deem to be Italian.

If you are seeing Italy for the first time, after long dreaming and waiting, even that scene will thrill you. You will disembark and plunge into that confusion with the zest of an explorer. And though for a moment it seems to swallow you whole, yet you will emerge somehow. Your luggage will be collected on a truck by some olive-tinted native, who seems at once energetic and listless, as though he were made of some sort of animated tissue paper. He does not inspire you with much confidence, this Italian porter, and where two or more people travel together, one should remain with the porter while the other or

others seek for their luggage in the agglomeration of trunks and boxes standing on end on the pier.

Your luggage once assembled, it is wheeled to the customs counters. You are asked the stereotyped questions as to whether or not you have tobacco or other dutiable articles, and very soon you are free to go. Your luggage will be taken to a carriage or "taxicab" and, unless you are especially heavy-laden, you will give the porter a *lira*. He will protest. You will tell him in English that a *lira* is sufficient. He will still protest. Even if you speak Italian you will find it difficult to follow the stream of passionate eloquence he will pour into your troubled ears in his southern dialect. But from his gesticulations you will understand that labors so Herculean as his are deserving of more significant reward. Like all the rest of careless humanity, you, too, are leaving great achievement unrequited. The cabman, who is his friend, will wait obligingly during this harangue, despite your gesture that he drive on. The best cure for this attack of eloquence is either a look or a sign to the nearest policeman. Better still, if you utter quite loudly the single word "*Guardia*" (pronounced *gwardia*). One look in

your direction from the gendarme, and the eloquence will cease, the driver will start, you will begin to stir, like the realm of the Sleeping Beauty when Prince Charming came.

Of course, if you have written to a hotel for rooms in advance, and you see on the pier men with caps bearing the names of Bertolini's, Bristol, Parker's, Britannique, and so on, the porters of those hotels will take charge of your luggage after you have cleared the customs. They will also give you seats in the hotel omnibus. But aside from that they are of small help on the pier at Naples. At railway stations, to be sure, those hotel porters are truly useful. They take your luggage checks when you arrive, and your boxes are in your rooms almost as soon as you are. But the customs ceremony and the fact that you must find your luggage yourself makes these gilt-edged gentlemen on the dock merely ornamental.

At any rate, you finally drive away from the water-front into the streets of Naples, and you begin to have a glimmer of the Italy of your dreams. The cream and faint rose tints of the buildings seem to caress your eye as a mother caresses a child. The swarthy, wiry, olive-tinted

populace gives you an air of bustle and business without mad haste. Beautiful monuments and reposeful, dignified structures and palaces, all softened by the tender blue Italian sky, fall into a strange new harmony. The soft air blows gently about you. Glimpses of the bay flash here and there among the buildings as you drive upward, and gradually all those elements fall into the picture that make this celebrated Italian city.

That Naples is the most beautiful Italian city no one will for a moment pretend. The modernity first seen on the water-front pervades the entire town. The shops, the apartment houses, the tram-cars, and the traffic are the ties that bind this to other large cities, American and European, and take away from its character. But so prevalent is sameness in these our colorless days, that not until we discount it do we begin to realize the special charm of each individual place. We shall desire to see much else after leaving Naples and be very far from willing to die. Yet no traveller will ever forget her, and her peculiar lingering charm will ever stand forth in the memory among the mass of Italian impressions.

CHAPTER II

HOW TO INVADE NAPLES

NAPLES is a teeming city of over half a million souls. Yet, like a seaside resort, it is compelled to close its hotels a part of every year, that is, during the summer. In the early spring, when you arrive without any previous arrangement, you may drive to five or six hotels before you find one that can harbor you. They are engagingly polite, all these landlords who turn you away, and they part from you with the reluctance of a dear friend. Indeed, the lean months, when their hostelries are closed, seem to be concentrated in their wistful gaze after your retreating vehicle. On board ship, it may be, you have confidently informed fellow passengers that you would put up at such and such an hotel. But it is better to make more certain engagements, for you may find yourself glad enough to have a roof over your head miles away from the hotel you had set your heart on.

High on the hill, near the Rione Amedeo, stand the well-known hotels of which tourists, especially American tourists, ordinarily hear. Bertolini's Palace Hotel, perched on a rock like a kind of sybaritic fortress, is the most commanding of them all. So, too, are its prices. But nowhere is the American predilection for big prices more excusable than here, for Bertolini's is indeed an extraordinarily comfortable hotel, and from it you have a noble prospect of both the city and the Bay of Naples. The guests as well as all supplies are carried to the top of the hill on which Bertolini's is set in great lifts, the only means of access. Even those who don't stay there make up parties for teas and luncheons upon the terrace of that luxurious inn.

Less excusable, perhaps, are the high prices in some of the other hotels on the hill; for good though they are, they are no whit better than those in the lower part of the town. The gregarious instinct drives the American tourist upward. The more experienced Europeans prefer the hotels in the heart of the city, the Grand, the Hassler, the Vésuve, and others which give them some opportunity of seeing the life of the people.

For in no city of Italy is the street life so absorbingly interesting as in Naples, and probably every one who tries in after days to recall impressions of Italian streets, finds that the lively throngs of Naples surge up first and foremost before his mind's eye. Not Rome herself can display so cheery, vivacious, and stimulating a populace as the lower town of Naples. Tourists frequently leave the hill section to come down into the city below, but seldom do they wish to migrate the other way.

For, to begin with, everything the tourist requires is in the lower town — the shops, the banks, the agencies, like Cook's, all are down the hill. To walk about that part of the city is in itself a treat. From the hill you cannot stir without taking a cab. The writer holds no brief for this part of Naples. But this part, it must be stated, is the real Naples. The upper part is the tourists' Naples.

A traveller of the right sort, moreover, unless it be an unescorted lady, very probably does not wish to take all his meals within the four walls of his hotel dining-room. There is but little of the picturesque or of variety these days in large

hotels, and Bertolini's, Naples, is much like the Savoy, London. Only in the restaurants can you see anything of the truly native style. There are many distinctively Neapolitan restaurants that will interest the enterprising tourist. Take, for instance, the Giardini Internazionali. It is in the Via Roma, and you enter it at the Vico Tre Re. The entrance should not discourage the reader. It is a back-stairs sort of entry, and reminds one neither of Sherry's nor Delmonico's. But once there you are much pleased with the local color and atmosphere. It is as clean as any Neapolitan restaurant, and the food and wines are excellent. In the large hotels a native would be looked upon as an interloper. Here the Neapolitan and his lady dining are in the majority, and the tourist has the chance of seeing them in their easy, never-changing cheerfulness. The Italian army officer, with his medals on his breast and his sword hanging beside him on the wall, gives a touch of gold lace to the picture. As he rises and takes his departure he salutes the room full of people — which seems far more intimate somehow than if he merely carried his cap in his hand to the door. Other restaurants, somewhat similar and dis-

tinctly national as to their dishes, are the Europa and the Vermouth di Torino in the Piazza del Municipio. In all of these you have much to choose from, and an English-speaking waiter is sure to appear helpfully if your Italian is either not fluent or wholly absent. The Gambrinus in the Piazza San Fernandino, another excellent place, is externally, at least, perhaps the most alluring of all the restaurants in the city, particularly for the stranger. But here neither the dishes nor the surroundings are distinctively Neapolitan. The prevailing tone is German.

Whether you are lodging on the hill or below, you take a cab to go to these various places in the evening. Some of them are on the tram-car lines, and men alone will find that form of locomotion more interesting than cabs. But where there are ladies in the party it is preferable to go by taxicab, which is here at its cheapest. As the tourist makes his way northward in Italy the initial charge on the taximeter keeps growing larger and larger, and so, for that matter, do many other charges. Then he looks back upon Naples with regret, and he realizes that, after all, the Neapolitans were not so extortionate as at first flush they

seemed. The cabmen will ask you for *macaroni*, as they call it; the waiter will look eagerly for his tip; at every turn avid and empty palms will be waiting for you to fill them. But a little small change goes a long way here in the south, and if you but smile in the giving you will find that their growling is not ill-natured and that your little is acceptable.

Re-reading this chapter the writer cannot help feeling that perhaps he has too much urged the preference of the hotels in the lower town over the others. In the end it is a matter of choice. Each section has its virtues and its faults, upon which the individual traveller must pass.

CHAPTER III

TO SEE NAPLES AND LIVE

I

MANY are the wonderful sights in the city of Naples, but the most wonderful of all is the Aquarium. Not for nothing is it celebrated throughout the world, and many a tourist comes to Naples for no other purpose than to see that great collection of marine marvels. At any rate most people go to the Aquarium first, for whatever else they should be obliged to miss in Naples, the Aquarium they must see.

To one staying at any of the hotels in the lower town that face the water, in the Via Partenope, it is a brief walk along the water-front into the gardens of the Villa Nazionale where the Aquarium is situated. Even if you are there toward the end of March, the spring is already in the air, the trees are in leaf, and perhaps the band is playing in the gardens. Mothers and nursemaids and children, soldiers and their sweethearts, officers

and their ladies (a leisurely people, the military) and perhaps a few strangers, are either sitting in the chairs or strolling about on the paths, listening to the music. But if only you knew what was awaiting you, you would turn your back even on this wholly agreeable scene and go straightway into the Aquarium.

Your guide-book tells you calmly that the admission is two *lire* (Sundays one *lira*), and that the marine life shown there "is of unrivalled wealth and beauty." But it is more, so much more than that. It is really high romance. It will fascinate you more than a building full of precious stones. All the struggle for existence that occupies the animal world, from the lowest to the highest forms, is exemplified in those large glass-faced tanks of the Aquarium. By a kind of Asmodean process these panes of thick glass lay bare to your view so much of the mystery of the sea that you thrill with a new, strange pleasure. Each tank reproduces as nearly as possible the natural environment of its inhabitants. Lovers of stones and clefts of rocks have homes after their own character to dive in and out of, or to cling to. The serpentine creatures have bits of cylindri-

cal tubing, and the kite-like flapping things, that lie flat upon the sea-bed, have plenty of gravel to mingle with and to disguise them against the darting enemies that mistake them for so much gravel. The soft colors that flash there, the blues and the grays, the pinks and the emeralds, seem a never-ending delight to the eye. There the living anemone is ever gently stirring its sensitive tentacles; the great starfish is constantly moving the myriad vermiform mouths that cover its nether side; and the huge spidery sea crabs seem to be spinning invisible webs of evil omen for poor small fishes. The kite-like monster with his spotted back, resembling the gravel whence he rises, flaps clumsily about for a space, then sinks sluggishly again to his native bed, and merges into the bottom of the tank; and the darting snake-like eels dart forever. At one of the first tanks near the door as you enter, a friend of the writer's paused and said:—

“Good-afternoon. Is Mr. Fish at home?” And all the bystanders were convulsed with laughter. So human in appearance were the faces of those fishes that you could scarcely help addressing them. Infinite almost is the variety here of

what eighteenth-century writers called "the finny tribe." For some reason Naples seems to have a traditional interest in the wonders of the deep, and Nicolò Pesce, or Nicholas the Fish, as we should say, is a legendary hero of these parts.

The poet Schiller has described, in a famous ballad called "The Diver," both the prowess and the death of Nicholas the Fish. King Frederick II, of Sicily, once in sporting mood threw a golden beaker into the floods of Charybdis, and said:—

"Whoso dives and recovers the beaker, he shall own it." There was a silence; no one stirred. Finally one young man doffed his tunic and leaped into the dangerous waters. All hung breathless waiting for the diver to reappear. When he finally emerged, the golden cup was in his hand, and all but exhausted he sank at the feet of the king. Upon the king's bidding Nicholas told with horror of the mysterious depths and how,—

All swarming in that tumult dark
The evil thorn-backs, grisly lings,
The savage hammer-headed shark,
Were twisting into dreadful rings.

The king was much impressed with this account and, taking a precious jewel from his finger, he said to the diver, "Bring that back and it shall be yours." At this the beautiful princess, the king's daughter, interposed and prayed her father against a repetition of the perilous diving, upon which the king snatched the beaker which Nicholas had fairly won, hurled it into the water, and cried : —

"Recover that again and you shall be dubbed a noble knight, and she, my daughter who sits by me, shall be your bride." A gleam of ambition showed in the man's eye. To the water's edge he went and plunged in. The princess fainted, the people stood and watched. For a long time they stood and watched, but never more alive was seen Nicholas the Fish.

II

The drive to the Posilipo is perhaps the next event of importance for the new arrival in Naples. Along the farther side of the gardens of the Villa Nazionale runs that spacious thoroughfare the Riviera di Chiaia, and carriages of all descriptions are constantly moving about here. You

hail one of them, strike your bargain, unless it be a taxicab, and set forth. If you glance behind you on your left you see that grim fortress, the Castel dell' Uovo, the Castle of the Egg, the oldest castle in Naples. It has stood for so many centuries that a cluster of legends has gathered about it. Virgil, who in the Neapolitan tradition is better known as a great wizard and enchanter than as a poet, is said to have built this castle upon an egg; when the egg is broken the castle shall crumble. Some believe it is so called because the islet on which it stands was once egg-shaped. Giotto, according to Vasari, was one of its decorators. Stores of priceless jewels are said to be buried beneath its foundation, and even the bones of Virgil were believed to be there interred.

You pass by the church of Sannazaro, where the bones of the poet of the same name are said to lie; then, on the water's edge, stands the great ruin of the Palazzo di Donna Anna. This Donna Anna, whose surname was Carafa, was the wife of a viceroy of Spain, and the palace that was begun for her three hundred years ago was never finished, and thus really a ruin from its very begin-

ning. Legend also associates this ruin with the name of the wicked Queen Giovanna of Naples, who was a kind of Faustina, but for this there is no foundation. Some squalid, half-naked families of Neapolitan fishermen now nest like water birds among the rocks of that stately old ruin. You pass by several other villas, some modern, some older, nearly all surrounded by groves of trees, where the yellow lemon and the red orange gleam among the verdure. Here and there you see a little plantation of grapevines, terraces of flower gardens, and footpaths, silent, mysterious, curtained off by fronds of dark palms.

The bay, of course, the Bay of Naples, is always with you on your left, before you, behind you. Such blue as that sky, such green and blue as that water! Purple and rose-tinted clouds float lazily overhead and seem to be playfully circling over the dim crest of Capri, over smiling Sorrento, and over Vesuvius behind you. Now, slowly driving up-hill and leisurely regarding the picture, one begins to understand something of the reasons for the rhapsodies on Naples and its bay.

Upon the top of the hill, or at least where the

driver pauses, you get views of Naples, of the Bay, of Capri, that amply repay for the drive upward. They are, as the guide-book says, fully "rewarding." Only by looking down into the deep valley below, on the right of the hill, does one realize the height of this rock; and it is no wonder that such men as Vedius Pollio, the Emperor Augustus, and Virgil the poet, chose this rock as their home. The Roman brickwork, ruin of their grandeur, is still to be found here, and many a less tangible but more picturesque relic in the way of legend as well. The "Scoglio di Virgilio," the rock of Virgil, where the great poet, according to tradition, was wont to practise his enchantment, is at the westerly end of the Posilipo, and might still be a place for magic arts, so peaceful and quiet is it. An Italian scholar named Comparetti has written a whole book about this tradition of Virgil as an enchanter that grew up in the Middle Ages. Great learning has ever been the equivalent in the popular mind of great power over the mysteries natural and supernatural, and Virgil was the most learned man of his time in Naples. His secluded life on this yellow tufa rock, where statesmen and even

the emperor sought his friendship, made him a kind of benevolent Dr. Faustus in the popular mind of this region. Some of the tales concerning him are merely grotesque. But others show the influence this great man was supposed to exert on behalf of the welfare of his chosen city. For instance, there was a bronze fly which Virgil made and placed upon one of the gates of the city, and that fly was efficacious in keeping all other insects from entering Naples. That Virgilian fly has long since disappeared, and to-day they have mosquito nettings round the beds in Naples. There was also a bronze horseman forever aiming a shaft at Vesuvius and thus intimidating the mountain. Some one, however, once wilfully discharged the shaft and Vesuvius became active at once. There are many other such tales of Master Virgil.

There are various grottoes here or tunnels, some of them undoubtedly Roman. The Grotto of Sejanus, with its great arches and the thin red bricks of Roman make, is perhaps the most authentic. Then there are two tunnels by which one goes to Pozzuoli. But only people with much time to devote to Naples care to explore these grottoes or to take the cabman's advice and go

to the Phlegræan fields, or visit the Grotto del Cane, with its poisonous exhalations, the deadly Dog Grotto. In the dark caves and clefts of those fields, legend has it, lived the Cimmerian people, those perpetual dwellers of the mist whom, according to Homer, Jove sometimes visited when he wanted to get away from home. In this region also is that Avernus Lake to which, in the Latin phrase, descent is so fatally easy — *facilis descensus Averno*. It is a region of dead craters; and why the Greeks settled there more than three thousand years ago, seems hard to say, unless, indeed, as legend has it, they discovered here the path by which Ulysses came to seek the shades of Hades. Some visitors, however, desire to see Pozzuoli, because of its association with St. Paul. Through the Grotto of Posilipo you drive into the squalid village of Fuorigrotta. In the church of San Vitale, in this town, lie the ashes of Giacomo Leopardi, the great patriotic poet of Italian Unity. Along the empty, dusty road, the Via Puteolana, past the little watering place of Bagnoli, you drive into the dead town of Pozzuoli, that was once, in imperial Roman days, a great seaport and a busy mart of food

stuffs from the Orient. There are no hotels to speak of at Pozzuoli, and travellers seldom linger there overnight. Ruins of Roman grandeur are everywhere, overgrown with myrtle and honeysuckle and the wild clematis. The supposedly extinct crater of Solfatara, the Amphitheatre, the Serapeon, and the Mole, or breakwater, are the sights of Pozzuoli. The Serapeon, or Temple of Serapis, the columns of which are still standing, is known to have sunk into the sea and then risen again by some volcanic or earthquaking disturbance of the land. But the Mole is to most of us the object of chiefest interest at Pozzuoli. It was from this Mole to the town of Baiæ, westward across the bay, that the crazy Emperor Caius Caligula built, at enormous expense, a bridge of boats, overlaid with a road of earth and paving stones, for no purpose but to satisfy a mad whim of his. And on this Mole it was that the western Apostle, on his way from Malta in A. D. 62, landed from the Alexandrian corn-ship *Castor* and *Pollux*, a prisoner, together with Luke, Timothy, and Aristarchus of Thessalonica. A Roman centurion was conducting these men to Rome, but out of kindness he permitted them to

rest here for seven days. That Mole is now a ruin ; but so mightily was it built that more than half of it has withstood the shocks of water, earthquake, and time through nineteen centuries.

From the Posilipo you can drive down by way of the Via Tasso, one of the most picturesque of all streets. With its continuous garden walls of stone on either hand, it is more like a tunnel without a roof than a street. But the walls are not high, and you catch glimpses of the rich alluring gardens with the ever-present lemon groves that poets have sung for so many centuries. And the Bay, Capri, Sorrento, and Vesuvius — from here, too, you see them at times and they thrill you anew. Your thoughts on the sublime, however, if you have them, are constantly disturbed by bands of small boys and girls who follow your carriage with a persistence worthy of better things, and cry to you breathlessly in a delighted singsong that you “ Oh, beautiful lady, oh, kindly gentleman,” must give them something, for they are hungry, hungry for the soldi which you may or may not throw them. The best advice is, don’t.

If you now drive by way of the Corso Vittorio

Emanuele to Bertolini's and have tea on the terrace, you crown worthily a memorable day. All the scenic things that you have come to see in Naples lie spread out before you. Capri, Sorrento, Vesuvius, the Bay—you have already seen them half a dozen times, but now under the rays of the setting sun you see them from a new point of view. Look your fill upon them, for this beauty will abide with you forevermore. The city itself, sheer below you, seems to hang upon its rocks in a sort of romantically perilous suspense—this old, old Naples, that the Greeks built so many centuries ago. Little of the Greek influence remains to-day, but in the air you find a certain clearness and softness, such as you find at Pæstum or at Athens, or wherever else Greeks loved to dwell.

III

That old, old Naples with its swarming myriads seems to cry out to you, to court you and to lure you. The Via Roma, particularly of an evening, presents such a spectacle of active, busy human living as even Paris cannot show. But particularly of an evening, in the Via Roma and other of the densely populous districts, it is necessary to

be in the highest degree circumspect. To drive is much safer than to walk, especially where there are ladies to be considered. And even men alone walking in Naples in the evening are constantly advised by the Neapolitans themselves to walk on the light rather than on the darker side, and to seem as little conspicuous as possible. Every morning, it is said, Naples discovers in her dark allies and rookeries the mysteriously dead of the night before, whom justice finds it hopelessly impossible to avenge — unless it be that other, the blind justice, called *vendetta*. The Camorra, that powerful and terrible secret society of Naples which no government can cope with, is still flourishing and practising its work of extortion and secret crime. This does not mean that while driving in the Via Roma you run much risk of being interfered with by criminals, but it does mean that prudence must guide the stranger in his wanderings through the more populous and mediæval quarters of the city.

From the open space of the Piazza del Plebiscito, which commemorates the plebiscite of 1860, in front of the royal palace, you plunge at once into this great artery of Naples, the Via Roma,

formerly called Toledo. For Naples it is a broad street. Yet vehicles must move slowly, so crowded and full of life and traffic is that street. The Galleria Umberto I, an arcade in our sense, filled with shops, newspaper offices, places of refreshment, is a little microcosm in itself. Laughing, chattering, gesticulating, walking, driving, all the population of Naples seems to be moving through the long Via Roma which Don Pietro di Toledo, a viceroy, made during the Spanish occupation. Many byways and very narrow lanes of a sinister darkness, into which it is unsafe to venture, abut on this street. But unless one is devoting a great deal of time to Naples, one can somehow get a notion of the soul of the city from this street alone. At the far end of it is the great National Museum, one of Italy's many treasure-houses; of the Museum, however, we shall speak another time.

But there are the churches of Naples of which the guide-books tell, and, in truth, they are not devoid of interest. Yet, of all the sights in Naples the churches are those one can best afford to overlook if time presses. Those who chance to be in Naples on the first Saturday in May might wish

to see the ceremony of the liquefaction of the blood of San Gennaro in the Cathedral named for that Saint. He was martyred in the year 305, was St. Januarius, in the reign of Diocletian, and to this day, with the skilled ministrations of the priests, he performs the miracle of liquefying his own blood that has been so many centuries hardened. The interest lies rather in the spectacle of the crowd and its emotions than in the performance itself; for to the dense mass of Neapolitans and pilgrims the miracle is of great moment, and according as liquefaction is rapid or slow does good or evil fortune, they believe, await them.

The churches of Santa Chiara and San Domenico Maggiore are interesting chiefly for the tombs of the Angevin kings and princes of Aragon, which they respectively hold; but the church of Santa Maria del Carmine has perhaps a more vivid interest for the traveller. The Dante reader may recall the lines in the "Purgatorio," —

Carlo venne in Italia; e per ammenda
Vittima fe' di Curradino; . . .

Well, it was here that this Charles, Charles of Anjou, of evil memory, in Dante's phrase, made a

victim of the sixteen-year-old boy who came to Italy to look for his throne. To understand the reason for Conradin's quest we must glance back a moment at the history of Naples.

Naples is not the only city that may be spoken of as a palimpsest. There are many such cities in Europe, but the term is especially apt in this case. We have already spoken of the Greek origin of Naples and of the subsequent Roman possession. Later it was held by the Lombards, and from them the Normans conquered it in 1130. Through failure of the male line the throne came to Henry VI, son of Frederick I, known as the Kaiser Barbarossa. Frederick II, Henry's son and Barbarossa's grandson, dwelt in Italy permanently, and in due time was succeeded by his illegitimate son, Manfred. In the mean while, however, the greed of the popes for temporal power had kept growing; Frederick II had been in continual strife with the Church, and the Guelfs on the popes' side and the Ghibellines on the other had become the two great factions of the Empire. By the time Manfred came to the throne the Pope was inviting the princes of Europe to come and drive out from Italy the race of Hohenstaufen. And Charles

of Anjou did come, and in the great battle of Benevento, in 1266, conquered Manfred, who was slain, to the triumph of the Guelfs. But besides Manfred Frederick had another son, Conradin, the legitimate heir, who was with his mother in Germany. Conradin's boyish fancy was stirred and fascinated by the pictures and tales of Italy, the land that awaited him, should he but come and take it. And, indeed, from all over Italy came messages of invitation and Ghibelline support to the boy. In the autumn of the year 1267, Conradin, then but fifteen years old, allowed himself to be swayed, and he crossed the Alps with ten thousand men. He seemed destined to be successful, and on the way received much support and allegiance, including even that of Henry of Castile, who, in the absence of the Pope, at that time ruled Rome. But by the aid and counsel of a famous knight, Alard de St. Valery, whom Charles had with him, the latter completely outwitted Conradin, and triumphed by cunning over the Hohenstaufen numbers. That happened in the plain of Tagliacozzo, August 23, 1268.

Conradin fled for his life, and with him was his inseparable companion, the young Prince

Frederick of Baden. By the treachery of a nobleman named Frangipani, who had received many favors at the hands of the Hohenstaufens, the lads were caught and carried captive through the streets of Naples. Charles convoked a court of jurists, and went through the mockery of a trial. The jurists failed to convict, and Charles himself pronounced the sentence of death. Two months after their capture, on October 29, a scaffold was erected in the Mercato, and the two fair-haired lads, Conradin and Frederick, were beheaded. Both behaved bravely at that bitter hour. Conradin flung his glove into the great crowd that had gathered and commended his spirit to God. "Oh, mother, what a sorrow I am creating for you!" were his last words. His body was said to be interred in the Church of the Carmine behind the altar. In 1631 a leaden coffin was found there bearing the letters R. C. C., interpreted as "Regis Corradini Corpus." It contained the skeleton of a boy with the severed head lying on his breast. A fine marble statue of Conradin by Thorvaldsen now commemorates here the brave Hohenstaufen lad. In itself the church is not beautiful. It is said to have been founded by monks from Mt.

Carmel in the seventh century, who came hither in their flight from the Saracens, and brought with them a miracle-working Madonna, variously called "La Madonna della Grotticella" or "La Bruna," even unto this day.

CHAPTER IV

POMPEII, VESUVIUS, AND SOME ANCIENT HISTORY

I

ON the sunlit slopes about Vesuvius dark brown patches of lava still mingle with the smiling flower gardens and gray-green vine plantations. The dusky peasant of the region and the bright-kerchiefed peasant woman tend their gardens, and go about their business so unconcernedly, that you wonder whether they have not at least secretly in their hearts the constant shadow of fear that Vesuvius, with its faint curl of smoke, should naturally inspire. But as you pass on the light railway through Portici, where the Bourbon King Charles III and, later, Joachim Murat dwelt for a space, near to Resina and Herculaneum, through Torre del Greco and Torre Annunziata, the gardens, the natives, the small towns, the rural homes seem to have more the air of security than American western plains-folk, with no volcano within thousands of miles. You reflect upon the adjust-

ability of human nature to this only partly hospitable planet and speed on to Pompeii. On your return journey you are likely to think of these things no more. A crowd of new, strange ideas possess you, and on your brain is stamped a picture ineffaceable for the rest of your days. In its setting of lava that once-buried city lies like a rich jewel, another of poor Italy's priceless possessions.

When Goethe was in Italy in 1786, he found that Neapolitans spoke of other northern lands as having "*Sempre neve, case di legno, gran ignoranza, ma danari assai*," that is to say, "constant snow, wooden houses, great ignorance, but money enough." Much of that northern money has ever since been flowing into southern pockets, by virtue of such possessions as Pompeii. *Salve lucrum* is the inscription on the threshold of a bakeshop in the dead city, and profit, thus welcomed, is still responding, small though each individual tourist's contribution may be, for it costs only about three francs to see Pompeii. Yet it is a sight worth coming from the antipodes to behold, for not Rome herself can give so accurate an idea of Roman life under the empire as this

exhumed little city. It is as though a curtain is lifted from in front of your dim notions of ancient history, and you suddenly see clearly in a bright light. The picture you see is, to be sure, that of provincial life in the imperial days. But so complete is it, that you carry away a fuller image of Roman history than the greater but more fragmentary remains in the Eternal City can give you.

Pompeii deserves at least two visits, and the first of them may be advantageously made with a "Cooking party." There are those who feel averse to being part of the crowd so common in Europe nowadays, guide-book in hand, following in the wake of a glib "explainer." But in this instance, at all events, the glib explainer has much to recommend him, for long practice has taught him how to exhibit the salient points in an interesting manner. He speaks in English, moreover, which cannot be said of the official Pompeiian guides, and he arranges the schedule at Naples so as to make of the visit a comfortable day's excursion. In short, you glean from him enough knowledge to make further independent exploration an easy matter.

The very first thing that thrills you in Pompeii, after you pass the turnstile, are the ruts of the chariot wheels left in the large flat paving-stones of those narrow streets. More even than the decapitated houses that line them, do these streets, the massive curbstones, the public fountains at the crossings, give you an idea of the life that flourished when the eagles of Rome ruled the civilized world. Some one has remarked that the massive strength and simplicity of these things seem to explain to him why the Latin tongue is so rich and strong and precise. Certain it is, that Pompeii seems to explain to us so many facts in Latin civilization that one visit is, in the current phrase, as good as a liberal education. To rhapsodize over the dead city is not the purpose of the present writer, for every visitor finds that plentiful thoughts of his own come surging to his mind in the presence of this ancient ruin ; the most that a writer can do, unless he be a Helbig or a Mau, men who have made Pompeii their life's study, is to touch on a few points here and there of general interest.

When excavation of Pompeii was begun, in 1748, it was not historic interest, but a desire for

treasures, artistic and others, that actuated the searchers. They dug here, they dug there, and excavations failing to yield treasures were abandoned. But to-day all the lacunæ have disappeared, and as you enter, the city lies before you, street after street, lanes and courts and byways, shops and houses of the humblest character even, all preserved and cared for, so that in a mere bird's-eye view you get a wonderfully lucid picture of the ancient life of the place. The bulk of this work was done within the last forty years, chiefly by the energy of Signor Fiorelli. It was Signor Fiorelli who discovered for us that when Pompeii was overcome by the cinders and ashes of Vesuvius in A. D. 79, it was in the process of rebuilding after the earthquake of 63. That was the time of Nero, who was a terrific artist and builder, and wished everything rebuilt and renewed. Thus we find a new Pompeii on old foundations, some of which go so far back as the sixth century B. C., when a few families, supposedly Oscan, came, no one knows whence, and settled on this spot. That was long before the Greeks came to Pompeii. In building a city those ancient Italians, after outlining the inclosure, traced two

perpendicular lines, the *cardo*, north to south, and the *decumanus*, east to west. Those were the principal streets, about which other streets grouped themselves later. As you walk through Pompeii you see plainly this *cardo-decumanus* arrangement. But the architecture and schemes of interior decoration yielded more readily than did city-building to Greek influence, and became as luxurious as we see it in such houses as those of the Faun and of the Vettii.

The House of the Surgeon (so called because many surgical instruments were found there) gives an idea of the earlier, simpler style of living, before the advent of Greek and Roman luxury. The guides seem unwilling to take one there first because it is not near the gate, but it is surely the house one should see first of all. There are here no busts or statues, no peristyle, no fountains, no frescoes or mosaics, no luxury of any kind, but a stern and rigid simplicity. The house is believed to date to a time more than two hundred years B. C. We can imagine the owner of that house, provided he could afford a better, decrying the degenerate taste for Greek luxury that had come upon the Roman people. But he was indubitably

in the minority, for the other large houses are built in a different style.

The House of the Faun, so called after a little bronze statue of a dancing faun found there, is built in the more luxurious style due to the Greek influence. It has two atria and a peristyle of twenty-eight columns, the full complement of public and private rooms found in plans of large Roman houses. This is an excellent specimen and well worth minute attention. The dancing faun and the frescoes from this house have been taken to the Naples Museum, but a copy of the faun was put here in place of the original. At all events, it is from this house and the House of the Vettii that the visitor obtains whatever knowledge he may carry away of distinguished Pompeiian domestic architecture. The strange contrast between the luxury of peristylum and dining hall on the one hand, and the dwarfed cell-like windowless cubicula or bedrooms, on the other, is something you cannot understand in Pompeii. It is explained that the bedrooms were used merely to sleep in, that shade and coolness were necessary, and so on. But we must remember how recently we ourselves, the heirs of the ages, have learned

that night air, and plenty of it, is the only thing to breathe at night.

The House of the Vettii is no exception, and yet every visitor does and should feel inclined to linger here more than elsewhere. The house itself is in such excellent preservation that the authorities, instead of taking every stick and stone from it to the Museum of Naples, have left things pretty much as they found them. Marble chairs and tables, the fountains, the busts of Janus, the two bronze boys with water-spouting ducks in their arms, the very lead piping that ran about that cool peristyle and fed the water-jets, all are there to-day. Even the green shrubs and brilliant flowers that grew there eighteen hundred years ago, the papyrus, the ivy, have been planted anew, and they glow there as in the days of the Vettii. The decorative schemes, with their yellows and vermilions, remain vivid to-day, and here we get our best idea of the art of the time. Domestic art, a separate and distinct species, was developed at the period, much as chamber music to-day, only that the art then seemed a universal need. The Roman *bourgeois* and provincial, as Gaston Boissier tells us in his *Promenades Archéologiques*,

had painted upon their walls pilasters framing imitations of pictures, "and thus in their small houses, looking on the walls of their peristyle, they doubtless experienced a pleasure similar to that of kings and great nobles promenading in their palaces surrounded by masterpieces." It was all very well for Pliny and Petronius, those powerful grandees, to decry this art as an "Egyptian trick"; but the minor well-to-do would imitate their betters.

Aulus Vettius Restitutus and Aulus Vettius Corvina — who were those two owners of that fine house bearing their name? All we know is that they were freed men and presumably rich. There were plenty of rich folk in this provincial town, for, as Strabo tells us, Pompeii served as a sea-port for Acerra, Nola, Nocera; that is to say, it was a trade centre. Accounts found in the house of the banker Jucundus show that money was amassed there much as it is to-day, and men and women sought popularity or practised generosity even as they do now. The brothers Holconius rebuilt at their own expense the entire theatre of Pompeii; Eumachia, a priestess, built the Chalcidicum, or wool-sellers' hall. Provincials though

they were, these good folk nevertheless knew a good statue, a beautiful bronze, or a handsome marble when they saw it, and did their best to acquire and place it in their atrium or peristyle. They knew how to make life agreeable, those obscure countrymen.

When you come to that dead, impressive oblong, the Forum, within which was wont to centre the civic life, you cannot but sigh and feel anew the sense of *sic transit gloria*, so often felt in this place. Stamer in *Dolce Napoli* gives the following picture of the Forum just before the eruption in 79 : —

“ It is high change and the Forum is crowded. All Pompeii is here, and his wife. *Patres conscripti* inclined to corpulence, taking their constitutional, exquisites lazily sauntering up and down the pavements ; decurions discussing the affairs of the nation, and the last news from Rome ; city magnates fussing, merchants chaffering, clients petitioning, parasites fawning, soldiers swaggering, and Belisarius begging at the gate. Beneath the crowded Forum, with its colonnades and statues, at one end a broad flight of steps leading to the Temple of Jupiter, at the other a

triumphal arch ; on one side the Temple of Venus and the Basilica ; on the other the Macellum, the Temple of Mercury, the Chalcidicum ; overhead the deep blue sky. Mingled with the hum of many voices and the patter of feet on the travertine pavement are the ringing sounds of the stonemasons' chisels and hammers, for the Forum is undergoing a complete restoration. Although fifteen years have elapsed since the city was last visited by earthquake, the damage then done to the public buildings has not been entirely repaired. First the gods, then the people. The Temples of Jupiter, Venus, and Mercury are completed, but the Forum and Chalcidicum are still in the workmen's hands."

The guide in his stereotyped speech is very eloquent in the Forum. But somehow you scarcely hear him. Your imagination seems of itself to people this place with all the life of the ancient race. You reflect on the peace that the Temple of Apollo, with its statues, its high altar, and the marble sacrificial stone, must have brought to the souls of those worshippers, since even now, uncovered to the glare of the sun, it breathes a kind of noble sanctity. Passing in and out of the Basilica,

with its peristyle of fluted columns, you imagine judges, lawyers, litigants, where now the lizards glide in security. The brown Egyptian sailors in their tunics are sauntering toward the little Temple of Isis, built largely for their benefit, near the Triangular Forum, and the big-boned gladiators are swaggering to their barracks behind the theatres. Your guide, unless you ask him, will not point out many of the inscriptions on the walls, for some of them are scurrilous and many are indecent. Those *graffiti*, as they are called, jests and love messages, belong to an age that had other ideas of decency. Some, to be sure, are merely notices. One reads: "A jug of wine has disappeared from the shop; he who brings it back will receive 65 sesterces. If he brings the thief he will receive that double." Some are mere charcoal scrawls, pictures of soldiers and gladiators, much after the fashion of those made by small boys to-day. But take it all in all, Pompeii was a wicked, wicked city, not undeserving of the name found scratched on a house-front, perhaps by some visitor from the land of Judea: Sodoma Gomora.

II

From the Gate of Herculaneum, where visitors are taken to see the Street of Tombs along the Herculanean road, one may get another excellent view of Vesuvius and of the broken side of Monte Somma. The Vesuvian cone itself is a variable quantity ; just now, since the eruption of 1906, no higher than the more permanent Monte Somma. Were the circle of Monte Somma complete it would inclose Vesuvius. But that gap was made by the eruption that buried Pompeii. Strabo, the geographer, who examined Somma, or Mons Summanus, as it was then called, about 30 B. C., called it an extinct volcano ; and some forty years before that, as Plutarch tells in his life of Crassus, Spartacus with his gladiators took refuge in this mountain, on the top of which “grew a great many wild vines.” By twisting the vines into ropes the gladiators escaped the besieging Romans.

Even those who have not read Pliny's letters in full must recall extracts generally printed in the newspapers on occasions of earthquake and eruptions — how his mother and his uncle first saw the cloud, pine-tree shaped, over Mount Vesuvius,

that memorable August 24, A. D. 79; the subsequent quaking of the earth, the mad panic-stricken flight of the crowd from Misenum in the great flame-shot darkness, and so on. There were many subsequent eruptions up to the year 1500, but after that there was none until 1631. By that time it is said the crater had become filled not only with underbrush, but even great forest trees grew there in abundance. The Vesuviani by that time felt their security so much that 18,000, it is estimated, perished in this disaster. A tidal wave did much to aggravate the catastrophe, and the ashes fell as far away as Constantinople. In 1779 there was another eruption, and the terrified Neapolitans threw themselves on the mercy of their patron St. Januarius, who saved Naples from any harm. "*Napoli fa gli peccati,*" they say in this region, "*e la Torre gli paga,*" for Torre del Greco, near Vesuvius, generally suffers much from these eruptions. "Naples sins and the Tower pays." There was an eruption in which St. Januarius again saved Naples, and from the recent upheaval of 1906 we may still see the hardened lava streams on the road to Pompeii. It is calculated that at this time 315,000 tons of ashes fell in Naples

alone and the town of Bosco-Trecase was destroyed.¹ Now they are again cultivating the gardens and the vines on the slopes of Vesuvius. Their philosophy here is literally, "Be of good cheer, for the worst is yet to come." There are excursions to Vesuvius organized by the tourist agencies, but there seems to be no good reason for making that hot and dusty ascent.

III

In Pompeii you have probably already seen the little museum, with the relics of the ancient eruption, from the casts of bodies overwhelmed by and buried in the ashes to loaves of Roman bread. Now upon return to Naples you long to go at once to the Museum and to see the treasures that have been taken there from Pompeii and Herculaneum. Few people care or need to visit Herculaneum itself. Comparatively little has been done here in the way of excavation, and as one writer remarks, "At Herculaneum all that is most interesting lies underground." The bronzes, statues, and other ornaments have been removed. One of the most interesting finds here was a complete set of the

¹ In the fall of 1910 there was more damage done.

works of an unimportant Greek philosopher, Philodemus. The books were housed in what is believed to be the villa of Lucius Calpurnius Piso, whom Cicero attacked in one of his orations. But virtually all that Herculaneum has yielded is in the Museum at Naples.

At Herculaneum, at Pompeii, at the Museum, we see what the Roman civilization was at its best; and we cannot help wondering, what made it almost completely disappear from Italy, so that many things and many arts had to be invented and discovered anew? That is a question that presents itself to every visitor in these regions. Gibbon touches upon it in his monumental history, and volumes could be written on it. But there is small doubt that the defeat of the Goths by Belisarius and Narses, the generals sent by the Emperor at Constantinople, in the sixth century, had much to do with the hastening on of the Dark Ages. And a deal of the action of these wars took place along the Sarno River, about the sites of Pompeii and Herculaneum, that have been disinterred to show us the glory that once had been. The Goths were a capable race amenable to civilization; with their expulsion came in an era of

bloodshed that left small room for the refinements of life in Italy until the Renaissance.

In the Naples Museum you see, for instance, the collection of surgical instruments — as complex and as cleverly contrived as many of ours to-day. Mechanical prowess we do not ordinarily associate with Roman civilization; yet here are the instruments that show how little advantage we have over the Romans in that particular. When we see such bronzes and sculptures as the (original) Dancing Faun, the Satyr forever squeezing his wine-skin, the boy runners, Mercury at rest, the head of Sappho, we realize that in respect to the plastic arts we have still far to travel before we overtake ancient Rome. When we come to the pictures, not alone the light and airy decorative designs, with the graceful little figures in them, the Fauns and Satyrs, the Herculean Dancers on their red and dark backgrounds, but the larger ones, such as the Sacrifice of Iphigenia, Mars and Venus, Perseus and Andromeda, and we recall that they were found in a third-rate provincial town, we marvel even more. And there are so many and so many: Achilles delivering Briseis, The Centaur teaching Achilles

to play the Lyre, the Drunken Hercules, Cimon nourished by his Daughter, the Hercules and Theseus pictures from Herculaneum, and many others. None of these are from the great palaces of Rome; and it is the art of Rome that both Pliny and Petronius stigmatized as dead or at least moribund. What, then, could that art have been at its highest? We say nothing here of the sculptures, the busts and statues of the Roman emperors, the aggregation of the gods and goddesses, and the fortunate family of Balbus. Statues of the Roman period seem somehow less wonderful than excellent paintings. Lovers of art come here day after day and wander up and down the spacious galleries of this palace of marvels. Those who know little concerning the arts find the Museum at Naples the best of all schools if they wish to learn, and, indeed many a schoolmaster and schoolmistress, both American and foreign, bring their charges to this place to teach them the rudiments of the fine arts.

CHAPTER V

THE PLEASURE CITIES : CAPRI AND SORRENTO

I

THE historian Tacitus tells us that the climate of Capri is "mild in winter, having the shelter of a mountain, which intercepts the violence of the winds," that "the summer is tempered by western breezes, and rendered enchanting by the wide expanse of sea which the island overlooks," and that the Emperor Tiberius in the latter part of his reign, erected here "twelve villas, bearing different names, and of considerable magnitude." The ruin of one of those villas, an immense pile, is perched upon a rock even to this day, and more and more Capri is becoming a pleasure spot of the earth.

Readers of H. G. Wells may recall in that ingenious story, "A Dream of Armageddon," a description of the Capri of the future, highly imaginative and commensurately interesting.

"We had come out," says the dreamer of the

dream, "above the Pleasure City ; we were near the summit of Monte Salaro, and looking towards the bay. It was the late afternoon and very clear. Far away to the left Ischia hung in a golden haze between sea and sky, and Naples was coldly white against the hills, and before us was Vesuvius with a tall and slender streamer feathering at last towards the south, and the ruins of Torre dell' Annunziata and Castellamare, glittering and near.

"All across the bay beyond Sorrento were the floating palaces of the Pleasure City moored and chained. And northward were broad floating stages that received the aeroplanes. Aeroplanes fell out of the sky every afternoon, each bringing its thousands of pleasure-seekers from the uttermost parts of the earth to Capri and its delights."

The floating palaces are not yet built, nor the aeroplane stages, but Capri, for all that, is one of the most subtly fascinating spots in Europe.

You can go to Sorrento and then to Capri from Naples by way of Castellamare if you are particularly bent on seeing that town. But Castellamare itself has little enough to recommend it. It

is but a mean-appearing little town, though it stands on the site of ancient Stabiæ, where rich Romans had their summer palaces that were utterly obliterated by the Vesuvian eruption in 79, even as were Pompeii and Herculaneum. The ruin of the Castello Antico, which Frederick II of Hohenstaufen built here in the thirteenth century, is still crumbling on the hill. To the southwest of the town, among the olive groves, is the sailors' hospital, anciently the Monastery of Santa Maria a Pozzano. There it was that Fra Diavolo, when only a very young robber, masqueraded as a novice in order to steal the golden Madonna of the monastery. The young novice took the Madonna and hid it among the straw of a peasant's wagon that had driven into the precincts of the monastery on wholly proper business. When the wagon issued from the monastery the robbers of the band stopped it and relieved the peasant of the load he so unwittingly brought forth. The new novice also disappeared, and that is how Fra Diavolo came by his name, he who was both monk and devil. The mountains behind Castellamare afford some noble views, and the dark woods are very beautiful. But the traveller

who is about to proceed by way of Capri and Sorrento to Amalfi, unless he be a very leisurely traveller, indeed, may without detriment to his journey omit to visit Castellamare.

When you take passage in the boats that leave the wharf at the Castel del' Uovo and ply between Naples and Capri, you realize for the *n*th time that the present descendants of ancient Roman legionaries have forgotten all the drill their ancestors had had in the glorious past. There is a total lack of system and organization on the wharf, and all is hubbub and a wild scramble. You pay an embarkation charge to the padrone of the rowboats that take you to the little ship, and the oarsmen din into your ears all the way their persistent demands for macaroni. What a weariness to the flesh is that endless give, give! Yet it is a constant circumstance of travel in the south of Italy.

The sea between Naples and Capri is at times choppy enough; still it is not an unpleasant trip. The boat stops at Sorrento first, then proceeds to Capri; if the day is fair you probably stay on board until the boat reaches the neighborhood of the Blue Grotto. To enter the Blue Grotto on

rough days is not unattended by a spice of danger; for the small rowboat in which you make your entrance has to be washed into the mouth of the cave.

When the steamboat anchors opposite the grotto a swarm of boatmen surround it and bid for your custom. Some maintain that the better way to visit the Grotta Azzurra is to hire a boat at the Marina, with either two or four oarsmen, and to have yourself rowed all the distance to the cave, and to linger there as long as you may desire. That is certainly a possible way, but some of the objections to it are these: to go in a rowboat you must be absolutely certain of continuous fair weather during your trip, and that in spring and summer you cannot be. For the general tourist moreover, the cave is a place to see, not to linger in. In the event of rough weather coming up, it is much better to be of a large party of visitors, with many boats and boatmen attending; for though accidents are infrequent, they are not impossible.

You leave the steamboat, then, in charge of a lusty oarsman, and as you approach the mouth of the cave and see people oddly disappearing into

it, as though they were washed in by the waves, you wonder whether it is a perfectly safe undertaking. If you think aloud the oarsman mumbles that with a good mariner it is safe as a church, the inference being that in him you have the best of all possible mariners. A group of boats cluster about the cave. Suddenly you see the passengers in those nearest the mouth lean back to a reclining position in the bottom of the boat, the mariner ships his oars, seizes an iron chain overhead in the entrance, and with a little splash the boat disappears in the cave. At times the water of the in-washing wave seems to come up flush with the gunwales, and when the sea is even a little choppy many a passenger receives a wetting. Your own turn comes; on a signal from the boatmen you sink back to the bottom of the boat, the mariner seizes the chain, and hand over hand he seems to pull the boat up a small hill of water into the entrance, and you seem to have mounted to the apparently higher surface of the grotto.

In the momentary bewilderment that follows, the blue light or, rather, twilight, of the cave seems artificial. Accustomed as one is to electrical

contrivances, one feels for a moment that many lights in perhaps a large water-tight blue globe under the surface of the water produce the marvellous effect one beholds. But the water is of a blue so crystal-clear, so translucent, that somehow you feel it could not possibly be produced by artificial means. Clear though it seems, you cannot see much below the dipped oar. Your eyes blink for a few moments before they realize the full splendor of this wonderful blue, that is neither like the sky nor like a jewel, nor yet like the sea, but partakes of the color of all three. It is not easy to compare this color and light to something the reader already knows, for the simple reason that there is nothing else quite like it in the world. To borrow a phrase of Andrew Lang's, you see here everything "in the key of blue." The natural vault of the cave, dome-like in the centre, is dim and blue overhead, the wet walls are dim and blue all about you. A naked Capriote standing on a shelf of rock and clamoring to dive for silver, looks, so some writers declare, like a blue sea-god. Well, that may be so. But you will scarcely think him god-like as he persists in filling the cave with noise. Above the ledge where the naked boy

stands is an oblong opening, which is thought to be a secret exit from the villa of Tiberius at Damecuta. For what reason Tiberius desired an opening into the cave cannot be guessed, since in those days the water was not blue. Its level was considerably lower then, so geologists hold, and therefore the light was not refracted as it is now.

Your boatman rows about the cave for a little while, and you glide past the dim outlines of other boats, peopled by the shadowy forms of your fellow passengers, who look now as though they might vanish at your touch. Soon you are at the mouth of the cave again. Once more you are bidden to lie supine at the bottom of the boat and, before long, you hear the rattling of the chains overhead, the grating of the boat against the sides of the opening and, with a splash and perhaps a dash of spray in your face, you are in the open bay. You are somewhat surprised to find that the sunlight is not blue.

From the Marina Grande, where you land, you drive in light oriental-looking cabriolets to the town of Capri. Time was when your only way to the town was by an ancient staircase; and strap-

ping Amazons of brown women carried your luggage up the broad steps ; the men, women, children, and donkeys of Capri still use that staircase even to this day. The odds are, however, that you will take a carriage, to escape as soon as possible from the cheap hotels, shops, and restaurants on the quay. You tell the coachman to drive you to the Hotel Quisisana, for that affords perhaps the best food and lodging of all the inns on the island. Hotels of that name, by the way, particularly in this region, seem to be especially good. (At Castellamare the Quisisana is admirable. *Quisisana* means "Here one gets well.")

The little *carrozzella* creaks up the climbing road, and you are surprised and delighted with what is even for Italy a dream of color. Where, you wonder, do people get such browns and pinks, such blues, reds, and greens as you behold in a variety of harmonious blendings in their walls and house-fronts, balconies, and gateways ? Over hedges of aloe you see gleaming the golden orange, the sweet bloom of rose and oleander. The sea on every hand, the high crest of the hill above, and all this wealth of color, — with sunshine flooding the scene and soft breezes fanning

your cheek, — irrevocably you then and there fall in love with the seagirt isle of Capri.

The carriage can take you only to the trim, picturesque Piazza, that charming little square bordered by shops on two sides and by the cathedral and a low wall on the others. The natives at their shops look on you benignantly, for you are their chief source of livelihood. Down a narrow lane you walk, past more shops and private houses to the Hotel Quisisana. You see on your left the Café Hidegeigei, where the German poet Scheffel wrote his famous and popular poem “Der Trompeter von Säkkingen,” which has since been turned into an opera. Perhaps the most quoted lines in modern German verse are found in that work.

Behüt' dich Gott! Es wäre zu schön gewesen!

Behüt' dich Gott! Es hat nicht sollen sein.¹

Indeed, the Germans are numerous in Capri, particularly since the visit of their celebrated humorous poet August Kopisch, in 1826, and their haunt is the Hotel Pagano. It was the de-

¹ God save you! It were too beautiful!

God save you! It was not to be.

Literal translation.

scription written by Kopisch that first gave the Blue Grotto anything like celebrity. Kopisch swam into the cave, in the face of all the natives' superstitions concerning the terrors that haunted it.

After an excellent meal at the Quisisana you are ready to explore Capri. Only those whose time is pressing will wish to undertake any of the longer excursions in Capri the first day. There is a beautiful garden at the hotel, with orange and lemon trees and many flowers, and thus a delightful place in which to linger. The dazzling white houses, with their little oriental domes, the mosque-like cathedral where a bishop was wont to officiate, *Il Vescovo delle Quaglie*, are worth a leisurely examination. Capri was a favorite halting-place of the quail in their northward migrations; thousands of them used to be caught by nets, and thus was the revenue of the bishop maintained, — the Bishop of Quails. The birds are wiser and scarcer to-day. Cabmen greet you in the Piazza, and the children run to you and bid you "good-day." You feel all Capri exists solely for your entertainment.

If you wish to drive to Anacapri the two-horse carriage, that looks so light you feel you could

almost carry it up-hill, is there to command, quite inexpensively. The road by which you slowly wind your way upward is of comparatively recent construction. Formerly there was only a kind of stair-path for foot-passengers. Yet it is up this stairway that the pirates were wont to swarm when they attacked Capri. One formidable chieftain, who called himself Barbarossa, stormed the castle overhead in the summer of 1544, with a host of his myrmidons, who came in one hundred and fifty ships, no less. That castle, whose garrison he destroyed, still bears the name of the red-beard corsair. When you come among the white houses of Arabian aspect gleaming in the soft sunlight, you may even in a brief stay get some touch of the peculiar mysterious charm of this island. You cannot adequately describe it, though it seems to surround you here on every hand, like beatitude. Ever after you think of Capri with a little yearning catch at your heart.

From Anacapri the ascent to Monte Solaro is easy, and the Eden Hotel is a pleasant place to start from. You walk up a narrow footway, often fringed by little thickets of myrtle and rosemary. The quotation from Mr. H. G. Wells at the open-

ing of this chapter has already given a glimpse of the view from Monte Salaro. At the far end of Capri you see "Lo Capo," that sombre rock that still holds the ruin of the villa named after the Emperor Tiberius, or Timberio, as the natives call him. Northward, on the curve of the wondrous Bay of Naples, lies the small town of Masalubrense, and just beyond it the little promontory of Sorrento. Far in the heavens gleam the snow-clad peaks of the Apennines, their outlines but faintly discernible in the white light. As you turn your face toward the Bay of Salerno, the magical coastline along which you afterward drive to Amalfi lies stretching on the purple sea. Many prefer to walk down all the way to Capri. But pedestrians had best provide themselves with the rope-soled shoes which the natives find suited for these roads. The view keeps changing as you wind downward, and the soft breezes fan your face.

If you are minded to see the ruins of the villa that bears the name of Tiberius, your climb will be a weary one. The guides who conduct parties in Capri tell horrible stories of how Tiberius dwelt here steeped in wickedness and crime, how he terrorized the cheerful Capriotes from his

gloomy palaces, how he hurled from the rock into the sea the victims of his tortures and severity. Roman historians tend to confirm the stories of the guides and of the natives; but Tiberius, it must nevertheless be remembered, was nearly seventy years old when he came here to live, and his object in coming was to give himself to the study of astronomy and other sciences. Still, Virgil, too, was a student and a solitary, on Posilipo, across the bay; yet we have no tradition of any Virgilian horrors. Suetonius, however, describes in detail how, after "exquisite tortures," the victims of Tiberius the Tyrant were hurled down the cliff into the waters, where boatloads of sailors stood ready to complete the work with their oars in case a breath of life were left in the unfortunates. The weather and spoliation of eighteen hundred years have made the ruin as gloomy as Tiberius himself was reputed to be, and the hermit who keeps a book for visitors here offers you wine of a sour taste.

There are in Capri various other sights that may be of interest to visit in the event of a longer sojourn: for instance, there is the Grotta Verde, or emerald cave, on the opposite side of the Blue

Grotto; the Grotta Bianca, a stalactite cave; and the jagged, picturesque rocks of Faraglioni, with an inlet overhung by a natural archway. Those who can make the tour of circumnavigation round the island will see all of these things. But the casual visitor will scarcely be able to see more than has been already described. And it is only after a sojourn of a few days, or even weeks, that one can get a real idea of the charm of the people, their pleasant manners, their merriment, and their constant cheerfulness. It is the climate and the people that make even those who care little for Italy yearn again and again for the hours or days they passed on the island of goats, blissful Capri.

II

“Surriento Gentile,” as the Italians love to call it, Smiling Sorrento, does not look so very smiling if you arrive there by the steamer. A brown tufa rock nearly two hundred feet high hangs beetling above you, and perched on that is a line of hotels whose boats in the bay below are clamorous for your custom and your luggage. Assuming that you go to the Tramontano and Tasso, which

seems to be growing out of the sheer rock, you embark in the skiff bearing the insignia of that hotel and, upon arrival, you are lifted by what is now in all languages called a "lift" to the top of the rock at a slow, deliberate pace, that only a European lift can support without rebellion. An American elevator would rather stand still than "run" like that. The lift discharges you into the corridor of a spacious hotel, said to rest upon all that is left of the site where stood the house of the poet Tasso's birth. Much of the site has sunk into the sea.

Stevenson somewhere describes the peculiar ease and contentment that seems to pervade the life of white folk in the South Seas. Well, something of that quality seems to enter into the life of the sojourners at Sorrento. You observe it in the very corridors of your inn, in the gardens without, in the public squares and streets. The tables in the dining-rooms seem to ripple with laughter and gayety, and in a very brief space you feel yourself yielding a willing captive to this delightful atmosphere. *Terra alma e felice*, Sorrento was styled by Tasso, "a kindly and a happy land," and you feel the poet did not ex-

aggerate. The olive woods, the groves of golden orange, the gleaming villas, the red-cheeked, brown natives of this fortunate isle, or at least fortunate promontory, seem alike to be oblivious of the boisterous world without, and to glory in their blessings. Every balcony and garden wall is clothed in a lavish profusion of wistaria and rose; a hundred fragrant scents and odors float about you and charm your senses. In the autumn the delicious aroma of the bursting grape fills the air of the Sorrentine plain, and still in this land is heard the voice of the nightingale.

As to what the Germans call specific "seeing-worth things," there are not very many at Sorrento. In the Piazza you find the statue of Torquato Tasso. That poet, whose history is so romantically sad, was, as we know, the author of "Jerusalem Delivered," an epical account of the First Crusade and of the heroic deeds of Godfrey de Bouillon, the first Christian King of Jerusalem. He was born at Sorrento in 1544, and proved a prodigy of learning; the Jesuits who educated him hoped for great things from him in Christendom; and, indeed, the epic of *Gerusalemme Liberata* was similar in its object to

the preachings of Peter the Hermit, — to wrest from Saracen hands the throne of the Sacred City. Feeling against the Saracens was at that time still very bitter, for bands of their corsairs were still harassing these sunlit coasts. The Duke Alfonso of Ferrara lavished honors and rewards upon this pious poet, who was alike skilful with sword and pen. But in a luckless moment for Tasso the Princess Leonora d'Este captivated his loyal heart, and that was an unforgivable sin in one of no higher station than Tasso. Disgrace fell upon the poor poet and imprisonment for his presumption; broken-hearted he died in 1595 in the convent of Sant' Onofrio in Rome. Goethe, it will be remembered, wrote a beautiful tragedy on Tasso. In the Hotel Tramontano and Tasso certain noises and creakings in the walls are attributed to the ghost of the poet. But the marble statue in the Piazza is the surer remembrancer.

A walk through the town of Sorrento is a delight to the eye. The shops display the bright-colored scarfs of Sorrentine silk and the many-hued sashes that you wish you could wear and blossom in. All manner of things made of olive wood, and inlaid with pieces of stained wood, are

sold by children and grown-ups in the streets. You can here obtain, cunningly wrought, the airy Pompeiian maidens of the frescoes, peasants dancing the tarantella, abbots and priests on ambling pads. And everywhere the houses gleam whiter by contrast with the golden yellow of the oranges about them, and the yellow glints more golden by contrast with the white. From time immemorial the orange has been cultivated here, and the leaves of the orange tree figure in the city's coat of arms. Very likely, even in the imperial Roman period this fruit flourished here; the Surrentum of that time was, at all events, well known as a pleasure resort, and many a wealthy Roman had his villa here.

A favored pilgrimage from Sorrento is that to the Deserto Monastery. A little below Sorrento towards Capri lies the Capo di Monte, and from this hill by the Strada Capodimonte you can ascend either on foot or on donkey back. You climb up this steepish pathway past nestling hill-side cottages, high-walled orange groves, and dark vineyards; through an enfolding wood, fragrant with wild flowers, you make your way; and before long you stand at the gates of the Deserto. "I

am a voice crying in the Desert ; Time is fleeting," is the Latin inscription upon the tower among the buildings of the monastery, which is now an orphanage. From the walls you catch a glorious view of Capri, of the Faraglioni rocks, of the sheer cliff, the Salto, that gives Capri the name of "Little Gibraltar," of Barbarossa's castle on Anacapri. Ischia and Procida, too, appear as though swimming on the deep blue sea, and altogether you see here much of the beauty of the earth.

When you return to your hotel you probably find that the tarantella is to be danced there that night. Every traveller will tell you that the real tarantella is that danced by people on the hill-sides, in sudden accesses of joy ; that the tarantella you ordinarily see, danced by professional dancers clad in pretty costumes, is but an imitation. The average traveller, however, who has no time to seek the uncostumed dancers of the hill-sides, or to wait for such occasions as the vintage festivals, will feel quite satisfied with the performance of the professional dancers. And a very pretty performance it is. The origin of the dance is uncertain. It is believed to have originated in the Greek city of Taranto, where the poisonous

tarantula is still said to be flourishing. Those who were bitten by the tarantula were ordered to dance madly to a special kind of music, and this exertion effected a cure, as the song of Berni tells,

Sul qual ballando, e nel ballar sudando

Colui da se la fiera peste caccia.¹

By nothing more poetical than the perspiration resulting from the dance was the ailment dispelled. Whatever its origin, the dance is truly bewitching. It is a little love drama, of wooing and rejection, of persistence and acceptance, of billing and cooing, quarrel and reconciliation. The dancers enter into the game with great zest, the blood in their cheeks flushes darkly through the olive-tinted skin, and from their jet black hair to their slippered toes they are a-quiver with the rhythm of it. Six or eight of them engage in the dance, and they all receive abundant largesse. The next day you probably see those lithe and graceful dancers hauling in seines, or perhaps selling provender, or tending some garden, and thus their Cinderella-like life goes on merrily on the Plain of Sorrento.

¹ Whereupon, dancing you freely perspire
Hurling the pestilence from you with ire.

CHAPTER VI

THE WONDERFUL DRIVE: AMALFI, RAVELLO, AND PÆSTUM

ONE fine morning a carriage and pair drives into the flowery, sun-drenched courtyard of your hotel, and you set forth on what is perhaps the most picturesque and delightful drive in all the world. Your hotel will procure the horses, but no one will advise you to make an early start. Yet that is quite important, for the early morning drive will compensate many-fold for the hour or two of lost sleep. The gentle breeze, the sweet odors of flowers, the aroma of orange and lemon groves, and the soft Sorrentine sunlight stir in your heart a yearning and a misgiving, as when you leave your home. Why turn your back on all this peace and beauty, you ask yourself, and adventure anew? But very soon your tingling blood sweeps away that bit of romanticism and your spirits rise with a bound. Past garden walls and lovely villas you drive, on the road that winds and climbs and descends again, in various con-

volutions, athwart the Plain of Sorrento. Out of sheer well-being you frequently leave the carriage and walk up-hill beside the driver. You ask him to explain the little brazen hands on his harness which, he tells you, are there to repel the Evil Eye. Now deep ravines drop abruptly down from this famous Corniche road, now lofty hills enfold it; and the coachman informs you that many a kindly fairy being, a Monacello, dwells in those verdant gorges and not infrequently plans some good for mankind. Children run after the carriage now and then, throw posies at you and beg for *soldi*, while here and there even an old bel-dame will hold out a brown bony hand for the money that folk foolishly give her. The driver either remains passive during the transaction or he tells the aged crone her place is Benevento; for that is the bourne for witches in Italy, even as the Brocken in the Hartz is their revelling ground in Germany. Soon you descend to the beach of Lo Scaricotojo, and henceforth you have the Bay of Salerno always on your right.

On your right, too, you see some rocky islets dotting the magical waters of the deep blue bay. They are no great matter now, those cyots of land,

called Li Galli, about a mile from the shore, but an ancient tradition has it that these are the Sirens' isles of Homeric fame. With beautiful human faces, but with feet and talons of birds of prey, they sat there, those dread sisters, and lured poor mariners to destruction. "Whoso draws nigh them unwittingly," Circe warned Odysseus, "and hears the sound of the Sirens' voice, never doth he see wife or babes stand by him on his return, nor have they joy at his coming; but the Sirens enchant him with their clear song, sitting in the meadow, and all about is a great heap of bones of men." We all remember the ruse of the crafty Odysseus, how he took some molten wax, stopped the ears of his men therewith, and had himself bound to the mast so that he could hear, yet not be lost.

"Hither, come hither," sang the man-destroying Sirens, "renowned Odysseus, great glory of the Achæans, here stay thy barque, that thou mayest listen to the voice of us twain. For none hath ever driven by this way in his black ship, till he hath heard from our lips the voice sweet as the honeycomb, and hath had joy thereof and gone on his way the wiser." And when Ulysses,

who heard, begged his men to unbind him, they rose and bound him the tighter until they were out of earshot.

The natives of this region, however, have still another legend concerning those isles. Pietro Bajalardo, a very competent enchanter, undertook to build a breakwater for the city of Salerno in one night, stipulating only that all the cocks in town be previously slaughtered. The reason is obvious to all who are familiar with the methods of enchanters. Demons play a large part in their work, and demons are disturbed by cock-crow. All the cocks were duly slain, save only one owned by an old woman. That ultimate cock was hidden under a basin for the night, but this did not prevent him from sniffing the dawn and crowing lustily at break of day. Helter-skelter, in great confusion, the fiends of Bajalardo fled incontinent, dropping huge blocks of stone in their flight. Those stones are I Galli, or, as the natives call them, Li Galli, which means the cocks.

The road becomes more and more beautiful as you advance. Sheer on your left above are the rocks, with here and there bits of the slopes under cultivation; for every bit of arable land, where

human foot can cling and human hand work, is utilized here in the Lactarian hills, as elsewhere in Italy. From Monte di Chiosse you glide on towards Positano, the little red-roofed hillside town that claims for a native Flavio Gioja, the discoverer of the compass. The date of the discovery is fixed as 1302, and the Amalfitan Republic, which included Positano, emblazoned a compass on its banner. The deplorable thing is that the mariner's compass is known to have been in use by Jewish and Saracen merchants at least a hundred years earlier, and from some of them perhaps Gioja acquired the new instrument.

Ever more wonderful grows this region after we leave Positano. Towering rocks and jagged crags that time has wrought into many shapes, into fantastic castles and strange cathedrals, overhang the road, with here and there a bit of wood, a green hill and a tilled patch, that seem as though they were about to slip down upon you. Now and again your road leads you to a headland that rises sheer as a wall from the bay, and seems to perch you and your vehicle on a dizzy height. You gaze down into wonderful patches of emerald that seem like jewels set in the Bay of Salerno under the

kindly sun. Dead gray walls of dead gray towers are crumbling on the rocks by the sea, the Torre di Vettica, the Torre di Prajano, and many others, remnants of an age when pirates swept these coasts like a pestilence. Little enough, save beauty, could pirates find here now in this ancient Republic of Amalfi, and beauty like this is pirate-proof. Yet in the Middle Ages this was an opulent commonwealth, given to commerce and trading like Venice, and was almost as doughty in spirit. Positano, Prajano, Conca, Pontone, Scala, Ravello, Minori, Majori, all, and many other towns besides, were part of this Amalfitan Republic, whose banner floated in every port. Truly, Amalfi held the gorgeous East in fee; and now where are they, all the power and the glory? The sea engulfed them, — the wealth and the navies and the cities themselves. For what we see perched or hanging on the rocks, like swallows' nests, are remnants of cities, vestiges left by the blue and emerald bay, for all it lies there looking so calm and beautiful. But if Amalfi is a ruin, you wish, as you approach, that there were many ruins like it.

Hanging as it seems, on the side of a rock,

Amalfi presents a dazzling harmony of white walls and red roofs, with the treacherous sea at her feet. Like some false suitor, or brigand of the Cartouche school, the bay seems to woo the city, you reflect, only to rob her. The ancient Capuchin monastery, your destination, occupies a goodly portion of the cliff; and the walls, the garden, and the terraces seem to have been hewn out of the rock in days when the church could command more service than the kings. Near upon two hundred steps wind and zigzag up the wall, and many a lady is forced to hire chairmen in the olden way, to bear her up to the inn that the monastery has now become. A friendly greeting and much of the old monastic peace await you at the top, to say nothing, for the moment, of the rare picture of the bay below as you view it from the long flower-decked pergola, famous throughout Europe, that runs along the face of that sun-kissed cliff. The old refectory where the pious Capuchins took their frugal meals while a friar read some sacred literature to them, is now your dining-room; and it gives the oddest effect to see pretty and mischievous American girls taking their repast in these vaulted venerable halls.

The Cardinal Pietro Capuano built this monastery for the Cistercian friars during the thirteenth century. Some three hundred years later it came into the possession of the Capuchins, and in their hands remained until the union of the Kingdom of Naples with the reborn Italy, when religious houses were suppressed. To Cardinal Capuano is also attributed the glory of bringing from Constantinople the bones of St. Andrew, patron and protector of Amalfi. In the rear of the monastery still remains the cloistered court, where you may imagine the saintly friars pacing in prayer and meditation. Even now that they are gone those monks are still doing their good works; for the most turbulent of tourists cannot enter the halls of the Capuccini, or walk in their cloisters, without being touched by their peace and quietude, by the beneficent influence they have left behind. Mosses and lichenous growths cling to the walls and creep about the interlinked arches that seem to spring like plants from the tops of the columns about these cloisters. The court they inclose is austere bare of flowers, yet the sense of beauty here is more vivid than in many a tricked-out garden.

The pergola, however, that long sheltered walk facing the bay, makes up in floral profusion for any austerity you may find elsewhere. Such a wealth of roses, geranium and deep red salvia you will probably find nowhere else. To enumerate the flowers that make up this stretch of vivid color would be to write a page or two of botany. Your senses are captivated by the color and perfume; you stroll, you sit and bask and gaze across the bay, and idly, lazily meditate on the lives of the picturesque fishermen below with their nets and their boats. You have bread with honey brought out for your tea and you begin to understand, if you are philosophically minded, what lotus-eating really means and how easy it is to become a lotus-eater.

In the little piazza, however, when you finally summon energy to descend, there is a busy scene of fruit and vegetable hucksters, of noisy, chaffering brown women, swarthy men, squawling children, beggars innumerable, a typical southern Italian scene. The more typical is it made by its background of a really beautiful cathedral approached by a broad flight of stairs and a lofty parti-colored campanile, for which in turn, the mountains form

a still nobler background. Squalor and grandeur are ever near neighbors in Italy. Beggars, guides, or what pass themselves off for guides, importunately offer to show you what you can readily see for yourself, the great bronze doors of the cathedral, presented to Amalfi in 1066 by Pantaleone, one of the city's merchant princes, as certain novelists would put it. That Purgatory might deal lightly with him, that rich merchant had Staurachios, an artist at Constantinople, fashion these gates and put upon them many a scriptural text in letters of silver. Within the cathedral there is little to see, except perhaps some fragments of Greek bas-reliefs and the crypt of St. Andrew. Time was when all of the Saints' bones were here, and great pilgrims, including St. Francis of Assisi, came to bend the knee before the shrine. But Pius II, that learned Renaissance Pope whose name was Piccolomini, ordered the head of St. Andrew removed to St. Peter's in Rome. Nevertheless pilgrims still come to the crypt at Amalfi, and still the citizens annually have a festival and procession in honor of their patron, the Fisher of Men.

The Valle de' Molini, the green little valley of

the mills, shows a redeeming dignity after the squalid scene in the market place. On both sides of the Canneto, a mere rill that has bridges across it like a grown-up river, are the soap and paper mills, which it somehow contrives to turn. Odd, stilted structures are these mills of the mountains, filling the pretty valley with the buzz and whirl of machinery. A large part of the five thousand or so of the inhabitants are engaged in these mills. And that is what remains of the great Republic of five centuries ago, of the capital city with a population of fifty thousand, of a nation whose navies were feared and whose flag was known throughout the then civilized world.

By the time you have seen your fill of Amalfi you have so fully steeped yourself in the beauty of this coast that you may very naturally feel inclined to pass by Ravello, which is but a short distance behind you on the hill. But little Ravello is amply worth the brief up-hill drive, and many a visitor who goes there for an hour remains a week. Through the tiny town of Atrani, once an opulent city of the Republic, now a mere suburb to Amalfi, you drive up into the hills along a white road bordered by terraces of vines and olive trees,

orange and pomegranate. Through bits of woodland you then enter Ravello, which, like Clungunford and Clun in the Shropshire rhyme, is one of the quietest places under the sun. This, too, was once a teeming city, with many churches, monasteries, public buildings, and palaces. Sovereigns and popes honored Ravello with their visits, and in 1086 it was created a bishopric by Pope Victor III. To-day Ravello is a ruin, no doubt, but it is one of the most subtly, tranquilly beautiful ruins in Italy. A little of the ancient grandeur still survives, however, in the cathedral, with its yellow façade, tiled roof, and bronze doors, that rival Amalfi's, but made by an Italian artist, Barisanus of Trani, in 1179. The pulpit, too, with its spiral columns rising from the backs of crouching lions, with its carved marbles and wonderful mosaic, illumines that church which was once commensurately beautiful throughout. But a vandal of a bishop, Tafuri, either through ignorance, greed, or fanaticism, removed the rare mosaics and precious frescoes, and left the Cathedral of St. Pantaleone gaunt and bare and white-washed.

Identified with Ravello's former greatness is the

Palazzo Rufolo, built in the graceful Saracenic style, and partly restored by the English family of Reid. From the terrace of this palace the powerful and wealthy Rufoli obtained a view so magnificent of the surrounding country, that many centuries later, when the author of "Parsifal" came here and saw it, he wrote: "Klingsor's garden of enchantment has been found." The wealth and magnificence of the Rufoli had become a tradition in this region, and in his Fourth Novel of the Second Day in the "Decameron," Boccaccio tells the marvellous tale of one Landolfo Rufolo, who acquired wealth, turned pirate, suffered shipwreck, not unlike Sindbad in the "Arabian Nights," and finally returned to Ravello and dwelt there in riches and glory ever after. The Hotel Palumbo itself, that capital inn, once the bishop's residence, with its fine garden and delightful views, holds much of the pleasure of Ravello within its precincts. But enough of Ravello. We must hasten back to Amalfi and take our way to ancient Greek Pæstum, that lies beyond Cava and Salerno.

II

Horses and carriages a-plenty at the foot of the Capuccini staircase are waiting to take you into Cava. Again you leave Amalfi behind you, and also Atrani, and ere long are driving through scenery somewhat similar to, but not so distinguished as, that between Sorrento and Amalfi. Terraces of vine extend to the very sea on your right, with here and there a Virgin's shrine or a gray old watchtower. Heavy teams of oxen pass and are passed; a beggar now and then, piping on a flageolet, cries for alms; the sweet scent of myrtle, marjoram, and rosemary perfumes the air; and the asphodel and the scarlet cyclamen dot the hill-sides. Through Minori and Majori you pass, ancient props of the Amalfitan commonwealth, but now a few fisherfolk alone give the little towns any semblance of life. From the Capo d' Orso, a headland jutting into the bay, you already see the city of Salerno, which gives that body of water its name. Through Cetara, which marks the limit of the old Duchy of Amalfi, you glide down to Vietri, where for the first time since you left Naples you hear the shriek of the locomotive

and see the strange shooting apparition of the modern railway train. From Vietri, where time permits, a *détour* may be made to Salerno below for a glimpse of the famous Cathedral of St. Matthew, built by Duke Robert Guiscard, the Norman adventurer of many triumphs. Pæstum, whence Robert the Wiseacre brought, so it is said, the body of the Apostle that gives the cathedral its name, supplied also many of the marble ornaments for it. But the chief interest here doubtless lies in the fact that the chapel on the right of the altar holds the earthly remains of Pope Gregory VII, that famous ascetic, strong-willed monk Hildebrand, who compelled Henry IV of Germany, Emperor of Holy Rome, to come to him barefoot and bareheaded, in penitential garb, and to wait three days at the pope's gates at Canossa until the prelate should remove the ban he had pronounced against him. Gregory's victory, that the College of Cardinals alone should elect the Pontiff, without temporal interference, is still enjoyed by the Roman Church, though Gregory died an exile at Salerno, the guest of Robert Guiscard, in 1085, and was buried in the cathedral. But the memory of the Emperor Henry's

humiliation remains in Germany to-day, and a favorite phrase of Bismarck's was: "We are not going to Canossa."

Cava, which seems to be a favorite starting-point for Pæstum, has in itself nothing in particular to recommend it. The Abbey of the Trinity contains the tombs of Lombard princes and many rare manuscripts of historical value, and for that reason is sometimes visited, but the air here is cold and the city unbeautiful. Folk come here and spend the night at the Hotel de Londres, or elsewhere, for the sake of the early morning start to Pæstum. You could just as well go to Pæstum from Salerno, through which you must pass in any case from Cava. It is possible to drive to Pæstum, but the journey is somewhat long and a little monotonous. Nor is the railway journey of any special interest until you approach Pæstum, and behold in the distance the outlines of the famous Greek temples.

A strange sense of unreality overcomes you for a moment. You gaze away and behold the dreary, marshy plain clothed with coarse grasses, and in the distance on the left the sombre crests of the Lucanian Hills. Yet there in the silent plain stand

the three temples, imposing, massive, beautiful, stirring within you vague emotions, making the pulse beat faster. You descend at the little railway station and make your way to them, scarcely conscious of what you are doing, your gaze riveted to those monuments, so wonderful even in their desolation. Memories begin to awaken in your mind of sculptured scenes on Greek vases, of Keats's Grecian Urn, bits of classical mythology, Homeric lines. There is no question in your mind which you ought to see first ; with unfaltering step you make for the middle one, the Temple of Neptune, that actually seems to *exhale* peace and a wonderful solemnity. The only query that arises is, how came these marvels in this desolate plain? Your own mind answers the question : only a wealthy and powerful city could have built these fanes ; and that is the truth.

Greek adventurers came here in the seventh century before Christ and, under the protection of Sybaris, the metropolis of Magna Græcia, or colonial Greece, built this new city, Poseidonia, named in honor of the sea-god. To such importance did the city rise that even what is now the Bay of Salerno took her name and became the

Bay of Poseidonia. When Sybaris, whose luxury was such that it gave a synonym for luxurious living to the language, finally fell, Poseidonia was left to meet alone the attacks of the rude tribes of the Samnites, who dwelt in the mountains above them. In the fourth century B. C. the Samnites prevailed, and that was the end of Poseidonia as an Hellenic city. For many centuries after, the inhabitants had an annual day of wailing, solemnly celebrated at the Temple of Neptune, or Poseidon, for their lost glory. Rome, the all-conquering, ultimately took the city, renamed it Pæstum, planted a colony there, and enabled her to regain some of her lost prestige. But with the decline of Rome, Pæstum, too, deteriorated, and the malaria of this low land began to wage a dreaded war against the citizens. Both for this reason and because of raids by Saracen pirates in the ninth century, the inhabitants, led by their bishop, sadly left their city and their temples, and went up into the mountains to build a new city, the present Capaccio. Pæstum decayed and disappeared in the course of time; the temples were stripped by Robert Guiscard and others to adorn the cathedral of Salerno withal,

as well as that of Amalfi and Ravello. Deep desolation settled on the plain, and it was not until the eighteenth century that the temples were brought to the attention of Europe.

The Temple of Neptune, in the opinion of many, has no rivals outside of Greece. Goethe believed the Temple of Peace at Girgenti, in Sicily, to be a shade more graceful than the Pæstum structure. But this is disputed, and Lenormant, the French archæologist, declares that this shrine of Neptune shares with the Temple of Theseus at Athens the glory of being the best preserved Doric monuments in existence, and that, at first glance, it rivals the Parthenon itself in grandeur. It presents a row of six pillars in front and rear, and twelve on each side. The interior contains sixteen columns, and nearly all are intact as to entablature and pediment. In front of the chief entrance is the platform that held the sacrificial altar. On the left as you face it is the so-called Basilica, but generally supposed to be the Temple of Demeter and Persephone. Because of the greater beauty of the middle temple, the misnamed Basilica is supposed to have been erected first, since human arts are assumed to advance

rather than to fall back. A quarter of a mile to the north is the smallest of the three, the Little Temple, as the natives call it, ascribed to Ceres (Demeter), and now believed to have been the Temple of Vesta, under Roman rule. How this seemingly soft, porous, brown travertine has withstood the wear and tear of twenty-five centuries we can scarcely understand. At one time all this stone was carefully stuccoed, but these many hundreds of years it must have been bare as it is to-day. The place, however, seems enchanted, and who knows but the enchantment may have protected these ancient shrines?

It is, in any case, safe to say that no one can come to this spot without feeling its magic. The most hardened of tourists must fall under the spell, and it is wonderful to see the human faces transported by the beauty, the feverish and restless souls tranquillized by the calm and repose of those heirlooms from a tranquil age. A touch of prose is perhaps suggested by the sight of tourists making their noonday meal here, since there are no hotels at Pæstum, and food must be brought in baskets from Cava or Salerno. But so remarkable is the solemnity of the place that the meal

seems almost a rite, and every one is apparently anxious to leave no trace of it on this sacred ground. Possibly the sun breaks through the clouds and lights the slopes of the mountains, the intervening plain, the remnants of the ancient walls and the temple façades. Birds carol, little green and brown lizards dart about, and in a flash you seem to see the noble, happy outdoor life of ancient Greece moving peacefully in the sunlit plain. With a last survey of the glorious temples and a sigh of regret, you move to the little anachronism of a railway station and return to the living present of vivid, teeming Naples.

CHAPTER VII

THE ETERNAL CITY

NO one, it is safe to say, man or woman, from whatever clime or country, ever approaches Rome for the first time without a pull at the heart-strings, without a pang of happy yearning for the pictures of the Eternal City. Dim pictures they are that form in the mind, — shapes of churches, arches, ancient ruins, the Forum and the Colosseum, all of which you have seen in ink or oils. As the train speeds on northward on its way from Naples, perhaps you begin very early in the journey to look for some harbinger of immortal Rome. A bit of ruined aqueduct in the plain tells you that you are in the Campagna, and the landscape acquires a new interest. Italian fellow travellers are well aware of your state of expectation, and, as soon as the dome of St. Peter's appears in the horizon, they will hasten to point it out to you. Slowly the train seems to be creeping toward Rome, and at last you arrive and are

plunged into the hubbub and confusion of a great modern railway terminus.

The impact of all that modernity is so sharp and abrupt that, if you are at all sentimentally given, it may well bring tears to your eyes. The cries of the cabmen, the solicitations of hotel porters, the clangor of tram-cars in the Piazza delle Terme, outside the railway station, overwhelm and stab you with pain. The Baths of Diocletian on your right were very far from being a sacred place in their time; yet their ruins now seem desecrated by the traffic and noise of our era. And those rows upon rows of dull buildings and apartment houses, what have they in common with the Rome of Cæsar and Cicero, of Horace and Virgil, or of Marcus Aurelius? It is all but touching to behold the gloom descending on the faces of intelligent travellers as they suffer themselves to be driven away into the city that, after all, seems depressingly commonplace. But it may hearten the visitor to know that by the time he is ready to leave the city this will give way to a far more fond and delightful impression, and forever after, by some mysterious influence, he will experience at least a fitful longing to return again

to Rome. Particularly will that be true if, in the event of a brief sojourn, he follows the dictates of his own reason, and does not attempt to see every inch of Rome in seven days or a fortnight.

In the days when Hawthorne was writing the "Marble Faun," or even when Augustus Hare walked in Rome, the hotels about the Piazza di Spagna were the objective of the new arrival in Rome. To-day in that moment of doubt and hesitation, the moment of first arrival, the pilgrim to Rome who has come in a first-class railway carriage turns his face toward the Pincian, the hill of gardens, as the Romans called it. There you find the new and modern hotels, vast edifices that outshine Queen Margharita's palace which they surround, ablaze with electric light and filled with every comfort. The Piazza di Spagna, however, is by no means destitute of hotels. There are plenty of them there, as well as near the railway station, and, indeed, throughout the city. But the region of the Excelsior, the Beau Site, the Flora, and the Quirinal seems to be the favorite one with the tourist. That portion, like the most of Rome, seems wholly modern, and the stranger looks in vain for signs of older remains.

To the superficial view, there is little in Rome to-day to remind you of the Middle Ages. Unless you have time for patient and curious study, the dull present and the dim past seem unbridged. The crass (or, if you will, the hopefully) new and the ruins of antiquity now alone stand out in Rome. The great and very modern monument of Victor Emmanuel crowning the Capitoline Hill, symbolic of unified Italy taking possession of ancient Rome, overlooks the Forum, the Via Sacra, the arches and the monuments, all that made ancient Rome glorious. Many buildings are being torn down to make the monument seem effective. Soon there will be nothing at all of mediæval Rome. The ill-smelling narrow lanes in the lower town, with dark shops and unsavory taverns, must disappear entirely. Rome, the new Rome, stands thirty feet above the corpse of the old city, which lies, as Hawthorne puts it, "decaying for centuries, with no survivor mighty enough even to bury it." Those fragments of ruin which even all the modernity leaves unburied, the remnants of a past grandeur thus made vivid, he believes, depress the soul with a gloom and languor that in some degree touch every Roman sojourner.

The weather, however, is not a little responsible for this gloom. Early spring is the favorite time for visiting Rome, and early spring is full of uncertainty even here. The sunshine of day may beguile you to drive at night in no heavier costume, but the nights are raw and cold, hence chills and discomfort. Besides, sunshine is by no means the daily portion of Roman spring. Whole days are made cheerless by rains, and nothing seems so intolerable as a Roman rain. It is no playful shower that drives you for a moment to a doorway, but a steady downpour that hunts you to your hotel and makes sightseeing impossible. The philosophic traveller takes the good weather with the bad and sees what he can. But many tourists insist on going about in all weathers, perhaps because there are upward of thirty villas mentioned in the guide-book, or for some similar reason, and that is a cheerless business, mother of weariness and coughs and colds. The advice of the French historian, Ampère, to acquire a "superficial knowledge" of Rome by a ten years' visit, very aptly points the hopelessness of such an attitude. The one hope of the visitor whose sojourn is brief is in not overtaxing his strength, in

seeing comfortably what he can in the time he has, in not desponding over omissions, and in absorbing at least some of the romance that in the long centuries has settled upon Rome.

To seek out much of the romantic element is impossible in anything short of a lifetime, for every stone, every street and plot and byway is incrustated with it. From the foundation of the city, according to tradition, in 754 B. C., to the last of the Roman emperors, from Romulus to Romulus Augustulus, a matter of twelve centuries, there is one coating of history, legend, tradition. Superimposed upon that is another, particularly after the crowning of Charlemagne in 800, the Dark Ages, ages of blood and rapine, murder and assassination. That was the Rome of Theodora Senatrix, of evil repute, the Rome of the early Colonna, — by no means so good as Vittoria, a later offspring of their house, — the Rome of the Crescenzi, of the Orsini, the Cenci, of Cola di Rienzi, of the mediæval popes. The Castle of St. Angelo, that grim, inscrutable stronghold, has perhaps seen more terror and wickedness than any other building remaining in the city. And every time you walk or drive across the Tiber,

your accumulating knowledge of Rome fills you with more and more dread of that fortress-prison, which Hadrian had designed for his tomb. That, after all, you reflect is the great link between ancient and modern Rome, and that link is a veritable charnel house. But so strongly was it builded that not even the reckless vandalism of mediæval Rome could destroy it. The Colosseum was made a quarry for building material by Pope Urban VIII and his successor, and thousands of marble statues were ground down for cement ; but St. Angelo was not only too strong, but too useful to be destroyed by either popes or barons, though often besieged by both sides.

And all these facts seem dimly familiar to you, even though you gaze on the fortress or the amphitheatre for the first time in your life. You seem to have a kind of *a priori* knowledge of much that concerns Rome. So influential was she in the history of the world, that it is all but impossible to be wholly ignorant of her story. But the more you see and the more you recall, the greater becomes your regret for the inhuman barbarity and fanaticism that has destroyed so much. Even as I write, the plans for changing the city

against the celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of Italy's unification, in 1911, are being disputed by two factions. The modernists, authors of the colossal monument to Victor Emmanuel, desire a boulevard from the Circus Maximus to the Baths of Caracalla and the San Sebastian Gate on the Via Appia. The other plan, dear to the archæologist, is one involving thorough excavation of much that remains underground in the "monumental zone," a veritable archæological promenade. Whichever triumphs, we can only hope that with every year the spirit of preservation will more and more come into its own, that it will, at any rate, become easier and easier to disentangle the historic remains from the brick and mortar of modern Rome. But then as now, haste must bring disappointment and disenchantment; and it will always remain a truism that it is better to see a little, with time for leisurely reflection and some play of the imagination, than much in a nightmare of haste.

CHAPTER VIII

THE HEART OF ANCIENT ROME : CAPITOL AND FORUM

I

WHEN you drive or walk down toward the heart of ancient Rome, your reflections on antiquity are interrupted by the monument of Victor Emmanuel, already mentioned, that overshadows all that portion of the city. You make your way to the stairway leading to the Piazza del Campidoglio, and are somewhat surprised to see before you three Renaissance buildings, such as you have seen a hundred times. On your left and right at the top of the stairs are two statues of Castor and Pollux with their horses, that once stood in the Ghetto, and in the centre of the Piazza is a bronze equestrian monument. Where are the remains of the Rome of the Kings, of the Republic, of the Cæsars ?

The equestrian statue is in reality the only important visible relic of that time. It is Marcus

Aurelius, that pious emperor whose thoughts most of us have read, and whose philosophy may be summed up in his own phrase, "Oh universe, I wish all that thou wishest." And even that statue is comparatively a newcomer to the square. Once it stood before the arch of Septimius Severus in the Forum. Pope Sergius III, under the belief that it was a statue of Constantine, the Christian Emperor, put it in front of the Lateran Church and Palace. But Michelangelo, who succeeded in persuading the Canons of the Lateran to part with it, had the statue placed where it now stands; and so lifelike did it seem to him as he gazed upon it that he smiled and commanded the horse, "*Cammina*," or, as we should say, "get up." At that brief feverish period when Rienzi was Tribune of Rome, and the changeable mediæval populace thought it saw itself restored to the glory of antiquity, it joyously filled the belly of the horse with liquids so that one nostril ran water and the other wine. But of Rienzi, who is so intimately connected with this hill, we shall speak again.

After the statue, the slender tower on the middle building takes your eye. That building is the

Palazzo del Senatore, of the Senator *singular*; for the powerful Roman Senate, that once ruled the known world, had in the Middle Ages deteriorated into the office of one man. In the tower hangs the "Patarina," the great bell brought from Viterbo in the mediæval times as a trophy of war, and rung only to announce the death of a pope or sovereign, or at the opening of carnival. Many a time has Rome waited for the welcome sounds of Patarina, announcing the death of an unpopular pope. The Palazzo dei Conservatori, or the city council, on the right, and the Capitoline Museum on the left, join the Senator's Palace in surrounding on three sides this square that was so long the centre of the Roman world. Together with the Church of Aracœli on the left, and the Tarpeian Rock a little to the right, this Capitoline Hill, which includes them both, is a point for clustering legends, historical facts and romances in history. The mediæval mind, for instance, could explain Rome's former wide and powerful sway only by such legends as this: a magic mirror in the tower was said to reflect instantaneously all that happened throughout the vast empire. For each of Rome's provinces, more-

over, there was believed to be a representative statue with a bell hung about its neck, and if anything amiss occurred in any province the corresponding bell reported it to the wizards in the tower by ringing out its troublous message; at the same time the statue turned its face in the direction of the region disturbed.

The history of mediæval Rome seems so crowded a record of unbenevolent despotism, that we scarcely associate any republicanism with it at all. But the spirit of republicanism was never quite dead, and whenever it broke out anew it was about the Capitol that it rallied. Arnold of Brescia, Stefaneschi, Rienzi, and Porcari are the names associated with the principal revolts on behalf of the people of Rome, who never quite forgot their ancient glory. Even to-day you see in Rome bills and posters with civic notices headed S. P. Q. R., the symbolic letters of the Republic. The memory of the age when that really meant the Senate and the People of Rome was never quite effaced, and that is probably why a certain book records one hundred and sixty-one rebellions in Rome between 896 and 1859.

The revolt under Arnold of Brescia really

seemed like a return to ancient days. The Commonwealth was proclaimed and a Senate was elected which assumed the rule of Rome — a Senate of some significance. Arnold was a monk of northern Italy, a pupil of the French monk Abélard (whose romance we all know), filled with a desire to see the glory of Rome resuscitated. It was in the middle of the twelfth century, when the Papacy under Innocent II was very weak. A powerful Jewish family, the Pierleoni, were ruling Rome then; and when Arnold, fervent and fearless, came and preached a revival of the past grandeur, the Pierleoni joined him, and the Roman people delighted in him. He was excommunicated by the Pope, and for a while was forced to wander an exile over Europe, still preaching his doctrine. Finally he again came to Rome. Again he preached the republic and freedom, and in a wave of patriotism the Commonwealth was established. Jordan Pierleoni was Consul. Pope Lucius II, in an attempt to storm the Capitol, fell mortally wounded at the head of his men, and for a brief space the Republic flourished. Another pope came and passed until, finally, when Nicholas Breakspcare, the English

Pope (Adrian IV) combined with Frederick Barbarossa, whom he crowned, the two were all but invincible. They captured Arnold, had him tried and hanged in the Campagna in the summer of 1155, and his ashes were scattered in the river. Thus ended one attempt to intrench the Republic on this hill as it was before the Cæsars.

A century and a half later, when the great noble houses of Colonna and Orsini made of Rome a battlefield, because the Colonna favored Henry of Luxembourg for Emperor and the Orsini opposed him, one Giovanni degli Stefaneschi was suddenly made dictator by the Roman people, and he began to issue edicts from the Capitol. The nobles retired to their strongholds in the country to recruit their strength, and when they returned a few months later, none of the fickle Roman rabble raised a hand to aid Stefaneschi. He was bound and imprisoned very quietly. And it was just about this time in 1313, that Cola di Rienzi came into the turbulent world.

The name of Rienzi, the last of the Tribunes, arouses in all of us a flutter of interest. Though born in Rome, the son of a tavern-keeper and a washerwoman, he spent his childhood and youth

in Anagni, learning Latin from a country priest, and devoting himself to study. He returned to Rome at twenty and became a notary, probably under the protection of the Colonna. Everybody needed somebody's protection in those days. The Russian peasants have a phrase, Heaven is high and the Czar is far. So in Rome at that time the Pope's rule was weak and the Emperor was distant. The nobles divided the spoils. Rienzi's notarial duties were not so strenuous but that they left him much time for dreaming and study of the inscriptions on monuments of antiquity. Soon he began to speak to what audiences he could collect, and to preach the old, old doctrine of Liberty, in whose name so many had met death in Rome. The city, he announced in a proclamation nailed to the door of the Church of St. George in Velabro, should now be restored to the "Good Estate." He kept vigil in church all night to purify himself, and the next morning, with a bishop on his right hand and Rome at his back, he marched upon the Capitol and promulgated the strong, simple laws of the new régime. The nobles were to be expelled from the city and made to take the oath of allegiance to the Re-

public. Rienzi took the title of Tribune with the authority of dictator. For a while the Republic flourished, and received the respect and approval of many realms.

But all this success seemed to turn the Dictator's head. His vanity began to consume him. He bathed and purified himself in the font of the Lateran Baptistery, because Constantine, so it was said, was healed of the leprosy by so doing. He had a noble Roman dub him Knight of the Holy Ghost, and, in wonderful robes of purple, he had himself crowned with seven crowns, emblematic of the seven spiritual gifts. A band of noble Roman ladies attended his wife, and solemnly, after the coronation, Rienzi took up his abode in the Capitol, on this same hill which has seen so much human tragedy and folly. Three nobles of the Colonna and five of the Orsini were held prisoners here for a night, then tried and condemned the next day, so that Rienzi might show his great-heartedness by pardoning them. But the fickle Romans soon wearied of him. They refused to pay the taxes he levied. Clement VI condemned him for heresy, deposed and excommunicated him. A hundred and fifty men

in the name of the Pope arrested and led him away to the Castle of St. Angelo, and no one lifted a hand to defend him. He was allowed to leave Rome and to wander freely about Europe. Later, by a trick of fortune he was again in Rome, this time with the support of papal authority, and once again he ruled from the Capitol. But his reign was brief. When he attempted to raise money by taxes, Rome turned against its former idol. The mob surrounded him, and stabbed him to the heart on this hill, the scene of his power and his folly.

Stephen Porcari, who, about a century later, after brooding on the career of Rienzi, also endeavored to reëstablish the Republic, lost his life less picturesquely. His attempts to sway the people and create rebellion utterly failed, for the Romans by that time had no desire for liberty. Porcari was exiled to Bologna at first, but he returned with a plot to capture Pope Nicholas V and thus dictate terms. Failure of the plan brought Porcari into the hands of the Pope, and he was hanged from the tower that formerly stood by the Castle of St. Angelo. Those were the four notable efforts to make the Capitol again the cit-

adel of freedom. Rienzi's was perhaps the most picturesque of them all, and Bulwer-Lytton has made the poor Tribune's life the subject of a thrilling romance.

You enter the Palazzo dei Conservatori, which in its present form dates no further back than 1564. That in Rome is very new. You see a head of Domitian, the mad emperor, an Apollo or two, a bas-relief of Curtius leaping into the flood, the bronze wolf, and a few pictures. One does n't wish to linger here long, for the museum across the way is the more interesting building of the two.

The Capitoline Museum, like the other buildings, was built after designs of Michelangelo. There is much more for the eye and the mind here than there is across the Piazza. The Hall of Illustrious Men with its busts, from Homer to Terence, from Socrates to Cicero, clarifies and crystallizes many of the vague, questionable shapes of these worthies that floated about in your mind. Here, also, are such single pieces as Hawthorne's Marble Faun (Praxiteles), the Antinous, and the Dying Gladiator. In the Hall of the Emperors there is of course much that will interest, but chiefly remarkable is the statue of Julius Cæsar,

the greatest man, perhaps, in history. This is said to be the only authentic statue of him, and his name embodies and brings back all the story of ancient Rome. Look upon Cæsar and you feel the incongruity of the Renaissance buildings on this spot, the seat of the Kings and of the Empire.

When Romulus, the founder, settled on the Palatine, he made of this Capitoline Hill, then called after the god Saturn, an asylum for fugitive slaves. The Sabines under Titus Tatius took the hill by the aid of the girl Tarpeia, of whom we shall speak further, and only after the death of Tatius did Romulus recapture the hill. Numa Pompilius, his successor, built here a temple of Fides Publica, and Tarquin the Proud, whose downfall was caused by his guilty love of Lucrece in 535 B. C., built the splendid Temple of Jupiter Capitolinus, so called because of a human head found in the excavation, and that in turn gave the name to the hill. The Sibylline books placed there by Tarquin were preserved in this temple, which stood for four hundred years. Succeeding consuls and emperors rebuilt it, and not until the fifth century of our era was it allowed to go

to ruin. Many other temples stood here, including that of Juno Moneta, built in 345 B. C., on the site of the house of Manlius, who was awakened by the celebrated geese of Juno when the Gauls came to Rome. Juno Moneta, in the course of the centuries, gave place to the Madonna Mary, whose fane is the Church of Aracœli, and Genseric looted the Temple of Jupiter where Titus celebrated his triumph upon the fall of Jerusalem. But the hill itself, as we have seen, was not wholly effaced from popular memory. Pope Boniface IX, at the end of the fourteenth century, built the Palace of the Senator on the ruins of the Roman Tabularium, and Paul III, in the middle of the sixteenth, employed Michelangelo to lay out the Piazza del Campidoglio as it is to-day.

The Tarpeian Rock, of which you often hear and read, is on the southern height of the Capitol and, sad to say, there is but little to be seen there now. Past the hospital of the German embassy you make your way to the Casa Tarpeia, and a poor Italian woman answers your ring, and takes you through a little court and garden, until you come to a precipice that does not seem very high.

It is there that traitors and other criminals were hurled from the rock, among them that same Manlius who, by the aid of the geese, had saved the Capitol. On the pretext that he wished to make himself king, he was made to meet a traitor's death. The legend of Tarpeia, however, is still a vivid, human little story, though the rock seems shrunken.

Tradition has it that Tarpeia was a vestal virgin, and the daughter of the keeper of the castle. It was after Romulus and his men had carried off the Sabine women, and the men of that tribe were eager for revenge, that she came down from the rock for water, and at the spring was Tatius drinking. A light in her eye showed how she was struck by the glint of the gold bracelet on the Sabine's arm. She looked at her own bare arms, wholly unadorned, then again at the golden bracelet. Tatius gave it to her to touch.

"If you Sabines give me what you wear on your left arms," she said, — she did not even know the name of the ornament, — "you shall have the fortress to-night. I shall open the gate for you." So corrupting was gold even then.

Tatius promised, and that night the Sabines

crept stealthily up the hill, and found the girl Tarpeia standing at the open gate. But instead of the golden bracelet from his left arm, Tatius gave her his shield ; that is, he struck her down with it for a traitor, and threw it upon her body. The other Sabines did likewise. She was buried at dawn under the rock that bears her name ; and to this day, it is believed, she sits weeping the wickedness of her deed. That is why Numa Pompilius built the temple of Fides Publica, to inspire greater loyalty and fidelity.

II

The first thing that strikes you upon seeing the Forum is its comparative minuteness. Can this, you ask, be the spot where all Rome was wont to gather, where orators harangued the multitude, where gladiatorial games were held, and where Romans voted their laws? You reflect, too, that the Forum itself was even smaller than the space you see before you, for on the ruins now level with the ground stood enormous structures that left open but a very limited parallelogram, or as some think, a trapezium, that is a space broader at the northern than at the southern end. As the

ruins and foundations begin to detach themselves from the soil, you observe, moreover, a singular lack of symmetry in the plan and arrangement of this remarkable spot. Both these facts seem at first difficult to understand, yet both are none the less true for that. This dot of land, that was the wonder of the world in its time, was small and cramped, and the marvel lay, to a great degree, in all the grandeur that Rome succeeded in crowding into it.

Every now and then, in history, some poor piece of land suddenly becomes distinguished, a pivotal point. St. Petersburg was built on a marsh, New York on a stony islet. The Roman Forum, in much the same manner, was begun on a low, damp bit of soil, and the very first improvement upon it was the drainage of its stagnant waters. When Numa Pompilius built there the first Vestal Temple, a small unpretentious hut, the goddess must have claimed a number of virgin lives on that insalubrious spot. Yet, so much occurred here in subsequent centuries that now, as Cicero said of Athens, wherever you put your foot you evoke a memory. This is not like the Forum of Pompeii, or of some other city, purely

local in its interest. The Roman Forum concentrates within itself all the history of a great nation. It is, indeed, the lodestone for most of the tourists who come to the Eternal City.

As you descend the steps into the Forum you have immediately on your left the large ruin of the Basilica Julia, to which we shall return presently. As you walk along the still paved Via Sacra, northwest by the compass you see before you the remains of the Temple of Saturn with the eight pillars remaining of the ancient portico, almost at the foot of the Capitoline. Next to the Temple of Vesta, that of Saturn is the oldest in Rome and in some ways perhaps the most important. "Its beginnings," says F. Marion Crawford, "are lost in the dawnless night of Time — of Time, who was Kronos, of Kronos who was Saturn, of Saturn who gave his mysterious name to the Saturnalia, in which Carnival had its origin." The temple was probably first built by the Tarquins. The rites practised in it were unlike those in any other temple. Romans worshipped here uncovered, and tapers were first introduced in Roman religious ceremony in this fane. First consecrated B. C. 497, it was restored in the early

years of the reign of Augustus and again, as the inscription to-day tells us, in A. D. 283. It was long the public treasury, so it was presumably here that Metellus, the Tribune, endeavored to prevent Cæsar, when he became master of Rome, from taking any of the money. It was then Cæsar made the famous reply recorded by Plutarch: "If what I do displeases you, leave the place; war allows no free talking."

At the other end of the Basilica Julia, across the Vicus Tuscus, the path by which you enter the Forum, is the Temple of the two gods who, with their horses, greeted you in the Piazza of the Capitol. The ruins of this temple attract you because all your life you have doubtless been seeing reproductions of its three pillars of Parian marble that remain to-day. In a measure those pillars with their entablature have become the symbol of ancient Rome. In the fifth century B. C., that shrine was built in honor of the Dioscuri, those sacred twin-brothers, who led Rome to victory over the Latins at the battle of Lake Regillus. At the spring of Juturnæ, where the gods paused to water their horses on their return to Rome, this shrine was erected, near to the Temple of Vesta.

If you turn from the Temple of the Dioscuri back to the ruins of the vast building across the Vicus Tuscus, the Basilica Julia, you feel yourself almost in direct touch with Julius Cæsar, for it was he who built this palace of justice, as the French would call it. Enormous were the prices Cæsar paid for the property upon which stood shops and houses, and Cicero wrote to his friend Atticus that Cæsar found the proprietors inexorably tenacious. In the central hall there was sufficient room for four Tribunes to hold court separately. Readers of Horace will remember the celebrated satire which describes the bore of the Augustan age — an Augustan bore, whom nothing could part from his victim, the poor, promenading Horace. Happily, at last, the plaintiff in a lawsuit comes by and hales the man off to court in the Basilica. Pliny the Younger, he who so graphically described for us the destruction of Pompeii and Herculaneum, as well as Quintilian, and many another lawyer, made his fame and fortune in the Basilica Julia. The porticoes of the building were populous with idlers and promenaders of both sexes, and Ovid recommended them as notable places for flirtation. Men played at

dice here on the pavements, and Cicero speaks of a well-known man who was not ashamed to play in the open Forum. On the pavement of one of these dicing spots was found the inscription, “*Vincis, gaudes; perdes, planges*”: “Win, and you laugh; lose, and you weep.” Across the Forum, nearly opposite this building, is the Basilica *Æmilia*, built in 179 B. C., by the Censors *Æmilius Lepidus* and *M. Fulvius Nobilior*.

In ancient days, early in the history of the Republic, there stood at what is now the northern end of this Basilica, the *comitium*, a kind of esplanade where the nobles of Rome, the governing class, were wont to meet and discuss all manner of public questions. A little above the *comitium* where the Church of Sant’Adriano now stands, was the Senate. Thus, as Gaston Boissier points out, the three orders of Roman society were in a manner grouped; the populace in the Forum below, the patrician and governing class in the *comitium*, and the noble senators in the Curia. Later, Cæsar built another senate-house nearly on the site of the old curia, and that building was restored by Diocletian. Its façade was utilized by Pope Honorius I, in 625, for the Church of St. Hadrian

the Martyr. The remaining one of the large basilicas, that of Constantine, farther down on the way to the Colosseum, served later as a model for Christian churches, and is as wide as St. Peter's.

But let us return for a moment to the space between the Basilica Æmilia and the Basilica Julia. A little to the north of the massive arch of Septimius Severus is the Mamertine Prison, where, according to legend, St. Peter himself was incarcerated. From this place he is said to have borne his cross toward the Janiculum, and so heavy was it that finally, halfway, he told his guards he could walk no farther, so they crucified him then and there. He told the executioners to plant his cross head downward, to increase the agony. "For I am not worthy," he said, "to suffer as the Lord has suffered."

So Nero's executioners planted his cross head downward in the sand. The little church of San Giuseppe dei Falegnami built over the prison is still called San Pietro in Carcere. Many other Christian martyrs were said to have been imprisoned here. But before that Vercingetorix was confined here, and so were the fellow conspirators of Catiline. "They lived," was the phrase Cicero used

in pronouncing the death sentence upon them, after the Roman custom, for figuratively at least they were already dead men. The deepest dungeon was known as the Tullianum, and from it none ever came out alive. But the prison itself was sufficiently horrible. The list of those who perished here is a long one. It includes Jugurtha, the famous King of Numidia, who had bought all the generals sent against him and, later, he came to Rome and bought the laws. "The City where all is sold," is the contemptuous way in which he spoke of Rome. But in the end the great plebeian general, Caius Marius, brought him to the Mamertine Prison, whence he never more went forth alive. Another Eastern soldier who perished here was Simon Bar-Gioras, the last and most valiant defender of Jerusalem, whom Titus, on the day of his triumph, consigned to death in the Mamertine.

There are other ruins, notably the temples of Concord and Vespasian and the school of Xanthus where scribes to the ædiles did their writing, — all three buildings in a row at the foot of the Capitol. Below these is the arch of Septimius Severus, and to the left of the arch as you face the Capitol, the *rostra*. The word *rostra* means

the prows of the ships. Rome, after her great naval victory at Actium, brought home as trophies the prows of the enemy's ships she burned, and affixed them to the platform for the public speakers. The rostra under the empire were situated between the arch of Septimius Severus and the arch of Tiberius, which stood at the northeastern corner of the Basilica Julia. One imagines there was always some public speaking going on at the rostra and there was always a crowd to listen, just as to-day a speaker in Trafalgar Square will always find some hearers to address. Pinero, the playwright, uses the expression "she Trafalgar-Squared me," of a certain socialistic speech in one of his plays. In the same manner, in Rome they had the word *subrostrani* for those who hung about the rostra day in and day out, and *forenses* were the Forum idlers. In Rome, as in Greece, rhetoric and the art of persuasion was a part of every liberal education, and the rostra served both as a school and a most important instrument for politicians. Cæsar's desire to efface, so far as possible, the memories of the republic led him to move the rostra to this spot from their former place at the end of the *comitium*. It was the old rostra that heard the

speeches of Scipio Æmilianus, of Cato, of the Gracchi, of Cicero. Cicero's Philippics against Antony subsequently cost him his life ; and readers of Plutarch will recall the graphic picture of the orator's death. He was being carried in a litter to the sea when Herennius, Antony's emissary of death, overtook him. Cicero ordered the litter to be set down. "And," in the words of Plutarch, "stroking his chin as he used to do with his left hand, he looked steadfastly upon his murderers, his person covered with dust, his beard and hair untrimmed, and his face worn with his troubles. So that the greatest part of those that stood by covered their faces whilst Herennius slew him." The remains we see to-day are of the rostra of the empire, where princes and their high officials spoke to subjects, and not the chosen leaders to a sovereign people. The mob now merely applauded its masters who fed and amused it. "The divine Augustus," says Tacitus, "'pacified' eloquence like everything else." Still we must not forget that from this platform were heard the voices of Trajan, of Septimius Severus, and of Marcus Aurelius.

Facing these rostra, across the Forum there

were the rostra of the Temple of Cæsar, used for the pronouncement of funeral orations and for other lesser ceremonies. The temple itself, of which almost nothing now remains, has a vivid history. To this spot it was that Antony had Cæsar's body brought the day of the first emperor's funeral, and here it was the bluff soldier so cunningly kept his promise not to blame Brutus and the other slayers, but merely "to bury Cæsar." Who does not remember Shakespeare's lines put into the mouth of Mark Antony?

But yesterday the word of Cæsar might
Have stood against the world ; now lies he there,
And none so poor to do him reverence.
O masters, if I were disposed to stir
Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage,
I should do Brutus wrong and Cassius wrong,
Who, you all know, are honorable men ;
I will not do them wrong ; I rather choose
To wrong the dead, to wrong myself and you,
Than I will wrong such honorable men.

When the populace had heard the will, in which Cæsar bequeathed to it all his possessions, mischief was indeed afoot. The mob seized the benches from neighboring buildings and made of

them a funeral pyre for Cæsar. A few days later a column twenty feet in height was erected on this spot and the people came to sacrifice to Cæsar. The Senate deified the dead emperor, and his party, after it had triumphed, erected a temple here which was solemnly consecrated by Augustus.

A little to the south of the Temple of Cæsar are the ruins of the Temple of Vesta and of what may be called the Vestal Convent, the *Domus Virginum Vestalium*. From the time when Numa Pompilius built the first simple cone-roofed Temple of Vesta, to the very end of the empire, that shrine, where the chosen virgins guarded the Palladium and kept alight the sacred fire, preserved its smallness and simplicity. The House of the Vestals is one of the most illuminating ruins in the Roman Forum. The large court of this home was surrounded by great porticoes decorated with the statues of the *vestales maximæ*, or chief vestals. Fragments of some eighteen of these statues still remain, and many pedestals have been found.

The vestals enjoyed the greatest honor in the State, and to have a vestal in the family was a source of just pride. The seven vestals belonged to the noblest families in Rome. To soothe the

daughter of Fonteius Agrippa, who failed to be chosen of the order, Tiberius is said to have presented her with a million sesterces. A vestal took the vows for thirty years; ten were deemed the novitiate, ten were devoted to service, and ten to teaching novices. Just as there are standards for weights and measures, so the vestals seemed to furnish a standard for piety, chastity, and trustworthiness. After her thirty years' service a vestal could marry and live like any other Roman matron. But during her period in the service of the goddess a falling away from the vows met with terrible punishment. If a criminal on the way to execution met a vestal virgin, the State was compelled to give him his life. But if a vestal sinned she was buried alive. Cornelia, chief vestal in the reign of Domitian, was by that despot accused of breaking her vows, and without a hearing condemned to be buried alive.

"How," she cried, "can Cæsar believe me guilty, when he has conquered and triumphed the while my hands performed the sacred offices?" The sentence was executed, nevertheless, for the emperor was also Pontifex Maximus, therefore the last and only court of appeal. As Cornelia

was led down to the pit, the executioner offered his hand to assist her. She shuddered away from the hand and the pollution it carried to one so sacred as a high priestess of Vesta. Nevertheless, the vestals had by no means the same ideals as present-day nuns. They attended the games and gladiatorial contests, and gazed upon scenes of horror and cruelty with Roman composure. Their house, as we see even to-day, was luxurious; they had a grove and gardens and fountains in their court, and many slaves. But it must be remembered that while their families, all wealthy, could spend the summers by the seashore, the vestals remained always at the shrine of the goddess in Rome.

Opposite the little Temple of Vesta, in front of the Church of San Lorenzo in Miranda, stood the Regia, the official residence of the Pontifex Maximus. Julius Cæsar chose to live there, in the Forum among the people, rather than on the exclusive Palatine Hill; and it was from the Regia that Cæsar set out to go to the Senate on that fatal day in March, B. C. 44, when he lost his life at the hands of the conspirators.

Behind the House of the Vestals, near the Via

Nova, stands the Arch of Titus. It was erected under Domitian to commemorate the defeat of the Jews by Titus in A. D. 70. You see in the relief Titus crowned by victory, the captive Jews with the seven-branched sacred candelabrum in the triumphal procession, and, on the vaulting, the emperor is being borne heavenward by an eagle. The seven-branched candlestick, which Titus had brought from Jerusalem as a trophy of war, was subsequently, so one story has it, lost in the Tiber, at the Ponte Molle, and never recovered. Readers of the "Marble Faun" will recall Hawthorne's pretty fancy put into the mouth of Hilda:—

"There was a meaning and purpose in each of the seven branches, and such a candlestick cannot be lost forever. When it is found again, and seven lights are kindled and burning in it, the whole world will gain the illumination which it needs. . . . As each branch is lighted, it shall have a differently colored lustre from the other six; and when all the seven are kindled, their radiance shall combine into the intense white light of truth." The arch is to-day as massive as of yore, but now, in the words of Shelley, "Rome is no more than Jerusalem."

The remaining triumphal arch, that of Constantine, at the foot of the Cœlian Hill on the way to the Colosseum, is better preserved than any of the others and has a special interest for Christianity. Its inscription tells us that Cæsar Flavius Constantine has freed the Republic from Tyranny "by the inspiration of the Divinity." So late as 312 A. D., when the arch was erected, and even later, the emperors still pretended they were governing a republic. But the point of interest is, who was the divinity? Was it the unknown God to whose Son the shrewd Augustus erected a shrine on the Capitoline three centuries before Constantine, or was it some pagan deity? We cannot say. That arch is one of the monuments that bring home to us the blending of the old and the new religions, a blending that continued until the old utterly faded out and the new alone remained.

From such slender material as we find to-day, it is difficult to form a clear idea of just what the Forum was. We know it was the centre of the religious and public life of Rome. We know that triumphal, festal, and even funeral processions passed or formed here, and that the Cæsars gave

feasts, and, occasionally, gladiatorial contests, when the whole Forum was roofed over with canopies of silk. We find that the space grew so cramped, that Cæsar, Augustus, Nerva, and Vespasian, at great expense, built other fora to the east of the present one. The Forum of Trajan, of which about one seventh is now visible, with its immense column, gives us an idea of what these minor fora were like. We learn that bankers, money lenders, jewellers, had shops in the Forum, and that at one time even butchers had their stalls there. What in modern life corresponds to the Roman Forum? Perhaps the nearest approach to it to-day is the Piazza San Marco in Venice. That beautiful square of St. Mark, with its marble pavement, with its great church, the Doges' Palace, the Campanile, the shops, the restaurants, gives us to-day the clearest notion of the part played by the Forum in ancient Rome.¹

¹ At the foot of the Palatine, near the steps leading down to the Forum, is a little museum where, for a trifling fee, one may see the Rome of antiquity, and particularly the Forum, restored in a small but excellent model.

CHAPTER IX

THE PALACES OF CÆSAR

THE palaces of Cæsar! That phrase alone is sufficient to make us start with interest and curiosity, particularly if we have never seen the Palatine Hill. When we look upon it from the Forum, however, we are a little less inclined to expect much of splendor surviving; and once we climb up, we behold a mass of ruins, covered with grass and wild flowers, and guarded by melancholy cypresses, those emblems of mortality. For all that, this, the smallest of Roman hills, is sovereign of them all; for in ancient Rome it held the greatest place. From the earliest beginning until the decay of Rome, a record of the nation remains in the ruins of the Palatine. And from the time Romulus built his hut there, to the end of the Empire of the West, the Palatine has loomed large in Roman history.

It was here, according to Virgil, that Evander welcomed the pious Æneas and gave him a bed of

leaves and the skin of a Libyan bear. And Romulus, the first king, so the story goes, called his people about him, harnessed a cow and a bull to his plough, and cut a deep furrow round the Palatine Hill to indicate the place for the wall, lifting his plough at the points where the gates were to be. The space inclosed was a square, and thus the city came to be called four-square Rome — *Roma quadrata*. Remains of that wall are still visible to-day, great blocks of stone upon which the Cæsars ultimately built their palaces. Remains were even found of a temple built by Romulus, that of Jupiter Stator, or, as we might say, Jupiter the Encourager. For when the little army of Romulus was put to flight by the Sabines, the founder of Rome prayed fervently that Jupiter give courage to his men, and Jupiter complied. The thatched hut of Romulus was preserved on this hill down to the fourth century, and where the Church of St. Theodore now stands, Romans were wont to point out the cave where the she-wolf had suckled the first king and his brother Remus.

As Rome kept growing, the limits of the wall became too narrow, and the city flowed out to the

neighboring hills. During the Republic distinguished citizens, who wished to be near the Forum, that is near the people, built their houses on the Palatine; and Cicero, who had a house on the hill, boasted that he lived in *pulcherrimo urbis loco* — on the most beautiful spot in the city. During the orator's exile, a politician named Clodius procured a decree to destroy the house, but the Senate later voted two million sesterces (\$80,000) to rebuild it. Mark Antony dwelt there, too, and so did Catiline, against whom Cicero spoke so eloquently and successfully. The view from the Palatine became famous, and there must have been many such dwellings as the house of Livia, the widow of Augustus, which we see to-day.

Augustus himself, that adroit monarch, bought a comparatively small house on the hill, the property of an orator named Hortensius. It was his policy to make a show of simplicity, so as to be in the tradition of the early kings. He wore clothes made by his wife and daughter, drank little wine, and never had more than three courses at table. He read a discourse to the Senate against those who "had a craze for building," and yet, at

every opportunity, he rebuilt or enlarged his own house. But always there seemed some good reason for it; and the nation followed him. His was a just boast,

“I found Rome brick and I leave it marble.”

After every victory or auspicious event, he must needs build a temple, as for instance the Temple of Apollo, after the victory of Actium. With each such event more space was cleared on the Palatine and Augustus Cæsar's house was enlarged. Tiberius, he who later left the Palatine for Capri, found his step-father's house too small and built a larger at the north end of the hill, where cypresses now grow upon the ruins. It was after Tiberius was strangled that his successor, Caius Cæsar, called Caligula, built the enormous additions to the Domus Tiberiana, the ruins of which we see to-day, facing the Capitol.

That megalomaniac pushed his palace to the very Forum, and made the Temple of Castor and Pollux the entry to his house. His mind, weakened by excesses, led him to take the attitude of a god, equal to any on Olympus. He had a temple built to himself, in which peacocks and rare birds were sacrificed to him. He was wont

to seat himself between the statues of the twin-gods, Castor and Pollux, in their temple, and gravely accept the homage brought to what he deemed to be his fellow deities. A shoemaker, it is related, saw him in this attitude one day and burst into a guffaw.

“How do I strike you?” Caligula asked him.

“Like a great fool,” answered the cobbler. The reply so surprised Caligula that he pardoned the man.

“One of us must disappear,” he is said to have whispered to the statue of the god of gods, in the Temple of Jupiter on the Capitoline. Later he declared that Jupiter had asked his forgiveness. Of a number of the deities he ordered the heads to be cut off, and his own features in marble put on their shoulders. But his end was not far off. In three years he had made himself the most feared and hated tyrant Rome had yet had. Cassius Chærea, Tribune of a cohort of Prætorian guards, conceived a violent desire for revenge on the despot, because Caligula was forever jeering at the guardsman’s gentle, almost effeminate manners. Caligula, so Josephus relates, had been watching some games, and he was

returning to the palace by the secret passage, the Cryptoporticus, best seen to-day near the house of Livia, on the right. Chærea, who was at heart a republican, a hater of tyranny and especially of his master, waved back the throng of courtiers, saying that the emperor wished to be alone. Then he approached Caligula and struck him a blow on the head with a sword. Caligula was felled, but rose and made an effort to escape. Chærea's fellow conspirators, however, surrounded him and stabbed him thirty times. The assassins made their escape by the passage, and probably by the house of Livia, which seems to have survived the ruin of the great palaces.

After the death of Augustus, Livia, it is believed, retired to this house to mourn her husband and to keep out of the way of her son Tiberius. Tiberius was ashamed to owe his exalted position as emperor to his mother, and hated her accordingly, which seems strange to our minds to-day. As we enter the *Vestibulum* of the "Domus Liviæ" we are struck at once by the fact that this, the best preserved of ancient Roman houses, came down to us in a much more ruined state than the great houses at Pompeii.

We see the mosaic pavements and the frescoes, now faintly visible, in the three small rooms giving on the quadrangular court, the *Atrium*. Of these paintings, Polyphemus pursuing Galatea and Io guarded by Argus, are the most notable. In the latter picture Mercury is represented as hidden by a rock from the eyes of Io, whom he is about to release. Helbig, an excellent judge of ancient art, declares the execution of this picture to be remarkably good, and he adds, "it would be difficult to find at Pompeii a figure to equal that of Io." The *Triclinium*, the dining-room, is decorated with some graceful frescoes of landscapes; all the pictures are characterized by an airy lightness. How this house, contiguous to the imperial palace, came to be preserved, it is hard to determine, unless the memories it holds made it, in a sort, sacred. The stamping on the lead pipes found here shows that it was repaired under Domitian and Septimius Severus. "It would seem to me," M. Boissier observes, "that aside from the pleasure of seeing the frescoes, the thought that such princes as Vespasian or Titus, Trajan or Marcus Aurelius, came here often, and passed pleasant hours in agreeable converse with

their friends, must enhance the interest we feel in coming here."

But the most wonderful palace of all built on the hill, was that of Domitian. The first emperors of the Flavian dynasty were content with simple living themselves, though they built vast edifices for the public, such as the Colosseum. Titus and Vespasian had the old palaces repaired, but Domitian, their successor, was another megalomaniac, not unlike Caligula, who believed himself a god. As a divinity must have a sanctuary, he had a marvellous palace erected, that made sycophantic poets gasp for imagery to describe it. Martial declared that Domitian's dining-hall was like that of Olympus, and meet for the gods to drink their nectar in; if Jupiter and Domitian had asked him to dinner the same day, he vowed he would decline the Olympian's invitation and accept Domitian's. An extravagant age, as we see, and the palace was a symbol of it.

We find the ruins midway between the palace of Augustus and that of Tiberius, parallel with the Arch of Titus in the Forum. Entering by the stairway one came into the *Tablinum*, the great throne room, where Domitian received em-

bassies from abroad and delegations from dependent nations. It was Domitian who introduced the etiquette of Oriental monarchies into Rome. A magnificent room was the *Regia*, with sixteen wonderfully carved Corinthian columns and eight niches with immense statues in basalt. To the left of the *Tablinum* was the *Lararium*, a sort of private chapel, and to the right, the basilica, where the emperor administered justice. Beyond these was the *Peristylum*, by which one entered the dining-hall, of which Martial spoke so rapturously. On either side was a *Nymphæum*, wonderfully ornamented rooms with fountains and statues of marble and of bronze. The poet Statius, who was invited to dine here, said he felt he was among the stars, at table with Jupiter.

“Is it really you that I see,” he addressed the emperor as he entered, “the conqueror and father of a vanquished world, you, the hope of mankind and the darling of the gods?”

So lofty were the halls, the poets said, that they seemed like Pelion upon Ossa, piercing the Emyrean. Domitian was compared to Midas, who transmuted all he touched to gold. The orgies of that madman were notorious. He once

gave a dinner to some of the nobles of Rome, and when the guests came, they found the room draped in black and at the head of each couch a tombstone. Black slaves served them bits of food such as are left in the tombs. Black boys came in and danced with grotesque grimaces, and the emperor addressed the guests as though they were dead men. Each guest expected momentarily to die. But with a laugh Domitian dismissed them with gifts. Like some of his predecessors, he met his own death by a knife-thrust of one of his attendants.

But little space remained available on the Palatine. To the east of where the Villa Mills now stands, Domitian had built a kind of private stadium, or hippodrome, where he and his court could see rehearsals of the games that the populace would see on the Campus Martius. Thus, when Septimius Severus came to the throne, his desire to build anew upon the hill compelled him to make the land he built on. Great substructures and arches of stone were erected at the southeastern end of the Palatine, adjoining the stadium. The ruins of the arches are so vast even to-day that at first sight we conclude them to be

remains of some imperial palace. Septimius Severus was the last of the builders on this hill. After him we have a record of deterioration and delapidation. The invaders of Rome and the barbarians came only to destroy. The very word "palace," however, came to us from the name of the Palatine, and, since the third century, a royal dwelling is commonly called a palace. But the picture of ruin and desolation on the hill to-day is one of the striking mementoes of the vanity of human power that we carry away from Rome, mother of dead empires.

CHAPTER X

THE COLOSSEUM, ST. ANGELO, AND OTHER REMAINS

I

BOTH Goethe and Byron made it fashionable to view the Colosseum by moonlight, and even unto this day sojourners in Rome make at least one excursion to the Flavian Amphitheatre at night. It is a ruin vast, magnificent, and still easy to rhapsodize over.

A ruin — yet what ruin ! from its mass
Walls, palaces, half-cities, have been reared.

Thus Childe Harold ; but a moment's reflection on the seas of innocent blood that arena has absorbed, must make us, of the twentieth century, recoil from this monument of a cruelty incomprehensible and unspeakable. Titus, who completed the structure, was seen to weep after the dedication games, in which hundreds of gladiators, men and women, participated, in which dwarfs fought

a battle with cranes, and five thousand animals were slaughtered. Perhaps he merely wept with self-pity as he reflected on his own death, which, indeed, overtook him the next year, before he was forty-one.

The great object of the Flavian dynasty, of Vespasian and Titus, who came after the Cæsars, was to make themselves popular by catering to the public's opinion and by complying with its wishes. Romans had murmured against the extravagance of Nero, who was strongly suspected of having burned the city. The fire had barely ceased smouldering when he began to build the famous Golden House, surrounded by groves and terraces and provided even with an artificial lake, where this mad egotist could gaze on his own beauty. The town was crowded with homeless people, and here were vast stretches of land utilized for the pleasure of one man. Rome, it was said, would soon be nothing more than one huge palace. The Golden House was, therefore, razed by the Flavians, and the gigantic amphitheatre, begun upon the site in A. D. 72, was finished in 80, under Titus.

“Thanks to you, Cæsar,” the poet Martial said,

“what was the pleasure of one man now serves for the delight of all.” The “delight” was that sanguinary theatre we behold in ruins to-day, and the son of Vespasian was deemed a blessing to Rome. “Under the mild administration of Titus,” Gibbon tells us, “the Roman world enjoyed a transient felicity, and his beloved memory served to protect, above fifteen years, the vices of his brother Domitian.” The Colosseum played a part in this “felicity.” It had a capacity of seventy thousand; some believe one hundred thousand. Titus employed, it is said, twelve thousand captive Jews to build this vast elliptical structure, which consists of four stories: the first with Doric columns, the second with Ionic, and the third with Corinthian; the fourth was a wall with Corinthian pilasters. Above the massive wall encircling the arena was the *podium*, with the seats of honor. The emperor, his family, the vestal virgins, and the senators occupied the best places of all in the *podium*. Above these sat the knights and the tribunes, then the common people, and above them the soldiers. Women were segregated. The sockets for the masts that supported the great awning, shield against sun

and rain, are still visible on the top of the building. At times the arena was flooded with water for the naval spectacles. At the dedication games Titus caused the sea-fight between the Corinthians and Coreyreans to be represented, as described by Thucydides.

Originally all gladiators were slaves, but later arose a professional class of these combatants elaborately educated and maintained by the state. So popular were the gladiatorial combats, that Augustus was obliged to pass a law forbidding both knights and senators to appear as gladiators in the arena. Yet a hundred years after the amphitheatre was completed, no less a person than the emperor himself disgraced his dignity so far as to engage professional gladiators and fight with beasts before the eyes of all Rome. This was Commodus, son of the wise Antonine prince, Marcus Aurelius. But it must be remembered that Faustina was the mother of Commodus, and hence, perhaps, his unbridled passions.

“He chose,” Gibbon tells us, “the habit and arms of the *secutor*, whose combat with the *retarius* formed one of the most lively scenes in the bloody sports of the amphitheatre. The *secutor*

was armed with a helmet, sword, and buckler; his naked antagonist had only a large net and a trident; with the one he endeavored to entangle, with the other to despatch his enemy. If he missed the first throw, he was obliged to fly from the pursuit of the *secutor* till he had prepared his net for a second cast. The emperor fought in this character seven hundred and thirty-five several times." The Roman senators sat solemnly watching the degraded emperor playing the fool, and, as they watched, they kept chewing laurel-leaves to prevent their lips from smiling, for a smile there might cost a man his head.

They are all dust now, the senators and the emperors, the Flavians and the Antonines. Other dynasties, how many! succeeded theirs, but still the Colosseum stands. In the Middle Ages it became a shrine because of the blood of the martyrs spilt there, which proved so fruitful a seed of the Church. Anglo-Saxon pilgrims, long before the Norman conquest, gave voice to a prophecy, often quoted:—

While stands the Colosseum, Rome shall stand;
When falls the Colosseum, Rome shall fall;
And when Rome falls, the world.

St. Ignatius was the first of the Christian martyrs to die here, but so many others followed him that Pope Pius V urged those who wished for relics to take with them the dust of the Colosseum, once saturated with martyred blood. Until 1872, a cross stood in the centre of the arena to mark the spot where the Christians had suffered, and every Friday a brotherhood walked the "Stations of the Cross" with chants and prayers. During the Middle Ages the Frangipani family used the building as a fortress, and from the fourteenth century it became a quarry for popes and Roman nobles. The palaces of Farnese, Barberini, Venezia, as well as the Cancellaria, were built of material supplied by those massive walls. And still they stand, the walls of that giant shell, that has seen so much life, so much cruelty and evil. Still poets sing of them, historians write about them, and the ages marvel. It is only we who pass. Prophecies and Sibylline words have a way of affecting you in Rome more than anywhere else in the occidental world; who knows what deep significance may not be hidden in the verses of the Saxon pilgrims?

II

The Colosseum, the Castle of St. Angelo, and the Pantheon seem to rise from the soil of Rome, just as the vestiges of some all but extinct race remain upon the earth to remind us of its perished greatness. All three buildings have come down to us from antiquity, but the Pantheon alone has had an almost continuous existence in the character intended by the builders; whether Pagan or Christian, its purpose has ever remained religious. The desire of the builder, Agrippa, was to dedicate this shrine, erected in B. C. 27, to his father-in-law, Augustus Cæsar. But Augustus declined the attention, accepting only the honor of a statue that stood among the marble figures of the other divinities, in one of the niches. Agrippa also had a statue there, and both those colossal figures modestly guarded the entrance. The name of the original builder may still be plainly read here in large letters, but the temple did not remain wholly unchanged. Domitian altered it somewhat, and in Trajan's reign it was seriously damaged by lightning. But Hadrian, the next emperor, completely restored it, leaving only the portico un-

changed; so that it is to him rather than to Agrippa that we owe the rotunda and the dome. A century later, in 202 A. D., Septimius Severus and Caracalla made further changes, but the building remained a temple to all the gods until 399, when it was closed by a decree of the Emperor Honorius. Phocas the tyrant, however, about two hundred years later, gave it to Pope Boniface IV, who consecrated it on May 13, 609, as a church to St. Mary of the Martyrs.

Both its height and its diameter are one hundred and forty-two feet, six inches, and the walls are said to be twenty-two feet thick; the portico is borne by sixteen Corinthian columns of oriental granite. The interior is lighted only by the aperture, twenty-seven feet in diameter. The great dome, in which Michelangelo saw a model for that of St. Peter's, was once golden, but Constans II, in 655, took the gilded tiles of bronze for his palace at Constantinople. Nearly a hundred years later Pope Gregory III covered the dome with lead. St. Peter's, too, profited by borrowings from the Pantheon. Urban VIII took the brass tubes from the support of the roof of the vestibule for the baldachino columns in the cathedral.

“What barbarians forbore to do, the Barberini did ruthlessly,” was a saying concerning the family to which Urban belonged. Interesting as is the Pantheon in itself, it will appeal to many of us, perhaps, as the resting place of King Victor Emmanuel, and of the painter Raphael, the greatest of his craft, who loved and wrought so well. But concerning Raphael I mean to speak elsewhere.

From the Piazza della Rotonda it is not far to Trajan's Forum. In that night which began to sink upon ancient Rome as Christianity prospered, many of the special fora created by divers emperors were buried under soil and time, so that nothing remains of them. The Forum of Trajan, however, is still to be seen. But what we behold to-day is about one seventh of the original space covered by this forum. In power and variety the art of Trajan's time was perhaps the greatest achieved by the Romans; and Trajan spared no pains in constructing his forum. Apollodorus, the Greek architect, built here besides the column, which we see to-day, the Basilica Ulpia, two libraries, a triumphal arch, and a temple for the worship of Trajan himself. Merivale tells us of this space: —

“The area was adorned with numerous statues, in which the figure of Trajan was frequently repeated, and among its decorations were groups in bronze or marble, representing his most illustrious actions. The balustrades and cornices of the whole mass of buildings flamed with gilded images of arms and horses. Here stood the great equestrian statue of the emperor; here was the triumphal arch decreed him by the senate, adorned with sculpture, which Constantine, two centuries later, transferred without a blush to his own, a barbarous act of this first Christian emperor, to which, however, we probably owe their preservation to this day from more barbarous spoliation.”

The height of the column corresponds to the altitude of the hill that had to be removed in order to build the forum. Though seemingly a ravine now, this spot was before Trajan as high as the Palatine Hill. The column, erected A. D. 114, is said to be one hundred and twenty-four feet in height. In its base is a little sepulchral chamber that once contained a golden urn with the emperor's ashes, which Alaric, the Goth, carried away. At the top was a bronze statue of Trajan

holding a globe, which is now in the Capitoline Museum. The statue on the column to-day, that of St. Peter, was put there by Sixtus V, in 1587. The sculptured bas-relief, narrating the life story of Trajan, remains one of the wonders of the world. The detail with which the wars against the Dacians, winding about the marble shaft, are carved, makes it graphic like good history. All of which leads us to ask, who was this Trajan, whom Rome accounted of all its emperors the most virtuous?

He was born in Spain, near Seville, in A. D. 52, and from his early youth served as a soldier, winning distinction in Germany and in the East. He was adopted by the Emperor Nerva in 97, and was proclaimed emperor on the latter's death in 98. From that time on he engaged in wars against the Dacians, the Armenians, and the Parthians. It was on his way home from the last of those wars that he died, in the year 117. Dante celebrated him in the Sixth Canto of Paradise, as comforting a widow for the death of her poor son, thus giving the emperor a place in heaven near Beatrice, denied even to Virgil. And St. Gregory, while walking in the Forum one day, saw

a relief representing Italy as thanking Trajan for his provisions on behalf of poor children; the Pope lamented sadly that so noble a soul should be lost. As he prayed for the heathen emperor's salvation, he was told that the soul of Trajan should be saved, provided he himself suffered either three days in Purgatory or earthly pain for the rest of his life. He chose ill health, and never more was sound in body.

III

The "giantism," as Crawford calls it, of the Romans, which led them to level a mountain to build a forum, was evident in all their operations and in all their life. We have seen it in the imperial palaces and in the Colosseum; we see it in the ruins of the baths built by Caracalla and Diocletian; we marvel at it in the Castle of St. Angelo, which Trajan's successor, Hadrian, erected as a suitable mausoleum for himself, the ruler of a gigantic nation. The same spirit was later exemplified in the building of St. Peter's, and even to-day we see it in the garishly new monument to Victor Emmanuel.

Since almost every Roman visitor takes the

drive along the Via Appia, he must see the immense jagged ruins of Caracalla's Baths, situated at the foot of the Aventine Hill. Begun by the dissolute son of Septimius Severus, the fratricide Caracalla, whose name they bear, the baths were completed by the two Syrian emperors of Rome, Elagabalus, the effeminate, and his virtuous successor, Alexander. Space does not permit me here to speak at length of the crimes of Caracalla or of the vices of Elagabalus. But just as their characters were a woful example to the youth of the empire, so the institution of the luxurious public bath, which they did so much to foster, was at least partly responsible for the decline and fall of Rome.

"The walls of the lofty apartments," Gibbon informs us, "were covered with curious mosaics, that imitated the art of the pencil in elegance of design and in the variety of their colors. The Egyptian granite was beautifully incrustured with the precious green marble of Numidia. The perpetual stream of hot water was poured into the capacious basins through so many wide mouths of bright and massy silver; and the meanest Roman could purchase with a small coin the daily

enjoyment of a scene of pomp and luxury which might excite the envy of the kings of Asia. From these stately palaces issued forth a swarm of dirty and ragged plebeians, without shoes and without mantle, who loitered away whole days in the street and forum. . . ." The place was really an immense club-house, in which a degenerate race passed much of its time. It bathed, it exercised, it dined there, listened to music and even to the latest poems recited by the poets themselves. The establishment was a mile in circumference, and could accommodate sixteen hundred bathers at one time. In the halls and precincts of these baths stood some of the finest statues in Rome, such as the Capitoline Venus, the Farnese Bull, the Hercules now in Naples, and the Dionysus owned by the British Museum. The process of bathing was not unlike that in our modern Turkish baths, with the *tepidarium*, or warm-air room, the *caldarium*, or hot-water bathroom, and the *frigidarium*, or cold bathroom. But the luxury invited to long sessions of idling and amusement.

The ruins were once thick with flowers and trees, which the Italian government has since destroyed. Shelley tells us, in the preface to the

“Prometheus Unbound,” that “this poem was chiefly written upon the mountainous ruins of the Baths of Caracalla, among the flowery glades and thickets of odoriferous blossoming trees, which are extended in ever-winding labyrinths upon its immense platforms and dizzy arches suspended in the air.” Those thickets are no longer there.

The Baths of Diocletian, built about a century after those of Caracalla, are the first ruins we see upon entering Rome, because of their position by the railway station. The building is said to cover four hundred and forty thousand square yards of ground, and was, so archæologists inform us, the most grandiose civic structure of Rome, not excepting the Baths of Caracalla. The Piazza delle Terme, the largest square in Rome next to St. Peter's, represents only a part of the open space that belonged to these baths. They fell into decay after the Gothic invasion of 410 and, in the sixteenth century, a Carthusian monastery and a Cistercian convent were established in parts of the ruins. At this writing there is a plan in Rome to restore the remaining ruins, which would allow the National Museum, in these halls, to stretch far beyond its present limits. Already the char-

coal-burners and wood-sellers who have so long nested in the dark recesses, are being dislodged, and in time, perhaps, the museum will be made to rival the Capitoline and the Vatican.

Since I shall not speak elsewhere of the Church of Santa Maria degli Angeli, which occupies one of the halls of the ruins, we must have a word about it here. A certain priest of Palermo, Antonio del Duca, discovered under a wall-plaster in his little church a beautiful fresco of the Seven Archangels. The figures seemed to urge him to go to Rome and there to establish a Church of the Seven Archangels. He met with failure, but for thirty years he persisted, until Pope Pius IV commanded Michelangelo to transform one of the halls of Diocletian's Baths, which the labor of forty thousand Christians had built under the pagan emperor, and the church was duly consecrated about 1530. The founder, Del Duca, lies buried here before the high altar, and the church is now a veritable picture gallery; the hall, it is said, served as a model for St. Sophia at Constantinople. The reigning family of Italy has used it for some of its weddings, because, as an historical monument,

the Church of the Angels is outside the jurisdiction of the Vatican.

IV

In the romance of Rome, so gorgeous in color, and often so scarlet with blood, the Castle of St. Angelo stands out dark and towering in its massive strength, even as we see it to-day, against the deep-blue Roman sky. Though built originally as a tomb, it seems to have preserved a curious vitality in the midst of the crumbling grandeur about it; and though the Colosseum is a ruin, St. Angelo is still a fortress. It stands in the fourteenth of the regions into which mediæval Rome was divided, — the Borgo, or suburb, which includes St. Peter's and the Vatican. So vivid is the mediæval history of the castle, that its ancient use is almost forgotten. Yet we must remember that not only was this the tomb of Hadrian, but also of Antoninus Pius; of Marcus Aurelius, and of his disgraceful son Commodus; of Septimius Severus, and of his evil successor, Caracalla.

A hundred, or perhaps two hundred, years later the emperors converted it into a fortress, which was besieged by the Goths under Vitiges about

530. Previous to that a writer describes the tomb thus: "It is made of Parian marble, and the stones fit closely into one another without any cement. It has four equal sides, each a stone's throw in length, and in height they overtop the city's walls. Upon the walls are statues of men and horses, also of Parian marble, wonderful to behold." At a desperate moment in the siege the garrison under Belisarius tore loose these statues, and hurled them down upon the attacking Goths. It was at about this time that Pope Gregory the Great, during a pestilence in Rome, thought he saw an angel on the castle sheathing a bloody sword, presumably in response to his prayers. He called the fortress St. Angelo, and so it has remained ever since.

Those ages, justly called the dark, that have left so many lacunæ in history, hang a kind of veil about the castle for three centuries, until Theodora Senatrix, that dissolute and powerful mediæval woman, took up her abode in the castle, and, with her daughter Marozia, ruled Rome for almost half a century.

When towards the Devil's House we tread,
Woman's a thousand steps ahead.

So says Goethe ; and, truly, the worst period of Roman history seems in a measure to have been ushered in by the unspeakable Theodora. She came, no one knows whence, married Theophylactus, who combined the office of senator and consul, and virtually ruled Rome from the castle. A young priest of Ravenna who pleased her, she created pope under the title of John X, whom the daughter, Marozia, afterwards caused to be strangled in St. Angelo. Two popes, Leo VI and Stephen VII, creatures of Marozia, succeeded the strangled John X ; but soon the first was deposed and the second died of poison. She then made her own son Pope John XI, but he, natural offspring of such a mother, subsequently turned from her and she died in prison.

The blackest part of the city's history, as we see, clusters about St. Angelo. Bloody as the tales are, it would nevertheless be almost monotonous to tell them all, so uniformly gruesome are they. We have already seen how Porcari perished here. It would take too long to narrate what led up to the strangling in the castle of Cardinal Carafa, for the misdeeds of himself and of his race. And it would make far from pleasant reading to set

down the story of one Stephen Infessura, relating how his patron, a Colonna, Protonotary to the Apostolic See, was tortured in St. Angelo by Pope Sixtus IV, and how that evil pontiff employed a physician to keep the protonotary alive, so that he might be made to suffer yet more torture. When the victim could endure no more, he was finally beheaded. When we reflect upon these tales as we look upon the castle to-day, it seems to be shrouded in a very mist of blood.

It was the Borgia family who built the subterranean passage connecting the Vatican with the castle. When Charles VIII besieged Rome in 1495, Alexander VI, the Borgia pope, fled by that passage and took shelter in St. Angelo until terms were made. When the Duke of Gandia, murdered, it is said, by his own brother, Cæsar Borgia, was found in the Tiber, it was to St. Angelo the body was brought, while Pope Alexander VI, father of the dead man, watched from a window in the castle the procession approaching with his son's remains. "I know who did this," Alexander sobbed, but no charge was ever brought by the father himself, and Machiavelli declared it to be Cæsar's deed. Cæsar himself long held the

Castle of St. Angelo, but twenty years later it suffered one of its worst and most picturesque sieges.

Clement VII was Pope, and he had just concluded a truce with the emperor, Charles V, who had threatened to send Duke Charles, known as the Constable de Bourbon, to sack Rome. The treaty was humiliating enough to the Pope, but Clement was happy in that he had secured peace. The Bourbon, however, had been gathering in Lombardy an army of cutthroats and ruffians that formed even for those times a remarkable collection. They were men without character or country, — the scum of the wars, Lutheran Germans, Italians, Frenchmen, with a predominant element of Spaniards. With these desperate blades at his back, he saw no reason why he should be bound by a treaty between Clement and the emperor's viceroy. He had no money to pay his mercenaries, but in Rome, he told them, there was loot and gold enough for all. "Blood and the Bourbon!" they cried, and vowed they would follow him to the bottomless pit, if need were. They swept like a whirlwind down toward Rome, and on May 6, 1527, at dawn, they moved

to the attack of St. Angelo. The Pope himself, surrounded by his cardinals and servants, fled by the secret way from the Vatican, and beheld in terror from St. Angelo the storming of the walls in which seven thousand Romans fell before the Bourbon's mercenaries. The enemy gained the Borgo and, indeed, all Trastevere, and the most dreadful sack in Rome's history began.

The veracious Benvenuto Cellini declares in his memoirs that when the Constable's army first appeared before the walls of Rome, he, together with a company of other men, went out to see them, and, "aiming my arquebuse where I saw the enemy was thickest," he adds, "I fired at one I saw raised above the others." That one he believes to have been the Bourbon himself. The Constable was actually struck by a bullet that day, but whether by Cellini's hand or another's is of small account. A frightful scene of rapine, murder, and pillage ensued for the next three days, until the soldiers were drunk with blood and wine and began to quarrel among themselves. Benvenuto goes on to relate how he was clapped into service as a gunner on the roof of St. Angelo, and then continues : —

“I took up my post near some big guns, which were under the charge of a bombardier called Giuliano the Florentine. This Giuliano, hanging over the battlements of the castle, saw his poor house being sacked, and his wife and children outraged ; so, lest he should massacre his own kith and kin, he did not dare discharge his guns, but threw his fuse upon the ground, and wailed aloud and tore his face. And other bombardiers were doing the same. Therefore I seized one of the fuses, and, with the help of some who were calmer in their minds, pointed some swivels and falconets where I saw a chance, slaughtering therewith a great many of the enemy. But for this, those that came into Rome that morning, marching straight to the castle, might have made an easy entry, for the artillery were doing nothing to stop them. I kept up the fire, for which several cardinals and noblemen blessed me, giving me the greatest encouragement.” About a month later, on June 5, 1527, Clement signed the capitulation and became a prisoner in the emperor’s hands. The garrison of St. Angelo marched out and the invaders came in.

We gaze upon the red brickwork of St. Angelo

to-day, and shudder involuntarily as we think upon all the blood that has been shed here. Rome is the city of art, of sculpture, of learning, of religion. But from a score of different points during our wanderings through her streets, the castle flashes into view, and the very sky seems to darken somewhat; for St. Angelo invariably brings it to our minds that Rome is also the city of blood.

CHAPTER XI

ST. PETER'S AND THE CHURCHES

I

WHEN the modern taxicab whirls you into the Piazza San Pietro, the two great colonnades on either hand seem to take you into a vast hollow embrace, like some giant's arms, so large, they cannot grasp you. The emptiness of that great space, before the cathedral, seems strangely disappointing. You expect thousands upon thousands to be surging about this shrine, but you see only a few tourists and a few cabmen. You are taken to a spot in the Piazza, where the colonnades seem to be only one column instead of four columns deep, which shows you the perfect symmetry with which Bernini built them in the seventeenth century. You look at the two fountains, at the obelisk in the centre, which once stood in Nero's Circus, and you vaguely admire. But the emptiness all about makes you pensive: that obelisk, which has seen so much grandeur come and

go, both in Heliopolis, its ancient home, and here in Rome; which has seen races and gods and religions flourish and pass — is it witnessing, you ask, another transition, another change?

The living present, however, reminds you that you are standing before the greatest church in all Christendom. You look at the immense façade with its columns and pilasters, and upon the inscription telling you that “Paulus V. Borghesius” built it in 1612, thus, as a pasquinade¹ once laughed, making the church Paul’s instead of Peter’s. But the dome, for which Michelangelo borrowed his idea from the Pantheon, seems to appease you for the disturbing lack of harmony in the façade; for that dome is truly beautiful. You pass up the broad flight of steps through the bronze door made by Filarete in 1445, with their many scenes, both Christian and pagan, one of the frequent reminders in Rome that Christianity is grafted upon ancient religions which the obelisk in the Piazza has seen blossom and decay.

¹ Pasquino, a mutilated group of statuary in the Piazza del Pasquino, near the Piazza Navona, was made famous by the anonymous lampoons hung upon it. Pasquino was a tailor after whom this group was named. In every language we now find the word pasquil or pasquinade.

Everything within this church is so vast and so richly ornamented that mentally you divest yourself of most of your adjectives as you enter. When you say a man is extraordinarily tall, you compare him with other tall men. It is nothing to be taller than a pygmy. St. Peter's is like a giant among pygmies, and all comparison becomes futile. The size is simply bewildering to our limited perceptive powers; we walk about in the spaces of the church, disturbed and disconcerted, with none of that calm and peace that comes to us in many a lesser fane. And, indeed, the worshippers here, save on high days and holidays, are few enough. The numerous confessionals with their inscriptions in gilt letters, *PRO ILLYRICA LINGUA*, *PRO HISPANICA LINGUA*, *PRO ANGLICA LINGUA*, for all the nations of the earth, add to the impression that this is a kind of immense, international, religious clearing-house, rather than the quiet sanctuary for the burdened heart.

Yet St. Peter's had a humble origin. We have already seen, in a previous chapter, how Peter the Apostle was crucified by Nero's executioners on the way from the Mamertine Prison. Some Christians buried the body at night against the

wall of Nero's Circus, and marked the spot, which they afterward often visited in prayer. Later Anacletus, a priest whom Peter himself had ordained, built a little oratory over the grave. Anacletus ranked as Bishop of Rome, that is, Pope, but in those days Christian popes had not yet the sinews to build cathedrals. Neither wealth nor temporal power was theirs. Perhaps two or three people could kneel in prayer in that little chapel at Nero's Circus; and that was the beginning of the cathedral we see to-day. Twice it is said, the Saint's body was taken away by the Christians and hidden in the Catacombs of St. Sebastian; once when some Greeks had attempted to steal it, and later, in the middle of the third century, during the persecutions of the Emperor Valerian. Constantine then came and, at the request of Pope Sylvester I, built a basilica on the site of the little oratory of Anacletus. The body of St. Peter, brought back from the Catacombs, rested then where it is to-day. Charlemagne, we read, as well as many other pilgrims, ascended the steps of that basilica on his knees, and many illustrious princes were buried there. Charlemagne was crowned in this church by Pope Leo III,

and thus began the Holy Roman Empire on a spot still marked to-day by a disk of porphyry near the central door. So much silver and gold had the monarchs of Christendom showered upon the basilica, that Pope Leo IV felt compelled to surround the church and its precincts by a strong wall to protect the treasure withal.

Pope Nicholas V it was who, in 1450, decided to pull down the old basilica and to build the cathedral we see to-day. More than two hundred years elapsed before it was consecrated, and many were the popes and architects concerned with the building. Alberti and Rosselini were the first architects selected. Later, in 1506, Pope Julius II placed the work in the hands of Bramante, who began the work anew. Michelangelo later continued the work on the plans of Bramante, and some time after the death of Michelangelo, Paul V put the work into the hands of Carlo Maderna, who finally completed the façade in 1614. The colonnades and fountains in the Piazza were not finished by Bernini until half a century later.

As you wander through the church and its chapels, you feel you are threading through some wonderfully contrived city, filled with innumerable

objects that distract the attention. But like the objects in a city, not many invite your regard for long. The mosaic copies of pictures, for instance, do not stimulate any particular interest. One must, of course, see the great bronze statue of St. Peter by the fourth pillar to the right in the nave. No one can reflect on the generations of devotees who have crept by this statue, and kissed smooth the bronze foot of the Saint, without some emotion.

The church abounds in good sculpture. In the crypt are the tombs of the mediæval popes: of Gregory V, of Adrian IV, who crowned Barbarossa, of Boniface VIII, who received Dante as Florentine Ambassador. The tomb of Innocent VIII, in the north aisle, and that of the cruel Sixtus IV, in the chapel of the Blessed Sacrament, illustrate the wonderful work of Antonio Pollaiuolo. Very truthfully did Pollaiuolo portray the countenance of that Sixtus who kept the Colonna alive by medical aid so as to torture him the longer. "Behold the justice of Sixtus!" cried the bereaved mother of the Colonna protonotary, holding up the severed and mutilated head of her son. The justice of Sixtus is visible in the bronze features moulded by Pollaiuolo. Julius II,

a wiser pope, if not a better man, sleeps in the selfsame tomb.

Every one, moreover, desires to see the celebrated sculpture of the Madonna della Pietà, undoubtedly the best work of art in St. Peter's. Michelangelo wrought it, when he was but twenty-five, for the Cardinal Rovano. The body of Christ, reposing in the lap of the Virgin, seems rather large, in proportion to the figure of Mary; but the mother's sorrow and the tenderness of the whole group give a pull to one's heartstrings as few marbles do. It was in commenting on the youth of this Madonna's face that Michelangelo declared, "Chaste women preserve their young appearance much longer than other women." In the same chapel is the Colonna Santa, said to be the column against which Christ leaned when teaching in the temple at Jerusalem. Most of the English-speaking visitors ask to see Canova's monument to the Stuarts, which is in the left aisle. James Third, Charles Third, and Henry Ninth, Cardinal York, are the three Stuarts commemorated, but the monument in itself is of no particular beauty.

No one should leave St. Peter's without a visit

to the dome, for which a special permit is required every day excepting Saturday. From the little gallery there you gaze down upon the vast interior below, and seem to see a wholly different St. Peter's. The vastness of the edifice comes home to you anew, but the numerous parts and objects, shrunk by the distance, fall into a kind of harmony you could not see below. Men look like ants from that height. And down below, in the crypt, as Crawford puts it, are buried the great of the earth, — the chief of the Apostles, many martyred bishops, the royal Stuarts, Emperor Otho the Second, Queen Christina of Sweden, and the infamous Rodrigo Borgia, Pope Alexander VI. By a stairway you may emerge to the outer dome, and see Rome before you spread out like a map, — the city, the river, the gardens, the Capitol and the Palatine, modern and ancient Rome, the eternal city.

II

San Giovanni in Laterano, or the Lateran, as it is commonly called, is another church traditionally attributed to the religious zeal of Constantine. It presents one of the few instances

where a Roman name famous neither in war, politics, or letters, is preserved to our times. Thus the "Mother and Head of all Churches of the City and of the World" perpetuates the name of the obscure family of the Laterani, whose palace had somehow come to be the dower house of Fausta, Constantine's wife. Burdened with the crime of parricide, the Emperor sought for atonement by filling Rome with churches. Chronicles of this period are scant, but we know that early in the fourth century the Lateran had become the palace of the Bishop of Rome, that is, of the Pope. There is a legend that all the loot from the Temple of Jerusalem—the Ark of the Covenant, the seven-branched candlestick, the Tables of the Law—once reposed in the Lateran. Alaric the Goth respected, but Genseric the Vandal stole them and brought them to Carthage. Belisarius, in turn, seized them and carried them to Constantinople. On their way to Jerusalem, there to adorn the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, they were lost at sea.¹ The house where Marcus Aurelius was born and educated once stood beside

¹ One legend, as we have already seen, locates the lost candlestick at the bottom of the Tiber.

the Lateran, and the equestrian statue we saw at the Capitol had been first placed before this house and the Lateran. Originally known as the *Basilica Constantiana* or *Sancti Salvatoris*, it was not until the beginning of the tenth century, in the time of Pope Sergius III, who rebuilt it after an earthquake, that it was dedicated to John the Baptist. The building of Sergius was destroyed by fire in 1308 and its successor in 1360. Urban V rebuilt it in 1370, and Innocent X completely reconstructed it in 1650. It is this seventeenth-century building with an eighteenth-century façade that we see to-day.

Perhaps the most picturesque object of interest for the tourist at the Lateran is the *Scala Santa*, formerly part of the original "Palace of Constantine," but now situated opposite the northeast corner. These steps Christ is believed to have ascended in order to stand before Pontius Pilate in Jerusalem. They were taken from the *Prætorium* at Jerusalem and brought to Rome at the end of the Crusades, though legend has it that Helena, the mother of Constantine the Great, had them moved to the Eternal City. The twenty-eight marble steps are encased by a wooden cover-

ing, and the wood has more than once been worn out by the knees of the devout. To non-Catholics it is certainly a strange sight to see the pious ascending these stairs on their knees to-day ; and many pilgrims believe that some of the steps are stained with the blood of the Saviour. During Lent, in Holy Week, and particularly on Good Friday, that staircase is covered with penitents slowly creeping up on their knees praying, praying, for the various indulgences from penance granted for the task by various popes. A thousand years was the indulgence when Martin Luther ascended the Holy Staircase. When he was halfway up, the apostle of the Reformation suddenly stood erect, turned and slowly walked down again. A voice, as if from heaven, he afterward said, seemed to whisper to him, "The just shall live by faith" ; and he felt himself loosed from fetters, a free man. At the top of the stairs is the *Sancta Sanctorum*, the holiest spot, according to an inscription over the altar, in all the world. Only the Pope can officiate there ; and one day in the year, the morning before Palm Sunday, the Canons of the Lateran come to worship there. The portrait of Christ in this chapel is said to be

the authentic one, begun by St. Luke and finished by an angel. You may not look within except through a gilded grating.

The church itself, as you enter it, has a disappointing, not to say depressing, effect. The "mother and head of all the churches," and the ancient seat of the papacy is truly, in the phrase of the guide-book, a "baroque edifice." The five aisles of the nave give an impression of great space, but the gilt ceiling, the huge statues of the apostles, the plaster piers and pilasters hiding the old columns, combine to produce an effect of tawdriness. There are, of course, many treasures to be seen. What old Italian church is without them? The guide will show you a fragment of a Giotto fresco of Boniface VIII on the pilaster facing the Corsini Chapel, the tombs of mediæval popes, the thirteenth-century monument of Cardinal Guissano. You see the beautiful Gothic canopy over the papal altar, which is said to contain the skulls of SS. Peter and Paul. In the transept is the chapel of the Blessed Sacrament, enriched by four gilded bronze columns which, some declare, were brought by Titus from the Temple at Jerusalem, and once stood in the

Temple of Jupiter on the Capitoline. The table of the Last Supper is also said to be in this chapel. In the sacristy are two great statues of St. Peter and St. Paul, and some remains of the family of the Laterani, such as lead pipes stamped with their name. And in the choir the thirteenth-century mosaic of the Saviour, surrounded by angels singing among the clouds, is famed for its beauty and richness of detail. Thence you may pass into the broad cloisters built in the thirteenth century for the Lateran clergy, whose head, at one time, was no less a man than St. Augustine.

Then, perhaps, the sacristan conducts one to the Baptistery of S. Giovanni in Fonte which, as we have seen in an earlier chapter, witnessed the folly and pride of Cola di Rienzi. It was here he bathed and purified himself for his knighthood and coronation. The tradition that Constantine was baptized here, which was a belief in Rienzi's day, is now thoroughly discredited, since it is known that Constantine's was a death-bed conversion in Nicomedia. The Baptistery was built by Sixtus III, probably in 435. The building is octagonal, supported by eight porphyry columns, and in the centre is the font of green basalt, used

for the baptism of Rienzi. The two columns on the side nearest the church are believed to be of the time of the Flavian emperors. On the east is the little chapel of St. John the Baptist, one of the few places in Rome closed to the feminine tourist or worshipper, because of the crime of Salome. The bronze doors are said to be from the Baths of Caracalla. On the west is the chapel of St. John the Evangelist with some fifth-century mosaics, and behind it, toward the church, is the oratory of St. Venanzio, built by John IV in 640, also decorated with early mosaics that are generally admired. Throughout Italy are found baptisteries built somewhat after the fashion of this of St. John in the Lateran, which has ever served as a model.

Of the ancient palace of the Lateran nothing remains but the Scala Santa, already described, which was part of it. Though it did not contain eleven thousand rooms, the old palace resembled the modern Vatican, and remained the home of the popes from the time of Constantine until the papal migration to Avignon in 1305, known as the Babylonian Captivity of the Church. The *triclinium*, or dining-hall, built for the reception

of Charlemagne in the year 800, was one of the most magnificent chambers built in Christian Rome. One wall only of that *triclinium* remains. Of old it had a mosaic which, Mr. James Bryce declares, was a pictorial epitome of the theory of the Holy Roman Empire. A copy of the mosaic may still be seen in the Tribune, erected in 1741, to the east of the Scala Santa. After the sack of Rome by the Bourbon's cutthroats in 1527, the palace became a ruin, and was not rebuilt until more than half a century later, by the architect Domenico Fontani. It was turned into a hospital in the seventeenth century, but in 1843 Gregory XVI made a museum of it, for objects both sacred and profane. The guide-books give detailed lists of the collections, which are certainly worthy of study. The Christian museum, in particular, is richly deserving of attention even to the secular tourist.

Such are the first two of the five patriarchal churches of Rome. The other three were San Paolo, San Lorenzo, and Santa Maria Maggiore. All believers, the world over, were considered as belonging to these five churches during the early centuries of Christianity; and devout pilgrims,

rich and poor, came riding proudly or humbly begging their way to the sacred shrines. Santa Croce in Gerusalemme and San Sebastiano, built over the Catacombs, together with those five others, were "*the seven churches*" of Rome in early mediæval times. There are eighty churches in the city dedicated to the Virgin Mary, and of these Santa Maria Maggiore is the largest and the most beautiful. The early popes hesitated at first to convert the temples of the pagan gods into churches, but the basilicas, or halls of justice, built to hold multitudes, early supplied the models, and frequently the framework for Christian churches. The Basilica Sicinnii, which is known to have stood in the region of the present Santa Maria Maggiore, is believed to have supplied Pope Liberius with the chief part of the edifice, to which he probably merely added a sanctuary. Fourth-century writers at times refer to S. Maria Maggiore as the Basilica Sicinnii.

Legend has it that the Virgin appeared to Liberius in a dream about the middle of the fourth century, and bade him build a church wherever he should find snow the next day — in August. Liberius did as he was bidden, and for long the

church was known as St. Mary of the Snow ; but early in the fifth century Sixtus III dedicated the fane to St. Mary the Virgin. The forty Ionic columns are in all probability the same that stood in the ancient Roman basilica. The ceiling is said to be gilded with the first gold that came from America after the discovery of the western world, but neither this ceiling nor the chapels of Sixtus V and Paul V approach in interest and beauty the mosaics of the nave and triumphal arch, made, it is believed, in the fifth century, about the time of Sixtus III. A recent writer,¹ however, believes the mosaics were made in the second century to decorate the Roman palace of a Christian patrician in pagan Rome ; for, as he says, "they deal with Christianity in a way that could offend no pagan."

"The mosaics above the chancel arch," we read in Hemans's "Ancient Christian Art," "are valuable for the illustration of Christian doctrine ; the throne of the Lamb as described in the Apocalypse, SS. Peter and Paul beside it (the earliest instance of their being thus represented) ; and the four symbols of the Evangelists above ; the Annun-

¹ *Rome*, Edward Hutton. Macmillan (1909).

ciation; the Angel appearing to Zechariah; the Massacre of the Innocents; the Presentation in the Temple; the Adoration of the Magi; Herod receiving the head of St. John the Baptist; and below these groups, a flock of sheep, type of the faithful, issuing from the mystic cities, Bethlehem and Jerusalem." "We become aware," says Mr. Hutton, "that what is passing before us is not only the mystery of the Faith, but its history also; the history of that struggle between Europe and Asia in the heart of Christianity; between the Church of the Gentiles and the Church of the Jews." The four groups of mosaics in the nave have, as their central figures, the four men of the Old Testament, then deemed the prototypes and forerunners of Christ,—Abraham, Jacob, Moses, and Joshua. We see the story of the life of Abraham and his parting with Lot; the story of Jacob and his two wives, Leah and Rachel, in which Leah is interpreted as representing Judaism, and Rachel Christianity. After the four pictures showing Jacob choosing his flock, come the series (one being lost) of Moses and of Joshua. Following these are the pictures dealing with the life of Christ. Comparing these beautiful early mosaics with

those of the Virgin in the Apse, done by Jacobus Torriti in 1295, we see how much that art has lost in the course of the centuries. The Sixtine Chapel in the right transept, and the magnificent monument of Cardinal Gonsalvo made by Johannes Cosmas, add to the richness and beauty of Santa Maria Maggiore.

Not far from Santa Maria is the Santa Pudenziana, the oldest church in Rome, according to tradition. It was built on the site where St. Pudens, who dwelt here with his two pious daughters, Praxedis and Pudentiana, entertained the Apostle Peter. Here, also, are some remarkable mosaics, probably of the fourth century. Nearer still to the great Church of the Virgin is Santa Prassede, named after Praxedis, and built on the spot where stood that lady's house. It was rebuilt by Pope Paschal I, twenty-two years after the coronation of Charlemagne. To one interested in the development of the art of mosaic the work of Santa Prassède will illustrate the decline of this art at that period of storm and stress, when a fallen Rome was gathering up its remains to enter upon the new era of the Holy Roman Empire.

III

There are many churches in Rome far more beautiful than the one dedicated to the Madonna on the Capitoline Hill, but almost every Roman pilgrim visits Santa Maria in Aracœli, or, as the Italians call it, Aracelli. Various elements mingle in the warm interest we seem to feel in this church, perched upon the hill of Rome's citadel. To my thinking, the most striking appeal of Roman churches, at all events, of many of them, lies in their illustration of the meeting between Christianity and paganism. The victorious religion of the heart came, overwhelmed and supplanted paganism, with what relentless certainty, we know. But to find the visible monuments of the clash and triumph cannot but stir even the coldest among us. Of the Temple of Juno, that in all probability stood upon the site of Aracœli, nothing now remains. But the very name of the present church, it seems, comes from that shrine to the Son of God, to the unknown divinity, set up by the shrewd and diplomatic Emperor Augustus, in order to square with the prophecy of the Sibyl. Augustus took no risks where they could

be avoided; if a conquering deity was on the horizon, he meant to be the first to placate it.

“A Hebrew child, a God Himself and stronger than all the gods, bids me leave Heaven to give Him place,” the oracle of Apollo is said to have prophesied to Augustus. Accordingly, he built an altar to the Divine Child, *Ara Filii Dei*. Here also, Constantine, it is said, founded a church, but according to the Benedictines, Gregory I built it in 591. The Benedictine monks served it originally, and by 882 they had built their monastery near it; but in 1250, Innocent IV expelled the Benedictines and gave their house and the church over to the Franciscans. Their house is gone, — to make room, with so many other things, for Victor Emmanuel’s monument, — but Franciscan friars still serve that church on Rome’s most famous hill.

“On the steps of Aracœli, nineteen centuries ago,” observes Story, in “*Roba di Roma*,” “the first great Cæsar climbed on his knees after his first triumph. At their base, Rienzi, the last of the Roman tribunes, fell.” It was here, on October 15, 1764, that Gibbon, as he sat musing while the friars were singing vespers, first

conceived the idea of the "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire."

The shrine of the miraculous *Bambino* lends a certain tenderness to the interest of women in this church. Far back, when Juno was goddess here, women adored her as the presiding deity of marriage, and the special protectress of children. And now again we see the grafting of the new on the old, of Christianity on the ancient paganism. To-day children hold here their festival in honor of Jesus Parvulus, the little child Jesus, and in this church is placed the "Most Sacred Baby," which is really nothing more than a wooden doll, but of wondrous potency. Pinturicchio's frescoes are in the right aisle, but every one entering the church seems to drift toward the left, containing the manger, which at Christmas is fitted out to represent the Nativity, and the wooden doll of the Bambino.

"You wish to see the Bambino," the friar informs you, and the glass case with the doll glides out towards you from the wall. The case is very properly locked, for enough rings, brooches, bracelets, jewels, and even golden chains and watches, are hung about the little fresh-colored

wooden image to make a poor man's fortune. The friar's lips move mechanically in prayer, and his eyes rove about the church in quest of other visitors, as he displays the sacred baby. He takes a handful of cards with the likeness of the Bambino in polychrome upon them, rubs them against the glass case, thus making them holy, and gives them to you. The fee you give him in return, be it large or small, he pockets with a blessing, for the good of the church.

During the two weeks after Christmas children come here and recite prepared speeches while their elders admire. The little ones are trained long in advance, and it is a touching sight to see them with their little self-conscious gestures "orating" or disputing in this temple of Jesus Parvulus. A noble Roman family has put its carriage and servants permanently at the disposal of the Bambino, which is not infrequently taken to the bedside of the sick. It is said to have wrought marvellous cures. Formerly the Bambino was even left on the beds of the suffering for some hours, unattended by any of the friars. But one day a woman who designed to keep the precious Infant for her own permanent benefit, had prepared

another such doll and sent that back in place of the true one. That night, however, the monks were startled by such a clamor and ringing of bells as had never disturbed their slumbers before. When they opened the door of the church they beheld the little naked Bambino shivering with the cold. It was restored to the ancient place and the counterfeit sent back to its owner. Now the Baby always visits the sick with watchful attendants. So great is the Bambino of Aracœli, carved in Jerusalem by a monk, and finished by an angel.

It is wonderful to see the pilgrims spellbound by the true beauty of this church, while other and greater palaces of worship leave them cold. There is nothing obtrusive about the beauty of Aracœli; it is charged with a certain spiritual quality rare in the richer edifices of Rome, and, above all, with a certain touch of sentiment that subtly pervades the air. I have never seen visitors hurry through this church, as they so often do through others. Gently and reverently they walk among the aisles while the pious brothers chant their litanies, swing their censers, and perform their sacred offices. It is delightful to look upon the excellently preserved frescoes of Pinturicchio

to the music of the organ. They present the life of St. Bernardino, who assumed the habit and life of St. Francis, despite the temptation of riches and power and splendor. How tawdry look the trappings of worldly wealth that the Saint has cast from him! It is a true touch of the ideal, which, after all, is what our hearts yearn to descry in all scenery and in all sight-seeing. The beautiful city of Siena and the friends of Bernardino cannot tempt him; he turns his back upon them all, but what a greater company than all his friends, the humble and the poor whom he has served, mourn at his funeral! A just reward is the crown of glory held aloft for the faithful servant, St. Bernardino. You cannot help feeling personally grateful to Lodovico Buffalini, who had caused these pictures to be painted in honor of the Saint, because Bernardino had brought peace between him and the powerful family of Baglioni in Perugia. Truly, there is no beauty so warm and appealing as that with a touch of the heart in it.

You can wander about and gaze your fill on the ancient mosaic floors, on the twenty-two columns that came from Roman halls or temples, upon the beautiful chapel of the Savelli, with the monument

of Pandolfo, of that house, made after designs by Giotto. Over the side entrance is a mosaic of the Virgin by the Cosmati, those famous craftsmen, who not improbably also wrought the ambones from which the Epistle and Gospel are sung. Another example of Cosmato work is the Gothic tomb of Cardinal Matteo di Acquasparta, in the north transept — that General of the Franciscans, whom Dante gives a place in the fourth heaven of Paradise. There is beauty enough in this church ; but, beside the beauty there is the subtle charm of sentiment.

It is impossible to speak in one chapter of all the churches in Rome, the city of churches. How many important ones soever you may see, there are others remaining, notable for some feature or another. Those who wish to know all of the five so-called “ patriarchal ” churches of Rome will desire to visit both San Paolo and San Lorenzo Fuori le Mura. There is little enough to say of the new, cold nineteenth-century edifice of San Paolo, though the other, San Lorenzo, built in honor of him of whom it was particularly said, “ The blood of the martyrs is the seed of the church,” is well worth a visit. The Later Church

of the thirteenth century which is raised ten feet above the Older Church of the sixth at S. Lorenzo, brings home to us the fact that most of Rome to-day stands on the tomb of the Rome of olden days. No less worthy of interest are the two churches of SS. Cosma and Damiano and Santa Maria in Cosmedin. In the triumph of Christianity the fane of the two Arabian saints and martyrs inherited the ancient Temple of Peace of Vespasian, which Maxentius had rebuilt and dedicated to his son Romulus. This was, perhaps, the first of the temples in Rome transformed into churches. Santa Maria in Cosmedin, similarly, came into the Roman Temple of Ceres, or at least into the site of that temple. This church was the centre of the Greek life when the Eastern emperors ruled Rome, and the graceful interior of the church even to-day shows a little of the Greek influence. There is, too, the Church of S. Clemente built over the ancient basilica where once dwelt Clement, the saint whom Paul himself had converted to Christianity. The church has some ninth-century frescoes which attract many, but more interesting by far are the frescoes of Filippino Lippi in Santa Maria Sopra Minerva, that noble Gothic church

that holds not only Lippi's frescoes but Fra Giovanni Angelico's tomb as well. Rich in frescoes are also the churches of S. Maria and S. Cecilia, in that large region across the river called Trastevere. Pietro Cavallini, Giotto's pupil, painted them, and they offer an excellent reason for visiting Trastevere, the most Italian, and perhaps the poorest, section of Rome. And who would care to miss seeing at San Pietro in Vincoli Michelangelo's famous statue of the world's law-giver, the man Moses who was very meek?

CHAPTER XII

THE VATICAN

I

ROME as capital of the united Italy is so recent a phenomenon that, in the minds of most of us, the city still stands for two things, — the remains of antiquity, and the seat of Catholicism. The Vatican! On hundreds of reproductions of pictures, statues, busts, we have read those magical words “in the Vatican,” until we have come to think of that place, vague and vast among our pre-conceived ideas, as a fabulous treasure-house of wealth and power. And that is precisely what it is, at least in the matter of artistic riches. So much is there to be seen in the Vatican that the average tourist, intent upon seeing all in two or three visits, carries away an impression even more blurred, perhaps, than he brought with him. The art of selection has an excellent field for practice here, for who would not gaze again and again on the Sistine Chapel and the Stanze

of Raphael, rather than “do” the entire Vatican in one visit, as some tourists attempt, or give too much precious time to the immense museum of sculpture? In this chapter, at all events, we must of necessity be eclectic.

The word “vatican” would signify that this was the place where soothsayers prophesied, or, as Hare puts it, “the site of Etruscan divination.” It was a malarial quarter in ancient days, as Tacitus informs us, and a fit place for the Circus of Caligula and of Nero, where so many Christians suffered the agonies of martyrdom for the Faith. Like numerous other religious buildings in Rome, the palace on the Vatican is attributed to Constantine; at any rate, Pope Symmachus, at about the year 500, seems either to have restored some old edifice, or erected a new one near the old St. Peter’s, where the present Vatican stands. Charlemagne is said to have resided there at the time of his coronation in 800. The palace fell into decay in the twelfth century, and was rebuilt by Innocent III in the thirteenth. The Lateran palace continued to be the residence of the popes, but the Vatican was used for state occasions until their return from Avignon, when it became the

official residence. It was Nicholas V, in the middle of the fifteenth century, who conceived the gigantic plan of building for the papacy a home to fill the entire region of the Borgo, from the Castle of St. Angelo to St. Peter's. This builder-pope died too soon to have his design carried out. Much, however, has been added since his day, and now the Vatican and St. Peter's together form the largest continuous series of buildings in the world. The palace contains about seven thousand rooms, though some say eleven thousand, twenty courts, and over two hundred staircases.

The very first things you desire to see in the Vatican are, of course, the Sistine Chapel and the Stanze, or Rooms of Raphael. The most hardened of sight-seers cannot forget the first thrill upon alighting at the Bronze Door of the Vatican and entering that celebrated chapel named for its builder, Sixtus IV. Ever and again in this brief survey, I have been on the verge of suggesting a long and leisurely inspection of this or of that object in Rome. But since that is for most of us impossible, we ought at least to choose a sunshiny day for seeing the chapel of Sixtus. An ineradicable impression of gloom is a mass of sight-seers

on a rainy day before the "Last Judgment" of Michelangelo. The sombre hues of the picture itself seem doubly dark in the dim light; the huddled tourists with their wet garments and solemn faces, guide-book in hand, exhaling dank odors of waterproof and overshoes, seem not only awestruck but positively frightened by the tremendous masterpiece. If the hymn of that day of wrath, the dreadful day, the "Dies Irae," suddenly broke upon the catacomb-like atmosphere, and the trump of doom resounded at such a time, you would not feel it to be strange.

Who directed the famous company of artists gathered by Sixtus to decorate the chapel is not definitely known. Vasari declares it to have been Botticelli; modern critics incline to the name of Perugino. It is known that Michelangelo destroyed three frescoes by Perugino to make room for the "Last Judgment." Pinturicchio was Michelangelo's assistant. Besides these, there were such artists as Luca Signorelli, Domenico Ghirlandajo, Cosimo Rosselli, Piero di Cosimo and Sandro Botticelli. Along the left wall is painted the story of the journey of Moses, and along the right the Baptism of Christ. The guide-books identify

the painters of the pictures, which are not all alike in their appeal. The picture of Moses meeting Jethro's daughter by the well, for instance, is an idyllic scene in the strenuous life of the liberator of his people. Another of Botticelli's pictures, the destruction of Korah and of Dathan and Abiram, portraying the stern wrath of the law-giver, brands itself upon the mind forever, while Perugino's work on the wall facing this, where Christ is giving the Keys to St. Peter, lingers with us for its beauty and freshness. The twenty-eight pictures of the popes are notable in that they were painted by many artists, including the names of Fra Diamante, Ghirlandajo, and Botticelli.

The great figures of the prophets and the sibyls above those wall paintings seem a suitable induction to the gigantic pictures of the ceiling. Almost everything we see of Michelangelo's work, the Moses in the church of San Pietro in Vincoli, the David and the Medici tombs at S. Lorenzo, in Florence, the wonderful roof of this chapel, all add to our conviction that some dæmon, like that of Socrates, a heaven-sent spirit of titanic stature, wrought and created through the human hands and brain of Michelangelo. Our normal

faculties find a difficulty in grasping the point of view of a man who could assume such undertakings. The Creation, the Fall of Mankind and the Hope of Redemption, these are the painter's subjects. Condivi, the master's biographer and pupil, declares that Michelangelo had never yet used colors when Pope Julius II commanded him to undertake the painting of the vaulting. Bramante and other rivals of the painter, so this writer tells us, urged the Pope to insist upon that commission, so that the Florentine would either anger Julius by refusing, or else do the work poorly. Michelangelo made every excuse, but since that was lost upon the headstrong pontiff, he set himself to do the work, says Condivi, which is to-day "the wonder and admiration of the world." So much fame did it bring him, he adds, "that it lifted him above all envy." The effect of this work upon him, Michelangelo describes half humorously in one of his sonnets: —

Backward I strain me like a Syrian bow:
Whence false and quaint, I know,
Must be the fruit of squinting brain and eye;
For ill can aim the gun that bends awry.

For some time after the completion of this work, it is said, the painter could read only by placing the book over his head and looking up.

Condivi and, for that matter, the guide-book, analyzes that series of stupendous pictures that contain so large a part of the history of the Old Testament. In the first two sections is portrayed the creation of inanimate nature. In the second of these the Lord is seen turning, we read in Condivi, "to create the trees and plants of the earth, painted with such art that wherever you turn He appears to turn away also, showing the whole of the back down to the soles of His feet—a thing most beautiful, which shows what may be done by foreshortening." The next three deal with the creation of life, culminating in the creation of Eve as the central subject. Eve is seen lifting her hands in prayer to her creator. "Eve," observes a German critic,¹ "directly knows how to behave under these circumstances." The remaining sections deal with the Temptation, the Fall, the Expulsion, and the Deluge with the story of Noah. Woman, my German critic points out, predominates in the picture of the Fall, for the serpent

¹ Paul Schubring, *The Sistine Chapel*. Rome, 1910.

also has a woman's head. These three pictures, the Creation, the Fall, and the Expulsion, seem, as you look at them, to contain all the philosophy and all the tragedy of the world.

The prophets and sibyls, in their triangular niches, on the lower or curved portion of the ceiling, are titanic figures, superhuman and meditative, above the mere business of life, engaged with their scrolls and books in rapt contemplation of man's destiny. Even the four corners are supplied with mighty pictures, — the Deliverance of the Israelites from the Serpents, the Hanging of Haman, Judith and Holofernes, David and Goliath. The climax of all this work is, of course, the picture of the Last Judgment, which Michelangelo painted nearly thirty years later, at the bidding of Clement VII.

"Trembling and anxious," Kugler says of this picture, "the dead rise slowly, as if still fettered by the weight of an earthly nature: the pardoned ascend to the blessed; a mysterious horror pervades even their hosts—no joy, no peace, nor blessedness are to be found here." The upper part of the picture is deemed heavy, while the lower is highly praised. Equality of execution in

a painting sixty-six feet by thirty-three is scarcely possible. But the point made of the joylessness of the picture at once strikes every beholder. In parts it seems like a *danse macabre*. And joylessness is characteristic of all these paintings of Michelangelo's. The tragedy of life seems to have been constantly in the mind of this solitary painter. Existence had no illusions for him; the sibyls and the prophets are his most sympathetic subjects, obviously, for the same reason. They, too, remained ever aloof, contemplating the great sorrow of the world. His was not the querulous bitterness of a Schopenhauer, but rather, as we see it in the Sistine, a great soul's sense of the tragic conditions of earthly existence. When the ceiling was finished Pope Julius commented:—

“It should be touched with gold.”

“I do not see that men wear gold,” Michelangelo replied.

“It will seem poor,” grumbled Julius.

“Those depicted there were poor,” answered Michelangelo.

II

Enter the Stanze of Raphael after your visit to the Sistine Chapel and you will feel a little

wave of pleasure in your heart taking the place of the awe you felt before the work of Michelangelo. And if you look on the faces of other people you will see that precisely the same thing is happening to them all. It is like seeing the same human beings first in storm, then in sunshine. The works of both Michelangelo and Raphael affect you almost like nature itself—which is the best index to the value of the paintings and the power of the painters. Raphael of Urbino, sunny in disposition, beloved by all, did not see in human life the sense of tragedy that filled the soul of the austere Florentine. Pope Julius was obliged to beg, and even threaten, Michelangelo to paint the chapel; Raphael answered with joy to the call.

When Julius came to the papal throne, a short time after the death of Alexander VI, the unspeakable Borgia pope, he lived in the Borgia Apartments as long as he could. But finally he vowed that he could not bear any longer to be plagued by the recollections of the evil Alexander, and took up his residence in the rooms of Nicholas V, on the upper story, overlooking the Belvedere Court. The study of Pope Nicholas,

now known as his chapel, had already been decorated by Fra Angelico. But Julius desired to have his living-rooms also properly adorned. Raphael had been living away from his native Urbino some eight years, in Perugia and in Florence, painting Madonnas, Holy Families, altar-pieces, and portraits of rich merchants, acquiring a reputation, when, probably through the interest of the ducal family of Urbino, Julius II summoned him to Rome. He began to work on the Stanza della Segnatura in the summer of 1508 and completed it in 1511. This Hall of the Signature, where the pardons were wont to be signed, probably the library of Julius, is the second, as commonly numbered in the series of four Stanze.

The arabesques on the ceiling of this Hall of the Signature are Sodoma's; virtually all of the rest is Raphael's. Set in their circular frames, amid those arabesques, are the four branches of learning: Theology, robed in the three colors of Christian grace, red, white, and green; Philosophy, the classic figure in a marble chair; Jurisprudence, with the sword and scales of Justice; and Poetry, that winged goddess of most divine aspect, with two laughing loves beside her, gazing

from her throne in the clouds to the heavens. Raphael was at his best in depicting the faces of pure women, as this figure and the Sistine Madonna in Dresden show us. So pleased was the Pope with these figures, that he destroyed the work of other painters in the room and commanded Raphael to complete its decoration. So, at least, Vasari tells us. Raphael thereupon set himself seriously to the study of the works of Dante, Petrarch, and the Florentine Platonists, and to consult with the poet Ariosto, with Cardinal Bembo and other scholars, gradually evolving his magnificent scheme of decoration. Adjoining the allegorical figures, he painted in the pendentives, The Fall of Man, Astronomy or Natural Science, the Judgment of Solomon, and the Triumph of Apollo over Marsyas, each as we see, corresponding to its ceiling medallion; the Fall of Man being the business of theology, Astronomy a part of philosophy, and so on. And that scheme is continued to the mural paintings.

Under Theology, on the wall, is the *Disputa*, called often The Dispute of the Blessed Sacrament. The master, says Vasari, "has depicted heaven with Christ and the Blessed Virgin, St.

John the Baptist, the Apostles, the Evangelists, and the Martyrs, all enthroned amid the clouds; and above them," he continues, "is God the Father, who sends forth His Holy Spirit over them all, but more particularly on a vast company of saints who are celebrating Mass below, and some of whom are discoursing concerning the Host which is on the Altar." In that "discoursing" is the "dispute" that gives the picture its name. Among the theologians appear also the portraits of Dante and of Savonarola. The variety, symmetry, and wonderful harmony of this picture combine to make it especially celebrated.

The corresponding picture to Philosophy, on the opposite wall, is, naturally, the School of Athens. Plato and Aristotle and others who led the life of reason are facing the doctors of the church, whose chief concern was the Christian faith. The noble figure of Plato engaged in converse with Aristotle is a picture that remains in the memory. And Socrates, he who brought philosophy to earth, is seen with his disciples, eagerly plying his vocation of the gadfly, while Diogenes, a vision of contentment, is lying on the steps close by. The Plato is said to be a portrait of Leonardo

da Vinci, the Euclid of Bramante, and the Zoroaster of Castiglione. Sodoma and Raphael himself are in the group with Castiglione. One could rhapsodize forever on the beauty and art of each of the fifty-two figures in this picture, rich in significant detail.

The Parnassus, which makes concrete the idea expressed by the figure of Poetry on the ceiling, is one of Raphael's great triumphs, because he had the large window to contend with. But when you look on Parnassus, above it, you feel almost that the window was put in to heighten the effect of the artist. The laurel-crowned Apollo, sitting by the spring of Helicon and singing to the music of his viol, seems to need that very window. The Muses are reclining beside the god, and below are the mortals, Homer, Virgil and Dante, Pindar and Horace, engaged in converse with Ariosto, Tebaldeo, Boccaccio, and Sannazaro, and Petrarch with Sappho. The figure of Sappho seems less successful than some of the others. Opposite, Jurisprudence is complemented by the symbolical figures of Fortitude, Prudence, and Temperance, and two scenes from the history of the science of justice. That completes the work

of Raphael in this marvellous room, which undoubtedly represents the best of his work. It is the great minds of the world that bridge the gaps of centuries, and by some illuminating work or thought show that, through the countless ages, a certain divine unity underlies all the struggle, all the mortal effort and human endeavor. The world's poets, Homer and Virgil and Dante, the philosophers of Greece, Plato and Socrates, the doctors of the church, Augustine and Savonarola, all in their divers ways strove for the ideal of mankind ; all were in some way the appointed leaders, shedding light on the path of humanity, from the beginning of time to the unknown goal. And the profound sense of that vast, universal unity Raphael alone, of all the painters, succeeds in conveying, by his pictures in this hall, his greatest monument.

In sheer technical skill Raphael perhaps surpassed himself in the Stanza d'Eliodoro, painted in the three years following the completion of the Hall of the Signature. The subjects were chosen by Julius himself, and the object of the decorations was to celebrate the triumphs of the church and particularly the defeat of the French king,

Louis XII, in June, 1512. "The faithful are now delivered from the hands of the barbarians," this militant Pope declared; and that deliverance is symbolized in the picture of the Expulsion of Heliodorus from the Temple of Jerusalem, which gives this room its name. The subject is from the story in the second book of Maccabees. A certain Syrian captain, Heliodorus, invaded the sacred precincts of the Temple and attempted by armed force to carry off the treasure held there for widows and orphans. A heavenly rider appeared, clothed in golden armor, accompanied by two young men in wondrous apparel. Heliodorus was struck down by the horse's hoofs, and beaten by the comely youths. "And Heliodorus fell suddenly unto the ground, and was compassed with great darkness."

With wonderful vividness Raphael represents the prostrate Heliodorus about to be crushed under the feet of the fiery charger, the weeping and supplicating women, the praying priest. On the left we see the calm and majestic figure of Pope Julius himself borne on high in a chair of state, which leaves no doubt as to the meaning of the picture,—the triumph of the church over her foes.

In the second fresco, on the vaulted space over the window, Pope Julius again appears. The subject of this picture is the miracle said to have been wrought at Bolsena in 1263; a German priest who doubted the truth of the doctrine of the Sacrament, is suddenly petrified to find the Host stained with blood. You see the kneeling acolytes, the eager faces of the worshippers crowding forward in their excitement, the yearning rapture of adoration of a woman stretching forth her arms toward the miracle. At the other end of the altar you see kneeling Pope Julius, calm and unastonished at the miracle which he knew must happen. The fresco of the Deliverance of St. Peter from Prison, on the wall opposite the Mass of Bolsena, was ordered by Julius after the retreat of the French in 1512. The Pope had been Cardinal of San Pietro in Vincoli, where Peter's chains were preserved. The similarity of Peter's delivery by the angel and his own success led Julius to command this picture. The fresco of Attila Repulsed from Rome by Leo the Great, commemorates the same victory. In the Sala dell' Incendio, Raphael's picture of The Burning of the Borgo and the miraculous ex-

inction of the fire by the sign of the cross is somewhat lacking in the unity seen in the other works of the master. The Sala di Costantino was decorated after his death. After you have gazed your fill in all these rooms you constantly wish to return to the matchless Stanza della Segnatura, which is alone sufficient to give Raphael his place among the greatest.

III

From these great halls you may enter the little oratory of Nicholas V as into a tiny sanctuary, where the atmosphere of serenity was produced by a man not improperly surnamed Brother Angelico. Nicholas V was born of poor parents in Pisa, in 1398, and all his subsequent rise to the highest place in the church, if not in the world, he owed to his love of learning. It is not surprising, therefore, to find that he was a patron of the new humanism that came to enlighten Europe in the fifteenth century, and also a lover of peace and the arts of peace. Fra Angelico, the Dominican monk of Fiesole, was sixty-two years old when Nicholas invited him to paint his diminutive chapel, or study, as it was then. Angelico,

as Ruskin tells us in the last volume of "Modern Painters," lived in perpetual peace. "No shutting out from the world is needful for him. There is nothing to shut out. Envy, lust, contention, discourtesy, are to him as though they were not; and the cloister walk of Fiesole no penitential solitude, barred from the stir and joy of life, but a possessed land of tender blessing, guarded from the entrance of all but holiest sorrow. The little cell was one of the houses of heaven prepared for him by his Master." Such, in a word, were the characters of patron and painter.

The pictures have a freshness and a certain sweet quality about them not unnatural in the work of such a man. They deal with the lives of Saints Stephen and Laurence. We see the ordination of St. Stephen, his ministration to the widows of the Grecian Jews, his martyrdom by stoning, in which Paul himself figures as one of the assailants. Below we behold, similarly, the ordination of Laurence, his reception of the church's treasures, his almsgiving, his judgment by the Emperor Decius, his departure to a martyr's death, blessing his jailer as he goes. You forget here the massive splendors of the Vati-

can and are touched by the softer charms of simplicity.

The Loggie, or corridors, containing fifty-two frescoes, of which forty-eight are on subjects from the Old Testament, are beautiful enough in themselves; but they seem disappointing when seen after the Sistine and the Stanze. They are mostly by the hands of Giulio Romano and Francesco Penni upon designs of Raphael. The same may be said of the sombre rooms in the Appartamento Borgia, where the wicked Alexander dwelt with his beloved Giulia Farnese. It was here also that he died by poison meant for another man. Both Alexander and his son Cæsar were to sup with the rich Cardinal of Corneto at a villa in August, 1503. Alexander came in thirsty and asked for wine. By mistake they gave him a flask Cæsar had prepared for the Cardinal. The Cardinal, however, did not taste it. Cæsar himself drank of it and was badly poisoned. But Alexander died in torment the next day in these very rooms, which all succeeding popes hated. It was Leo XIII who, in 1891, restored and opened the apartment to the public because of Pinturicchio's frescoes. Pinturicchio and his assistants painted

the five inner rooms; the Sala dei Pontifici was painted later, under Leo X, by Perin del Vaga.

The story of the Virgin is painted on the walls in the Hall of the Life of the Madonna in a way that should have inspired the Borgia to a better life than that which he led. The succeeding rooms deal respectively with the Lives of the Saints, with the Liberal Arts, the Prophets, and the Sibyls. In the picture of the Resurrection we see a portrait of Alexander Borgia himself kneeling before the Saviour. In the Hall of the Saints, we find, in the Dispute of St. Catherine, Cæsar Borgia appearing as the Emperor Maximus, and Lucrezia Borgia as St. Catherine; the Madonna over the door of the same room is believed to be Giulia Farnese.

The Pinacoteca, or picture gallery of the Vatican, may, and, indeed, does rank among Europe's great collections. But by the time you arrive there, after all the splendors of the Sistine and the Stanze, you are fairly weary of pictures. England presented these paintings to Pius VII in 1815. Napoleon had stolen most of them, but France was compelled to give them up. They include a Leonardo, a Perugino, a Titian, and four

Raphaels. Lately a selection from the Lateran pictures has also been hung here. Of the Raphaels, the greatest is, of course, the Transfiguration. After such frescoes as the Disputa and the School of Athens, the Transfiguration, beautiful though it is, no doubt, seems sadly disappointing. It was unfinished when the painter died, for the love, it is said, of the Fornarina, a baker's daughter in Trastevere.

Her name was Margaret; and Raphael loved her so that he began to neglect his work. A wealthy patron, Agostino Chigi, for whom Raphael was decorating the palace of Farnesina, had the girl spirited away from home, so that the work might go on. For every time Raphael left the Vatican to go to his work in the Farnesina, his steps would lead him on to the house of the baker's beautiful daughter. "Santa Maria in Portico (Cardinal Bibbiena)," he writes at this time to his uncle at Urbino, "wishes to give me [to wife] one of his relatives," but Raphael could not bring himself to marry at that time. Chigi pretended to be searching for the sequestered girl and Raphael was hopeful. Finally, however, he was laid low by an illness. Chigi brought the

girl back to him. But it was too late. He died on the 6th of April, 1520, on his thirty-eighth birthday. The Transfiguration was placed at his head, and later carried as a funeral banner to his tomb in the Pantheon. The Fornarina outlived him and lies in an unknown grave.

I have seen folk wandering about the sculpture museum of the Vatican with expressions of fatigue so poignant, that it was pitiful to behold. The truth is, these treasures of the Vatican are an embarrassment of riches to the average tourist, and they have the usual effect of riches,—disenchantment. Yet visitors continue to come to Rome, year in year out, and without a word of warning aim to leave no picture unseen, no statue ungazed at. Even the sculptures that Bædeker stars make the museum a considerable undertaking. But a few pieces, either for their intrinsic merit or for the fame they enjoy, must be looked upon in these galleries. The Apoxyomenos, in the New Wing, giving on the Garden of the Pine Cone, is said to be the best statue in these halls. It is the figure of an athlete scraping the oil and sand from his right arm. It is copied from an

original of Lysippus. When it was brought from Greece to adorn the baths of Agrippa, Tiberius, according to Pliny, admired it so much that he had it carried to his palace. But the people demanded its return to the baths and Tiberius was forced to accede to their wish. Then there are the Antinous, the Young Augustus, the Laocoön, and the Apollo Belvedere. These last two it is now the fashion to decry, the Laocoön as unconvincing, and the Apollo as vulgar. Many of us, however, will always be impressed by the picture of agony fixed in the marble of the Laocoön; and the old-fashioned view of the Apollo as sculpture will probably linger yet awhile. This is the way it impressed the historian of the Netherlands, John Lothrop Motley: "The god, the divinity, speaks, breathes, moves in every line, limb, muscle. . . . It is no longer a piece of chiseled marble which enchains your eyes: the figure expands into life, into immortality, while you are gazing."

CHAPTER XIII

VILLAS, SQUARES, AND GARDENS

A THOUSAND sights, you say to yourself, like the night with a thousand eyes in the song. But where is the one thing which is Rome — where is the soul of Rome? Well, just as the soul develops in the races of man, dimly at first and gradually, so the spirit of the city of Rome emerges but slowly from the sea of your impressions, perhaps only after you have left it behind you. Distance blots out the non-essentials, and faintly, if you are clairvoyant enough, you may perceive that complex thing, that strange combination of great age and aspiring youth, that palimpsest which is Rome.

An American girl to whom I was talking one day informed me that she had passed a winter in Italy. "Where in Italy?" I asked.

"In the Piazza di Spagna," said she. She spoke as though it were a city in itself. To many

English and Americans that is indeed the central point, the very essence of Rome. Romans would laugh if you told them that. Yet the fact has its grain of truth, too ; for so long has this been the centre of foreign life, and so integral a part of Rome is a certain amount of foreign life, that the Piazza di Spagna, with its column of the Immaculate Conception, its English shops, its American accent, and its cosmopolitan pensions, has its share, how infinitesimal soever, in the heart and soul of Rome. The foreign tourists, the Catholic seminarists in their vivid colored gowns, the artists' models lounging on the great staircase leading up to the Church of Trinita de' Monti, all lend this quarter a peculiar picturesqueness of its own to be found nowhere else in Rome. Rome and cosmopolitanism — that is the note. The College for the Propagation of the Faith, the Spanish Embassy, and the Keats and Shelley Memorial are all there together. There is something for every one. If the College of the Propaganda does not stir you, the house that sheltered the last days of Keats cannot but move your sympathy. It seems so precisely the house poor Keats would have chosen, and you are

touched by the little relics of the poet, who died so early, yet left us so much.

Ascend the staircase and enter the gardens of the Pincio and you are leagues removed from Rome below. Fashionable society is rolling in its carriages; others are strolling afoot; army officers, dapper in their trim uniforms, are visible everywhere, with their matchless look of leisure; and the band is playing lustily from "Rigoletto." Who thinks upon the gardens of the convivial Lucullus, or on the crimes and death of the shameless Messalina? Yet both are associated with these walks and flower-beds. Here Lucullus the philosopher feasted, and here later Messalina lived the life that has caused her name to be a term of opprobrium the world over. When her husband, the Emperor Claudius, was still alive, she publicly celebrated her marriage with the favorite Silius. But that was by no means the greatest of her crimes. She was finally killed by the order of Narcissus, the favorite of Claudius. When the news of her death was brought to the emperor sitting at his evening meal, he merely held out his cup to be refilled, but uttered not a word of comment. The spot where Messalina

died, is said to be the very one, at the head of the great staircase where the convent of the Sacred Heart now stands. Some, however, believe the scene of her death was the grounds of the Villa Medici, where the French Academy of Art is housed.

The Villa Medici was built in the middle of the sixteenth century as a home for the Tuscan ambassador. Here Galileo, whose humble birth-place they show you in Pisa, lived as a sort of honored prisoner after his fatal declaration that the earth turned round the sun, instead of the other way about. Later, in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, this Villa was the centre of fashionable life. And much as we hear of the artificiality and conventionality of English and French life in those times, it was as nothing compared with the cynicism, the sophistication, and the insincerity of the Italian life that moved about the Villa Medici. There were no morals, only manners. Neither in the church nor out of it was there any real piety. Sham and hypocrisy ruled everything. Ages like that generally precede a romantic movement; and there is every need of such movements to sweep away the dust of the worst traits of mankind.

And all this region, the Pincian and the Piazza di Spagna, the Piazza del Popolo, and the Villa Medici, including even the Villa Borghese, was once the Roman Campus Martius. The early legend is that the Tarquins took the field away from Mars and tilled it until the Romans gave it back to the god of war. For centuries after, the youth of Rome learned the art of war on this sacred field, — to run, to ride, to fight, to hurl the spear. Under the empire the voting for officers took place in the Campus Martius, and later Julius Cæsar planned, and Agrippa built, a marble portico to take the place of the old wooden “sheepfolds.” The tomb of Augustus, now hidden in the Via Pontefici, near the river, was once a prominent landmark of the Campus Martius, and served as a model for Hadrian’s tomb on the other side of the stream. The ashes of Tiberius and Caligula also awaited eternity in this tomb, at least until the sack of Rome by Alaric. Robert Guiscard further ruined the tomb, but later the Colonna family made a fortress of it. In the eighteenth century the mausoleum of Augustus had actually become a bull ring. Imperial Cæsar, indeed! On every hand, in Rome, come to you these sardonic

contrasts, the ironies of time ; and if the proudest of us do not acquire some humility, it is not the city's fault.

Before leaving the playground of the Pincian, the ancient Campus Martius, we must not forget the Villa Borghese, with its charming park. Children and their nursemaids are at large upon the lawns, and the Roman soldier of to-day does not hurl the spear on these grounds. The Villa itself was completed early in the seventeenth century, and filled with pictures and statues by the Borghese family. Much of the statuary was sold by Prince Camillo Borghese to Napoleon for the Louvre, but some excellent pieces by Bernini and Canova still remain. And there are some remarkable pictures, as well, including three Titians of wonderful beauty. St. Dominic, the Education of Cupid, and the Sacred and Profane Love, are the pictures ; but the greatest of these is Sacred and Profane Love.¹ You go forth, and again you see the ilex trees, the pines and the cypresses, that lend to this spot so fragrant a charm.

Below those pleasure spots of Rome, in the

¹ In the Palazzo Pamfili-Doria is another Titian, a Salome ; also a wonderful Velasquez — Innocent X.

ancient region of Trevi, are the Quirinal Palace and Palazzo Barberini, with the famous Barberini gallery. Urban VIII, the Barberini Pope, had the palace built of the stones taken from the Colosseum ; and it was of Urban a pasquinade declared, " What the Barbarians had not done the Barberini had." In the gallery here is a portrait of the Fornarina, the baker's daughter whom Raphael so dearly loved that for her he declined to marry Cardinal Bibbiena's niece. And all who have read the " Marble Faun " will remember the portrait of Beatrice Cenci, perhaps by Guido Reni, which made so profound an impression on the girl Hilda. The very saddest picture ever painted or conceived, Hawthorne calls it, " it involved an unfathomable depth of sorrow, the sense of which came to the observer by a sort of intuition." This was the poor girl who paid the penalty for the murder of her father, Francesco Cenci, for the unspeakable crimes of which he was guilty toward his family. Beatrice and her stepmother killed him in the night, and though the world has long since forgiven them, Clement VIII felt compelled to make an example of them, and they were hanged on the permanent gallows that stood at

the head of the bridge, near the castle of St. Angelo.

Even to-day, when most of the glory of the Corso is a thing of the past, much may be seen by driving down that thoroughfare some fine morning. Paul II is said to have named the street "Corso," at the end of the fifteenth century, when he instituted the custom of racing riderless horses in that street at carnival time. Before that it was the Via Lata, the Broadway of Roman days. It begins at the Piazza del Popolo, where stands the famous church of St. Mary of the People, and straight as an American avenue it cuts through the heart of the city to the Piazza Venezia. In carnival days every house and every window was decorated, and the street was a scene of brilliant life and gayety such as, old Romans assure us, we shall never see again. At the signal of a cannon-shot every one would clear the street for the riderless horses that clattered by from the beginning of the Corso, where the twin churches of St. Mary stand, to the winning post under the balcony of the Palazzo di Venezia, now the Austrian Embassy, beside the church of St. Mark. A little distance to the left is the Palazza Colonna,

with another picture gallery. They are everywhere in Rome, the picture galleries, and hard is the way of the tourist who means to see them all.

Another characteristic feature are the fountains of Rome. You see them everywhere. The most imposing of them all is undoubtedly the Fountain of Trevi, which you probably see in your walks or drives every day of your sojourn. Every one knows the little fable that if you drink a cupful or a handful of the fountain's water and throw a coin into the basin you will surely revisit Rome. Some versions demand moonlight as a condition for this rite. You may be indifferent to the lures of Rome. But in that case you are a rare exception. Even those whose first impression of Rome is unpleasant wish to return for a second and a better impression. Pope Gregory XVI, who was a man of spirit, used to ask people at his audiences how long they had been in Rome; if a few days he said *addio*, but if a few weeks he said *au revoir*. He knew the spell of the Eternal City. On the Janiculum is another famous fountain, the Acqua Paolina, anciently known as the Acqua Trajana. There were some thirteen hundred fountains in Rome in Trajan's time, and even before

him Horace sung of his love for the city's fountains.

Beyond the Acqua Paolina, toward the Vatican, is another famous landmark of the Janiculum, the Church of St. Onofrio, where melancholy Tasso, whose birthplace we saw at Sorrento, ended his days in a cell of the convent which we may still visit to-day. But even aside from the sentimental interest, no better view of Rome may be had than that from Tasso's Oak, a favorite spot of the poet's. But to most of us, happily, the sentimental interest will always mean a little more than mere sight-seeing interests. The spot where Tasso died of a broken heart, disgraced for daring to love Leonora d'Este, is to many of us worth a great deal more than a mere view. Besides, the church itself has some excellent frescoes by Domenichino and Peruzzi.

Many another literary landmark has been pointed out to us by Laurence Hutton. In the English Protestant Cemetery lie buried the mortal remains of Keats and Shelley, whose memorial we saw in the Piazza di Spagna. Near to the gate there is the grave with that celebrated pathetic inscription that Keats selected for himself:

“Here lies one whose name was writ in water.”
 Some distance away, in the newer eastern part, were
 interred the ashes of Shelley. The simple tomb
 bears the inscription *Cor Cordium* and the lines,

Nothing of him that doth fade
 But doth suffer a sea-change
 Into something rich and strange.

Near by are the graves of Constance Fenimore
 Woolson, John Addington Symonds, and the Am-
 erican sculptor, William Wetmore Story.

Hawthorne, in 1858, lived at No. 68 Piazza Poli,
 in a house that is no longer standing ; but Hilda's
 Tower, which he made famous in the “Marble
 Faun,” may still be found in the Via Portoghese,
 west of the Corso. Many, no doubt, will be in-
 terested to see the American Academy in Rome,
 housed in the Villa Mirafiori, Via Nomentana.
 And there are, besides, some living landmarks
 here of interest to Americans. Mr. Elihu Vedder,
 the veteran American painter, still dwells by the
 Pincian Gate — No. 34 Porta Pinciana. And Mr.
 Ezekiel, the American sculptor, who had for so
 long occupied a portion of the Baths of Diocletian,
 now occupies, by grace of the Italian government,

the Tower of Belisarius in the picturesque ruins of the Aurelian Walls.

Of the many excursions that are possible in the neighborhood of Rome, there is at least one that cannot well be omitted, — the journey to Tivoli and Hadrian's Villa. In bygone days a desolate and tiresome drive of nearly three hours through the least interesting portion of the Campagna, was something of a deterrent. To-day you may go there by rail, or tram, or even by the electric "bus." If you take the steam tram that starts from the Porta San Lorenzo, you may break your journey at the Villa and go on to Tivoli later. The way followed by these cars is that of the ancient Via Tiburtiana, used in Roman days, before Hadrian's Villa was the mass of ruins we find it to-day. So vast are they, indeed, that for some time they were believed to be the shapeless débris of a whole city, of an "old Tivoli," believed to have stood beneath the hill crowned by the present Tivoli.

Hadrian, as we know, was the most travelled of Roman emperors, a lover and a connoisseur of art, particularly of Greek art, and was himself half a Greek. The villa he built for retirement

during his declining years, after he had put the burden of government on the shoulders of his adopted son, Antoninus, reflected his tastes and experiences by a kind of enlightened luxury that was a marvel in its day. To make the villa complete, the historian Spartian relates, Hadrian had here even a representation of Hell. The aim at completeness is certainly proven by the variety of the rooms and parts of this palace that was a city. Totally lacking in symmetry, it seems like an edifice to which additions were made wherever and whenever they seemed to the master desirable. The scale was truly imperial. The remaining wall of the *Poikile* alone is some two hundred and thirty yards long. In the Athenian *Poikile*, as we know from Pausanias, the wonderful paintings of Polygnotus recorded the glories of the Athenian state, such as the battle of Marathon and the victory of Theseus over the Amazons. The *Poikile* in this villa probably contained copies of those pictures. Similarly there were rooms representing the Lyceum, the Academy, the Prytaneum, and the Egyptian Canopus, to say nothing of baths, libraries, a natatorium, theatres, one Greek and one Latin, a lecture hall,

an art gallery, private dwelling apartments, and so on. To obtain in a few words an idea of the magnitude of the establishment, let us glance at Canopus.

In the Egypt of Hadrian's time, near to Alexandria, was the town of Canopus, which possessed a famous temple of Serapis. Thither people went to pray for a cure of their or their friends' ills. Canopus became in reality a sort of watering place, where people betook themselves for pleasure and amusement. The journey was made from Alexandria by a kind of gondola, on a canal lined with inns and shops and resorts for pleasant entertainment. It was this entire route, as well as the city itself, that Hadrian reproduced in miniature within his villa, — the canal, the inns, and places of entertainment by the way, the city and the statue of Serapis. The canal was, perhaps, two hundred yards long. Thus Hadrian had both an indoor water-palace, and a picture of a place that struck him as so delightful during his travels.

There is of course much more that could be said about this gigantic ruin, as well as about Tivoli itself, the summer resort of Augustus. The Temple of the Sibyl, the gorges and the waterfalls,

the beauties and the great cypresses of the Villa d'Este, are things to please the eye. But for many a long day, after you have seen it, the Villa of Hadrian will feed your imagination.

But within Rome itself there is still so much that will captivate the eye of the observant traveller. Some evening you may wish to go to one of the hundreds of little offices where much of the modern Roman populace, no longer supplied with amusement in the sanguinary spectacles of the Colosseum, gets its excitement by listening to announcements of the lottery winnings. Servants, housemaids, cabmen, virtually all of the lower classes, so-called, participate in the *lotta*. With keen interest the news is received on Saturday nights concerning the winning numbers. A winning of ten lire is received with almost the same exuberance as the winning of a thousand, though you seldom hear of a thousand. Each one hopes to win ten thousand, the great prize.

Or you may wander out just beyond the city limits where the little roadside inns, or *trattorie*, can sell wines without paying the tax added by the municipality. On sunshiny days a large part of the population spends its time drinking this

wine that tastes the sweeter for its cheapness. A half litre costs no more than some eight or ten cents. A fierce-looking Sparafucile of a landlord will serve you mildly and attentively with what he calls Chianti at ever so little a bottle. And so a delightful Sunday may be spent in the Campagna, doing as the Romans do, or at least watching them do it.

How much of Rome remains untouched ! Rome and the neighborhood of Rome, as well as Nemi and Albano and Tusculum and Frascati. But one of the very objects of this book is to point to the salient and indispensable rather than to include all that there is in Italy. One thing, however, there is that must be emphasized. Every one must find at least a little time to spend in the wonderful land that surrounds Rome, the Campagna. This is the land of the Latins, whence is sprung their race, their tongue, and their laws, which have meant so much to the world. A brooding silence, the very spirit of silence, seems to lie on all that undulating plain, extending even to the distant mountains, and all blending into the mysterious background of the nation.

CHAPTER XIV

FLORENCE

AFTER leaving Rome for Florence by the railway, you are not improbably as melancholy as you were when first you entered the Eternal City. Something of the spirit of Rome has penetrated to your soul and become forevermore a part of you. And now as your train glides among the lowlands and marshlands, beyond the Campagna, on the edge of the Abruzzi, you are malcontent, in this emptiness, to leave the world behind you. But after you pass Orvieto and enter the province of Tuscany, the more bracing air from the Apennines brings a new lustre to your eyes. The purple haze on the hills and the gleaming snow upon the mountain peaks are like wine to your spirit, and you are happy again. The smiling, sunlit valleys, set thick with well-ordered olive trees, and the laughing, flashing Arno that comes to receive you beyond Arezzo, completely take possession of you, and you feel as though you

were approaching Florence with a flourish of trumpets.

The railroad follows the windings of the yellow Arno, a name that in itself rings musically in the ear; the beautiful river Arno, Dante called it, *Il bel fiume d'Arno*. "Through the middle of Tuscany wanders a stream," the poet replied to one in Purgatory, "that is born in Falterona; a hundred several miles scarcely suffice for its course." A hundred several miles is no such great matter when you think of the Amazon or Mississippi. But Romans have bridged this river of Tuscany, and its waters have been red with the blood of Guelph and of Ghibelline, of Bianchi and of Neri, of Anjou's followers, and Hohenstaufen's, and, above all, Dante loved it. On the Arno rushes, with a river's eternal youth, and on you follow it to Florence, that city of beautiful memories and beautiful dreams. If ever you have been a reader of Dante, or a lover of art and of beauty, you will make your entry into Florence in an enviable mood. It will seem like a home of your heart, long withheld from you, a sacred city, a shrine of the soul. For every one of us there are two or three such spots on earth;

I, for my part, since first I chanced upon "the sweet new style" of the Comedy Divine, have felt like an exile from Florence and well understood the bitterness of Dante at being driven from his city.

"How hard is the path, the going up and down other people's stairs!" cried the poet in his agony of loneliness. Know, that you will nevermore leave Florence without feeling this pang of exile.

Even the railway station does not here depress you as it did in Rome. There is but little of the noise and bustle of the metropolis, and that you are in an ancient home of democracy is brought sharply to your notice by the dearth of porters. Once you have cleared the station the large salubrious air makes you breathe a sigh of relief. Signs of modernity there are here also, to be sure; nevertheless, an atmosphere of peace and serenity seems to be protectively brooding over this birth-place of culture and the arts. You are driven through delightful streets with beautiful names, past ancient palaces, through the Piazza della Signoria, perhaps, near the Loggia dei Lanzi, that out-of-door sculpture gallery, on toward the Lungarno. The Lungarno! was ever a street

so sweetly named? Some day, perhaps, our *Riversides* will sound as mellifluously to unborn ears; but you cannot turn *Riverside* under the tongue as you do the delicious syllables of *Lungarno*. That is the region where you will not improbably wish to live, on the north bank of the *Arno*, which abounds in hotels and pensions suitable for all purses, though the less expensive ones are, of course, in the heart of the city or on the south bank. It may be prosaically stated that the pensions are more satisfying than the hotels, in respect to food as well as lodging, and, since there are few restaurants in Florence that appeal to the fastidious, the choice of a pleasant living-place is important. It is no uncommon thing to see the arriving tourist who has not written for quarters in advance, traversing the city, or coursing down the *Lungarno*, with his trunks and with his boxes, from one place to another, in quest of shelter. But one always finds something, and it is generally good.

I had no sooner deposited my luggage upon my first arrival in Florence, than I rushed forth into the street, like a son returned after many years, who goes about his father's house, to see

the changes time has wrought. The Lungarno Acciajoli, the Lungarno of the Archebusieri, the Ponte Vecchio, the street of the Guelphs, the Via dei Neri, the Via delle Belle Donne — I seemed to know them all. The Street of the Beautiful Ladies! Could there be a pleasanter name for a thoroughfare? It seemed to come straight from one of Dante's sonnets. San Lorenzo, with the tombs of the Medici and the work of Michelangelo, the Palazzo Vecchio, the Baptistery with the bronze doors of Ghiberti, the Via Dante, and the Piazza San Martino, where had walked the poet and, not improbably, Beatrice, to say nothing of Giotto and Cimabue, Raphael and Michelangelo, Petrarch and Boccaccio! It seemed like a dream. All those streets and palaces and fair piazzas, all the sunshine and clear air, seemed like things struggling back to my consciousness, grown dim, if not effaced, in an age-long exile. But it was all returning, and how vividly! Ever and again, as I roamed about, I would return to the side of the Arno, which seemed so full and brimming that it all but leaped the low parapet to greet me.

“It is a great pity that the Arno is not always

extremely ill or even at death's door," a Florentine of old once remarked. On being asked his reason, he replied: "Because whenever it rises from its bed, it always does a great deal of mischief."

To-day, the river, though in breadth considerable, seems a kindly, domesticated stream, beloved of Florentine and stranger, not likely to inundate the city. Rather does it seem dominated by the friendly spirit which, according to a legend recorded by Charles Godfrey Leland, our own Hans Breitmann, rises in the shape of a white hand, and warns the folk against danger.

You cannot be in Florence a few hours without feeling the spirit of calm and quiet happiness that seems to pervade the city. It is not unlike what you have read of the Athens of Socrates. The natives are a finer, more dignified race than their brothers of the south, and your ear delights in the good Tuscan speech all about you, after the slurred and careless southern tongue. A kindly race they are, too, these Florentines, and a courteous. Yet you might well forgive pride in a people that has created the Pitti, the Uffizi, the Bargello, and the Accadémia, the churches and the libraries, the city

of Florence. But the frightful punishment that Dante gives the proud in the fifth circle of Hell seems a wholesome lesson, and you find yourself gratefully at home in this the jewel of Tuscany. You move at ease in their streets and squares, in their palaces and museums, in their shops and studios. The very cabmen seem to possess more dignity than their southern colleagues, and the shopkeepers seem to retain some of the city's ancient distinction. What, you wonder, blends with the beauty of Florence, to give it so marked an air of wisdom? Even the electric tram-cars fail to break the spell, and you feel you have entered a mediæval city in one of its happy periods. That gap between the ancient and modern worlds, that in Rome you desiderated, you find it here magically preserved. And why, almost every visitor asks, is not this my home? Not alone of Tuscany is Florence the jewel, you say to yourself. It is the jewel of all the fair land of Italy, and perhaps of the whole round world.

CHAPTER XV

THE PIAZZA DELLA SIGNORIA

IF beauty, civic pride, and wisdom are the virtues of the Florence of old, they are very aptly symbolized in the Piazza della Signoria, that ancient square that has ever been the heart of the city. The Piazza is usually the first point for the sight-seer, and not without reason, when we think on its epitomizing character. Like the Forum of Rome it is the umbilical point, and it focuses the portion of Florentine history that matters to us. Here is the Palazzo Vecchio, that massive fortress of a civic palace, which was begun in 1299, nearly two years before Dante was elected a prior of Florence. The beloved Beatrice had been dead some ten years then, and the poet was *nel mezzo del cammin di nostra vita*, midway in the path of this life of ours, when, so he tells us, he was lost in the dark wood that brought him to the gates of Hell. On the right is the Loggia dei Lanzi, that shelter for Florentine citizens built

by the Signoria, in 1387, adorned with statues of Donatello, Benvenuto Cellini, and Giovanni da Bologna. Michelangelo's David, now in the Accademia, formerly stood in the square. Citizens of Florence, market gardeners, women, and children are still sheltered in the Loggia. In front of the grim old palace is the spot where the fire consumed the fervid monk of San Marco, Savonarola, who here declared the Christ to be the only King of the Florentines.

Enter the ancient palace and you are at once in the mediæval citadel, in the home of Cosimo I, and in the town hall of the present day. In few cities is the continuity of history so firmly articulated. From the platform before the palace civic proclamations were made, and from it, too, the *priori*, or governing citizens, were wont to watch the festal processions and celebrations before the Loggia was built. The court within is in itself a work of art. Arnolfo, builder of the palace, designed it, but a century and a half later Michelangelo built the columns we see to-day. You cannot go farther until you have gazed your fill on the little fountain statue of the Boy and Dolphin, which Andrea Verocchio made for Lorenzo the

Magnificent. There is a dash and gayety about this little bronze that is quite bewitching, and brings back to your mind some of the exquisite small bronzes from Pompeii at Naples. You walk up the grand staircase into the great hall, the Salone dei Cinquecenti, where Savonarola was tried and condemned, and thence into the chapel of San Bernardo, where the monk made his last communion. The trial room is bare and bleak, of small interest aside from its part in Savonarola's tragedy. Vasari's frescoes on the walls seem of indifferent merit. Far more interesting are the graceful frescoes by Ghirlandajo on the floor above. They show you the dwelling-rooms of the Medici, a family that had everything of the best. Yet their best, at least in the matter of living space, was no great affair. Even their strong room seems but a weak contrivance. Yet they were among the most powerful rulers of their time, these Medici; and when Lorenzo died, in 1492, the Pope told his cardinals that the peace of Italy was dead.

Every now and again some family arises whose luck passes into current allusion the world over. William James, even, in his "Psychology," speaks

of the "good fortunes of the Vanderbilts and the Hohenzollerns." In the same way the good fortune of the Medici was proverbial in their time. Out of the confusion into which the everlasting struggle between the Guelphs, that is the papal or popular party, and the Ghibellines or imperial party, had fallen, arose the Medici, traditionally doctors and pill-venders, bankers at this time, and inaugurated a curious kind of republican despotism, which proved in effect an excellent thing for Florence. Cosimo, the "father of his country," began to rule in 1434, and his dynasty culminated with the accession in 1469 of Lorenzo the Magnificent, that patron of learning, art, and letters, to whom the revival called the Renaissance owes so much. There was the Florentine republic, to be sure, yet there were the Medici ruling it with all the power in their hands that any despot could desire.

About midway in Lorenzo's reign, in 1481, came the Dominican monk from Ferrara, Girolamo Savonarola, to the cloisters of San Marco, in Florence. He was in his thirtieth year then, but for some time past his mind was oppressed by the wickedness of the world. That was, indeed, what

drove him to the monastery. Lorenzo was much beloved of the city, which was wholly happy, delightfully artistic, and very sadly wicked. It was at the age of forty, some two years before Lorenzo's death, that the Dominican friar began to preach on the Revelation of St. John the Divine, and to urge the people to return to the God they had forgotten. But, indeed, it should be remembered that Alexander VI, the Borgia, was Christ's vicerent in Rome at that time. There was some need of a spiritual reminder. But the wonder is, how the happy, licentious Florentines came to listen to eloquence so scourging. Still, listen they did, and Fra Girolamo's following and power kept increasing. He had to preach in the Cathedral, so great were the crowds. And when Lorenzo died, two years after those sermons began, Savonarola dared to refuse absolution to him whose grandfather built the very house of which the priest was prior, — San Marco. This thick-lipped, high-nosed friar, with piercing eyes and Etruscan features, had made the crowd his thrall.

Proverbially fickle is the faith of the mob. Rienzi found it so to his cost when he preached the "good estate." The experiences of both these

men were not dissimilar. Two years after the death of Lorenzo in 1494, when Charles VIII of France entered Italy on his way to Naples, Savonarola saw in those glittering armies the hosts of the Lord, come to purify Florence. The friar was one of an embassy to welcome Charles. After a treaty was signed and indemnity paid by Florence, Fra Girolamo found himself at the head of the Florentine government with a Greater Council of his choosing, which in turn elected a Council of Eighty to rule the city. He was ruling by divine revelation, he said, and indeed he persuaded Charles VIII, on his return from Naples, to spare the city for God's sake. Readers of "Romola" will remember how he succeeded in inducing the Florentines to bring all their "vanities," their jewels and ornaments, manuscripts, pictures and statues, to heap them in one great pyramid and burn them in preparation for the better life. The people believed in him. Italy should fall, he prophesied, as well as the wicked Pope, whom he called the devil, and all his henchmen, bishops and cardinals. That Pope was Alexander Borgia. But probably any other Pope would have just as surely excommunicated such an as-

sailant. He had called upon the Lord's fire to consume him if he was not a true prophet. His enemies as well as his friends promptly took up the challenge, and urged a trial by fire. The Signoria gladly agreed. A fire was indeed lighted in the Piazza April 7, 1498, and as the Frate hesitated, a downpour of rain from a darkened sky extinguished the flames. The priest asked for a guard to protect him on his return to San Marco, for he knew instinctively what would be the temper of that mob of clear-headed Florentines in view of his failure. The next day he, with the other monks, his disciples, were lodged in the Palazzo Vecchio, for protection, it was said, against the mob. What protection! The poor friars were tortured horribly, and Fra Girolamo, the victorious and successful, now suffered the agonies of Him whose vicegerent he claimed to be. He confessed on the rack that he was not a prophet. On the 23d of May, 1498, they killed those three friars and burned their bodies in the Piazza. The mob, no doubt, watched the pyre with the same glee that it looked upon the bonfire of vanities when the Frate was its idol. The spot is marked by a disk in the pave-

ment that brings melancholy thoughts to your mind.

Look up and Bologna's statue of Cosimo I encounters your gaze. The bankers triumphed over the priest. Your eyes wander to the gorgeous policemen, to the many-colored soda fountains, to the chattering dispensers behind them, until it rests again on the Loggia dei Lanzi. That unique gallery keeps constantly reminding you that art need not be divorced from life. It is to the versatile Orcagna, "painter, sculptor, architect, and poet," that Vasari attributes the Loggia. But it has been proven that Simone di Francesco Talenti and Benci di Cione were the builders. "The arches of the vaults," says Vasari, "were constructed in a manner new for that time, not being pointed as had previously been customary, but in half circles after a new pattern, with much grace and beauty." Cellini's Perseus holding aloft the severed head of Medusa, is a graceful figure. Most of us remember Benvenuto's account of the affair of this statue from the time he first showed the wax model (now in the Bargello) to Duke Cosimo until its completion.

"Benvenuto, my friend," said the Duke, "if

you were to carry out this little model on a large scale, it would be the finest thing in the Piazza."

"My most excellent lord," replied Cellini, "in the Piazza are works by the great Donatello and the marvellous Michelangelo, the two greatest men since the ancients. Nevertheless, as your most illustrious Excellency is so encouraging to my model, I feel within me the power to do the completed work three times as well." The context of these lines well illustrates the care of the Medici for the beauty of their city. There are no Swiss lancers guarding the Loggia as they did in Duke Cosimo's day, but Donatello's beautiful bronze Judith and Holofernes, and Bologna's splendid group, the Rape of the Sabines, still adorn the city, now as then. The Ajax with the body of Patroclus, an antique copy, and Bologna's Hercules and Nessus, are less striking, but they by no means impair the whole effect of the Loggia.

Before entering the Uffizi it may be a pleasant preparation to enter the Badia, which is but a step away, behind the Palazzo Ugoccione, and to look upon the famous Madonna and St. Bernard, painted by Filippino Lippi, the son of Lippi. "Flower o' the clove, all the Latin I construe is

amo, I love," was Lippo Lippi's song, and the child of this love certainly had beauty for his patrimony, if we judge by this Madonna. The Countess Willa of Tuscany founded this house nearly a thousand years ago, and her great son, Count Hugo, lies buried here under a tomb made nearly five hundred years after his death by Mino da Fiesole. The old Benedictine monastery has been appropriated for public schools and other civic uses, but the spirit of peace, studiously cultivated here during so many centuries by the pious brothers, still hangs about the place from the slender campanile to the cloisters below. And though the Abbey church has been twice rebuilt over his head, Hugo of Tuscany cannot complain of forgetfulness. For every year, on the Feast of St. Thomas the Apostle, December 21, the few remaining monks sing requiem for the soul of Tuscany's ancient lord, who died that day, more than nine centuries gone by.

CHAPTER XVI

PALACES OF ART

THE Florentine galleries bring to mind Tennyson's words : " And who shall gaze upon my palace with unblinded eyes ? " So little seen, so much to see, you say, varying a certain phrase ; for you realize that really to know the art treasures of Florence would take a lifetime of study. Few people possess any such complete knowledge, and the most that we can do here is to take the merest and most cursory glance. For the serious and leisurely student there are plenty of excellent guides, and the following pages are not meant for him. The Uffizi and the Pitti galleries together form the most remarkable collection of Italian pictures in the world. At the best, we can here have a glimpse of but a few of the more notable examples.

I. THE UFFIZI

From the Piazza della Signoria you enter that palace that Giorgio Vasari, the biographer of the

painters, so often quoted in these pages, built for Cosimo I. Vasari, at all events, began it, though it was not finished until the reign of Francesco I, by Buontalenti. Lorenzo the Magnificent really furnished the nucleus for this gallery by his collection, but Cosimo I formally founded and his successors enriched it, so that it is distinctly a Medici monument. The busts of that family greet you in the vestibule as you enter. The unique collection of portraits of painters, which seems to be a lodestone for tourists, speaks for itself. All one can say is that in some of these portraits painted by themselves, artists show how ridiculous they can be when thus limited as to their subjects. Nor is it possible to speak at length of the sculpture collection. The Venus dei Medici, in the room called the Tribuna, has long been praised in prose and poetry, and it is still alluring to most of us. It is the fashion now to decry it as a Roman Venus, not a Greek, because it was dug up in the gardens of Hadrian's villa and much restored. Nevertheless, many will still agree with Byron that —

The goddess loves in stone, and fills
The air with beauty.

Only a few of the pictures can here be touched upon, and since the collection is constantly being rearranged, it is perhaps best to mention the artists alphabetically and the pictures with their numbers in the gallery. The best plan for those whose time presses — and they seem to be in the majority — is to walk through the rooms, to note particular pictures, and then to return for such leisurely contemplation as is possible.

Those who remember Fra Angelico's work in the little chapel of the Vatican will be delighted to see that master's pictures of the Madonna, whom he loved so well to paint, — the graceful radiant Coronation of the Virgin (1290), the Tabernacle (17), and the Predella (1294), filled with the charm of the blessed friar-painter. The saints and the angel musicians in the Tabernacle are wonderfully grouped, although painted so early as 1433. Less spiritual, but more haunting and human, is the work of Sandro Botticelli, who has some nine pictures in the gallery and a room of his own. He, too, painted Madonnas, but he also painted Venus; and his model for Madonna was said to be La Bella Simonetta, a Florentine matron, very beautiful, and beloved of Giuliano

de' Medici. The Venus (59), rising on a pearly shell from the unpolluted sea is deservedly famous. It has about it a purity not ordinarily found in pictures of that goddess. It is the first great nude picture of that great age. The same lady is said to have served as a model for the Madonna of the Magnificat (1267 bis) and for some of his other Madonnas. You see here also his Judith and Holofernes (1158), the Adoration of the Magi (1286), with Cosimo de' Medici kneeling to the Virgin, his son Giovanni and his grandson Giuliano standing by, and the picture of Calumny (1182), stigmatizing the painter's enemies, who accused him of heresy when he was in Rome.

There are three Correggios here, of which two are especially noteworthy, — the Madonna praying over her Child (1134), and the Repose in Egypt (1118), — among that painter's best. Piero della Francesca, whom Vasari extols for his skill in drawing and perspective, has two portraits (1300), — Federigo di Montefeltro, Duke of Urbino, and his wife, Battista Sforza. On the back of these panels, which may be seen for the asking, are two remarkable pictures, triumphs of the

duke and duchess, beautiful, but of unexplained significance. Students of the "Divina Commedia" will recall at the opening of the Inferno a prophesy of Dante's, presumably also concerning Montefeltro, equally incomprehensible. Domenico Ghirlandajo, too, whose light frescoes you have already seen in the Palazzo Vecchio, is represented here by an Adoration of the Magi (1295) and the Virgin and Child Enthroned (1297), which procured for him the call to work on the Sistine Chapel in Rome. He was the realistic Florentine painter of the latter half of the *quattrocento*. In his work, particularly in the Church of Santa Maria Novella, we see a mastery of detail that shows how keen an observer he was of the life of his time.

Fra Lippo Lippi, that great painter so beloved for his human weaknesses, as summarized in Browning's celebrated poem, is represented at the Uffizi by a Madonna and Child, well known from its numerous reproductions. The Madonna is doubtless that Lucrezia Buti, whom this graceless monk loved so well. The story of how he abducted the girl from the Convent of St. Margherita, which he was decorating, is told at some

length by Vasari. "Filippo," he tells us, "loved to surround himself with cheerful companions and lived with gayety." Botticelli was his pupil, and his son, in turn, was later the pupil of Botticelli. Even in Heine's meaning of the phrase, Fra Lippo, the joyous Carmelite brother, was one of the first men of his century; for he was born in 1400, and lived to the age of sixty-nine. The son, Filippino, has a number of pictures in the Uffizi. Especially beloved are the Adoration of the Magi (1257) and the Madonna throned, with the Saints (1268), which was painted for the Signoria in 1485. In the Adoration, as Swinburne points out, the painter shows his love for seashores, spaces "of gracious and silent sea." Another wonderfully beautiful and poetic Adoration (1111) is that of Andrea Mantegna, the Vicenzan painter. This triptych, comprising also the Circumcision and the Ascension, was bought from the Gonzaga family of Mantua by the Medici, and is one of the best pictures in this gallery. His Madonna and Child (1025) is also very beautiful.

Michelangelo is represented here by only a single painting,—a magnificent Holy Family

(1139) painted for one Angelo Doni, some time between 1501 and 1505. It hangs in the Michelangelo room, and the colors seem to glow richly as you look upon it; there are irrelevant nude figures in the background, which critics declare are inserted merely as a test of skill and perspective.

Pietro Vanucci, called Perugino, the master of Raphael, has four pictures at the Uffizi. Raphael went to Perugia to work under Perugino in 1500. By that time the older master was fifty-four years old and at the height of his powers. Raphael surpassed him ultimately, but, nevertheless, he had much to learn from Perugino in coloring and grouping, but he learned it well. Perugino's Madonna with St. John the Baptist and St. Sebastian (1122), painted for S. Domenico at Fiesole, is one of his best. The other three are admirable portraits,—one of the Florentine artist Francesco delle Opere (287), one of Alessandro Bracessi (1217), and the Portrait of a Lady (1120) long attributed to Raphael, but Mr. Bernhard Berenson declares it to be beyond a doubt Perugino's.

When we come to the pupil of Perugino, Raphael, we find that, of the several pictures in the

Uffizi attributed to him, only one remains unsailed and indisputably his, — the Madonna with the gold finch (1129), painted about 1507, as a wedding present for his Florentine friend, Lorenzo Nasi. The story goes that this Madonna del Cardellino, as it is called, was shattered to pieces by an earthquake in 1548. But Lorenzo's son, Battista Nasi, had the panel carefully repaired, and it remains a thing of rare beauty unto this day.

Andrea del Sarto, born in 1456, whom Browning has sung as the "faultless painter," has a number of pictures in the Uffizi, of which perhaps the most interesting to us are the portraits of himself (280, 1176) and of his wife (188), that unspiritual lady, who, according to Browning and others, failed to bring him the right sort of inspiration; the somewhat lifeless Madonna dell' Arpie (1112) with the figures of St. John and St. Francis, perhaps exemplifies that lack of inspiration. Of Luca Signorelli's work, the Madonna and Child (72) and the Holy Family (1291) are noteworthy: that Umbrian painter undoubtedly influenced Michelangelo. His nude shepherds in the background are declared by

critics to be the forerunners of the figures in Michelangelo's Holy Family.

One of the most strikingly beautiful paintings in the Uffizi is the Annunciation (1288) of Andrea Verrocchio, the master of Leonardo da Vinci. The faces of the Virgin and of the kneeling Angel Gabriel are of wondrous sweetness and beauty. The scene is a formal Italian garden, but in this picture it does not seem anachronistic. For long this work had been attributed to Leonardo da Vinci himself. But of Leonardo's work here, there is only the Adoration of the Magi (1252), unfinished. This is his only work in Florence, and, aside from the Last Supper, at Milan, there are but two other works from his hand in Italy, and only nine, according to Mr. Berenson, in all Europe. One other Florentine painter I must mention, and that is Paolo Uccello. He would have been the most delightful and imaginative genius since Giotto, Vasari tells us, "if he had devoted as much pains to figures and animals as he did to questions of perspective." His picture here is the Battle (52). He was the first "among the old painters" we read, "who won fame for doing landscapes well; also animals."

But he lost himself in studies of perspective, and late at night, when his wife would tell him it was time to rest, he would reply, "Oh, what a sweet thing this perspective is!" Those who came after him profited by his studies.

Of the Venetian school, which is grouped together in the Uffizi in two rooms, I can say but a few words, though its work is of a splendor unsurpassed in the art of the Italian Renaissance. Giovanni Bellini's allegorical picture, which Mr. Berenson calls the Tree of Life (631), with the Madonna sitting near a lagoon, with St. Catherine of Alexandria and St. Catherine of Siena kneeling beside her, and SS. Peter and Paul standing, forms a beautiful group, full of charm and mystery. Children are playing with the fruit of a strange tree, whence Mr. Berenson probably deduces his title. Of Giovanni Bellini's celebrated pupil, Giorgio Barbarelli, called Giorgione, we have in this collection three pictures. There are said to be only some fifteen of his pictures in the world, for he died in 1510 at the age of thirty-three. The Trial of Moses by Fire (621) based on a Rabbinical legend concerning the childhood of Moses, the Judgment of Solomon (630), and the

Portrait of a Knight of Malta (622) are the Uffizi's Giorgione paintings. Of Tintoretto, called the thunderbolt of painting, because of his impulsiveness and rapidity of execution, the gallery possesses, besides the portrait of himself (378), five other portraits, — a Young Man (577), an Old Man (615), Admiral Vernier (601), Jacopo Sansovino (638), and the Portrait of a Man (649).

Titian, Giorgione's friend and Tintoretto's master, is richly represented in this Uffizi collection of Venetians that Cardinal Leopold de' Medici brought to Florence in 1654. The Flora (626) you have often seen in reproductions. The Holy Family with St. Anthony (633) and the nude Venus of Urbino (1117) are two notable pictures. Then there are the portraits of the Papal Legate Beccadelli (1116), Catherine Cornaro (648), the Duke of Urbino, Francesco Maria della Rovere (605), and his Duchess (599). Paolo Veronese, with his Martyrdom of S. Giustina (589) completes the list of great Venetians so far as it can here be given. The German, Dutch, Flemish, and French pictures will be found in their especial rooms, as well as in the Tribuna and in the Vander Goes Room.

II. THE PITTI

The Pitti Palace contains in its galleries some five hundred pictures, all excellent. But what we come here to look upon chiefly is the work of Raphael and Titian. If you go to the Pitti from the Uffizi by the covered way along the Ponte Vecchio, you pass through half a mile of engravings and woodcuts that line this passage and make of the two palaces one great picture gallery. Yet the two buildings have widely different histories. The Uffizi, as we have seen, was built for the Medici. The Pitti was built for an enemy of that house. Luca Pitti, it was, one time Gonfaloniere of Florence, who began this palace, about 1444, when Cosimo de' Medici was still reigning. Macchiavelli tells us, in his incisive language, how Pitti distributed twenty thousand ducats in one day during his quest for popularity, for he wished to become the ruler of Florence. It was then he began the palace that was "greater and more splendid than the house of any other private citizen." In the game of politics at that time the Medici seemed ever destined to triumph. Pitti fell into misfortune and disgrace before the victorious and popular Medici, so that even

his friends feared to associate with him, and those who had given him gifts in the past demanded them back, pretending they were but loans. This palace, ambitiously designed by Brunellesco, remained unfinished and desolate, until it was sold by Luca's descendants, almost a hundred years later, to the wife of the Grand Duke Cosimo I. To-day it is the King of Italy's Florentine home, and you can see the royal apartments, on certain days, as easily as the pictures in the gallery.

Those who wish to see more Andrea del Sartos have plenty of opportunity here, for the Pitti possesses a number of them,—the Madonna with Saints (123), the Entombment (58), the Assumption (225), and various others. Whether due to the power of suggestion or to the faultless painter's faults, you soon lose interest in his work, though the Disputa (172) is undoubtedly a beautiful picture and shows, so Kugler tells us, the painter's affinity with the Venetian school. And as for the portraits of himself, both here and at the Uffizi, they form, in Mr. Berenson's words, "an autobiography as complete as any in existence, and tragic as few."

Fra Bartolommeo, that gentle painter, to whom a

romantic interest attaches because of his devotion to Savonarola, has a half-dozen pictures at the Pitti. He, together with a number of others, had shut himself in with Savonarola at San Marco, to guard the Frate against the mob, after the tide had turned against him. A number of his studies and pictures, the devout painter brought to the bonfires of vanities that Fra Girolamo ordered, and after the death of the monk, Bartolommeo himself took the Dominican habit at Prato. The most beautiful of his works here are, perhaps, the Deposition (64) that formerly hung in an Augustinian convent outside the gates, and the Marriage of St. Catherine of Siena (208) painted in 1512, a most imposing picture and a noble. The Ecce Homo (377) in fresco, and the St. Mark (125), painted in 1514, for San Marco, are also admirable works. The painter of adoration, Symonds calls him.

But it is Raphael who is in his glory here. In every room his work shines forth upon you, for the Pitti possesses no less than eight of his works. Something of Raphael's life we have already seen in the Roman chapters. But the more we see of his work the more inspired do we feel. To think

that one man could accomplish all that in so short a span of life as Raphael's! He learned from everybody, yet he never copied anybody. It all became his own. He undoubtedly learned much of composition from Fra Bartolommeo, who, in turn, later received a fresh impulse from Raphael. It is hard to say which owes more to the other. His debt to Perugino we have already noted. In the *Madonna del Granduca* (178) we see, perhaps, the most delightful of his Florentine pictures. It represents, according to Kugler, "the last and highest condition of which Perugino's type was capable." Where did Raphael find the models for those virgins of his? When he was asked this question, he replied, "In a certain idea of mine." A certain idea, too, no doubt, was that sweet maternal Madonna, so beautiful and warm in coloring, the *Madonna della Sedia* (151), said to have been painted on the lid of a wine cask. The portrait of *Madellena Doni* (59) and, particularly *Angelo Doni* (61), also rank high among the master's works. Then there is *La Donna Gravida* (229) and the superb *La Donna Velata* (245), and those two splendid pictures of churchmen, *Julius II* (79) and *Leo X with two cardinals* (40). The

fat Pope Leo, who is examining a manuscript, seems about to make some gesture and you almost see his hands move. To Julius he gives whatever dignity that harsh and stern old man could be made to have; the fighting Pope is here in the repose of old age, masterful to the last.

Titian's art is defined by Symonds as "a golden mean of joy unbroken by brusque movements of the passions." In his work, the historian of the Renaissance declares, the world and men cease to be merely what they are; he makes them what they ought to be. Titian was born in 1477, a year before Giorgione, whom he outlived by sixty-six years; he was nearly a hundred when he died, in 1576. Of his work you never weary. It is like music. The famous Concert (185), so long attributed to Giorgione, is one of Titian's best and one of the loveliest paintings in Italy. Seldom do you find emotion so subtly portrayed as in this picture which for two and a half centuries was classed as Giorgione's. The greatest critics, however, Morelli, Berenson, Crowe and Cavalcaselle, are sure it is a Titian. The Magdalen (67) is a masterpiece of coloring. It is called a Magdalen because a picture should have a name; it is simply

a beautiful nude woman beautifully painted. The Bella (18) is another Titian that you keep returning to in this gallery. She is probably the same as the Venus on the couch in the Uffizi. She may be Eleonora Gonzaga, Duchess of Urbino, or merely some Venetian lady. In any case, she chose her painter wisely. Then there are the splendid portraits of Ippolito de' Medici (201) and the Young Englishman (92), perhaps Thomas Howard, third Duke of Norfolk, whom Henry James describes as "handsome, clever, defiant, passionate, dangerous" — a beautiful and a noble portrait.

There are some other Titians here, to say nothing of two Peruginos, two portraits by Ridolfo Ghirlandajo, a rare Velasquez, four of Tintoretto's portraits, Botticelli's Pallas and the Centaur, a Rembrandt, a Vandyck, and a number of pictures by Rubens. But it is simply impossible to enumerate them all, nor does the reader desire it. You are content, unless you have a long sojourn in Florence before you, to have seen the best even though much must be omitted. As you go forth from the Pitti and gaze upon the cypresses and avenues of the Boboli Gardens, beautiful but a little melancholy, a fancy comes to you that this

is the cemetery of that vivid, passionate, colorful epoch that produced all the treasures you have seen. You cross the Ponte Vecchio, with its shops of jewellers and curio venders, and return to your own Lungarno, with its atmosphere of strange placidity, preserved despite modernity and despite all touristry. The treasures in the Pitti and Uffizi, you conclude, are not the only legacy of the Renaissance ; it comprises the whole beautiful city of Florence.

III. THE ACCADÉMIA

When you enumerate the chief Venetian painters, the Bellini, Giorgione, Titian, and Tintoretto, "the significance of the Venetian names," remarks Mr. Berenson, "is exhausted with their significance as painters." But it is not so with the Florentines, he adds. "Forget that they were painters, they remain great sculptors ; forget that they were sculptors, and still they remain architects, poets, and even men of science." It is at the Pitti and Uffizi that we see many of the masterpieces of the world, and a great collection of all the Italian schools. But for the rise of the Florentine school, which made the others possi-

ble, we must go to the Accadémia delle Belle Arti, or, as it is officially known, the Reale Galleria Antica e Moderna, in the Via Ricasoli. Here we find examples not only of Giotto, who brought a soul into the Italian painting, but also the work of his predecessors and successors. It is Giotto who abandoned the old conventional Byzantine way of painting, and gave to his work the sense of the third dimension; for a painter, in Mr. Berenson's words, must rouse in us "the tactile sense, for I must have the illusion of being able to touch a figure, . . . before I shall be able to take it for granted as real and let it affect me lastingly." By the selection of the right light and shade among the many variations of light and shade, by grasping the significant in his subjects, in the visible world, he was able so to represent them as to make us realize them. With him began the era that gave us, though not immediately after him, Fra Angelico, Verrocchio, Fra Lippo Lippi, and Botticelli, the great Florentines, all of whom may be studied here, and they can, in Pater's phrase, hardly be studied too much. Painters owe to Giotto, so Vasari thinks, the same debt they owe to nature herself.

This great innovator, Giotto, was born in the year 1276 at Vespignano, fourteen miles from Florence. His father, a field laborer, put him to watch sheep, but the boy, at the age of ten, was already displaying great skill in drawing, with a stone on the ground or with a stick in the sand. Cimabue, who chanced to be passing one day, was struck by the boy's cleverness and took him for his pupil. Giotto's first paintings were in the Badia. He became a prolific painter and was widely celebrated. Among his closest friends was Dante Alighieri, whom he outlived by sixteen years. His best remaining work is in frescoes at Padua and Assisi.

Side by side in the Academy are two altarpieces, one attributed to Cimabue (102) and the other by Giotto (103). "With what sense of relief," exclaims Mr. Berenson, "of rapidly rising vitality, we turn to the Giotto! Our eyes scarcely have had time to light on it before we realize it completely — the throne occupying a real space, the Virgin satisfactorily seated upon it, the angels grouped in rows about it. Our tactile imagination is put to play immediately." The important links between Giotto and such later successors as Ma-

saccio, Verrochio, Lippi, and Botticelli are Andrea Orcagna and Fra Angelico.

Orcagna was born some twenty-two years after Giotto, and he possessed the versatility and genius characteristic of the early Florentine artists, for he was painter, sculptor, architect, and poet. In the Accad mia a Vision of St. Bernard (138) is attributed to him, but Mr. Berenson gives him only the altar-piece at S. Maria Novella. As to Fra Angelico, "both in action and articulation," says Mr. Berenson, "he made great progress upon his precursors — so great that, but for Masaccio, who completely surpassed him, we should value him as an innovator." Of Masaccio the Academy possesses a Madonna (70). He was born in 1401, and was only twenty-seven when he died. In the midst of the Tuscans, in the hall named after them, you come upon the beautiful Adoration of the Magi, by the great Umbrian of the early fifteenth century, Gentile da Fabriano. Near to this, on another easel, is Fra Angelico's Descent from the Cross. In another room are a number of pictures by the Blessed Angelico, as the Italians call him — that monk who saw angels in all his dreams, who could never paint the Crucifixion

without weeping. A very different life was that of Fra Lippo, as we have seen, and in his seven pictures in this gallery we see the realism of the period to which the roistering monk was peculiarly susceptible.

Of the five Botticellis the most interesting is undoubtedly the *Primavera* (80), painted for Lorenzo de' Medici. The tenderness of the spring woods, the delicate beauty of the three graces, the careless strength of Mercury — was it Giuliano de' Medici? — touching the unripe fruit with his caduceus, presents a scene of wonderful and tender beauty never to be forgotten. The meaning of the picture is variously interpreted, but it seems scarcely to need interpretation.

The *David* of Michelangelo, in the cupola, very fitly closes these remarks on the Accadèmia, for he, too, was the last of the great Florentines, the foremost of all since the Greeks. The nude human figure was to him the greatest vehicle for expression. As Mr. Berenson says, "For him the nude and art were synonymous." The salient facts of his life are too well known to need repetition. That he was born in 1475 at Caprese, the son of the local podestà, and was nursed by a stone-

cutter's wife at Settignano where, as he said, he drew in the love of chisels and mallets with his nurse's milk, every child has read. He was early apprenticed to Domenico Ghirlandajo, of whom he learned the rudiments of art. He left Ghirlandajo's *bottega* at sixteen, and from that time on he was, in Nietzsche's phrase, *der Allein-gehende*, for to the end of his days he pursued his art alone. Lorenzo de' Medici, observing Michelangelo's genius, took him into his household, and there the youth sat at table with Pico della Mirandola and Politian, and listened to discourses on Plato and Greek learning, while at the Duomo he heard the preaching of Savonarola. After the expulsion of the Medici he went to Rome, where he made the Pietà we saw at St. Peter's. It was upon his return to Florence, between 1501 and 1505, that he carved the David from a block of marble that had been spoiled. It stood originally in front of the Palazzo Vecchio until 1873, and that is where it should have remained, for, as Michelet observes, Michelangelo's sculpture is not generally meant to have a roof over it.

IV. THE BARGELLO

Every one who visits the Bargello never fails to praise the old thirteenth-century court and the beautiful staircase of that palace. The arches and columns, the coats of arms of the *podestàs*, the statuary of the stairway with its arch, the cloisters inclosing it, all bring you back at once to the days of Dante, of the Bianchi factions and the Neri, seven hundred years ago. It is the place where, as Mr. Howells muses, "so many hearts had broken in the anguish of death, and so many bloody heads rolled upon the insensible stones since the first *podestà* of Florence had made the Bargello his home, till the last Medici had made it his prison." As early as 1199, some sixty-five years before Dante was born, was created this office of *podestà*, who must be a foreigner, noble and Guelf. Cosimo I abolished the office and the palace was given over to the chief of police, or Bargello. Arnolfo di Cambio and Agnolo Gaddi are said to have been the architects. It was restored in 1865 and converted into the National Museum it is to-day. Tuscan sculpture, so far as Florence could gather it, is housed in this building.

Niccolo Pisano and his son Giovanni did for sculpture very much what Giotto did for painting. They very largely freed it from Byzantine influence and paved the way for the art of Donatello and Michelangelo. According to Vasari, Niccolo, while working in Pisa one day, beheld a beautiful sarcophagus that had been brought from Greece; from the wondrously carved figures of that sarcophagus he learned so much that he and his son Giovanni, after him, were able to transform Italian sculpture. In the Bargello you see rather the later art of the fifteenth century, the flower of the seed that was sown by the Pisani. You find here the work of Ghiberti, of Donatello, the Pollaiuli, the Della Robbia, of Verrocchio, of Giovanni da Bologna, Rosselino and Mino da Fiesole, of Michelangelo Buonarroti. To go deeply into the history of Renaissance sculpture is beyond my capacity or purpose. Symonds summarizes it thus:—

“Niccolo Pisano in the first stage marked a fresh point of departure for his art by a return to Græco-Roman standards of the purest type then attainable in combination with the study of nature. Giovanni Pisano effected a fusion be-

tween his father's manner and the Gothic style. The Pisan sculpture was wholly Christian, nor did it attempt to free itself from the service of architecture. Giotto opened the second stage by introducing new motives employed by him with paramount mastery in painting. Under his influence the sculptors inclined to picturesque effects, and the direction thus given to sculpture lasted through the fifteenth century. For the rest the style of those masters was distinguished by fresh and charming naturalism, and by rapid growth in technical processes." This is history enough in all conscience, for all those beautiful statues in the Bargello seem strangely satisfying without any accompanying text.

CHAPTER XVII

THE CHURCHES OF FLORENCE

I

HALF a dozen times a day, in your walks and in your drives through Florence, you find yourself in the Piazza del Duomo, in front of the Cathedral, and each time you are impressed with the intimacy of the scene. The neighboring shops and buildings seem to be closing in upon the Baptistery and the Cathedral like a jovial mob about a favorite fellow townsman. The cabs, which Ruskin hated, are all about, and the electric tram-car somewhat disturbs the harmony. No colonnade secludes these buildings as it does St. Peter's; they are in the heart of the city, and every citizen of Florence, passing carelessly by, seems to have part and lot in every stone of them. The Cathedral was erected as a monument worthy of the Florentine people, and the people seem to possess it like a family heirloom.

The Baptistery, in point of seniority, has the prior claim to consideration. It is not improbably

the oldest building in Florence, and includes, if not portions of walls and foundations, at least the materials of the temple of Mars that once stood on the site. It dates to the fifth or sixth century, perhaps, but its marble covering and some of its frame were made by Arnolfo di Cambio in 1288. It has the octagonal shape peculiar to Italian baptisteries, and until 1550 it was open to the sky. It must have been cold for the innocent babes, for every child in Florence is baptized there. Dante himself was one of the children, and he celebrates the building in the *Inferno*, where he speaks of "my beautiful San Giovanni." He broke one of the basins on a certain Sunday to save a frolicking boy from drowning, as he tells us himself,

L'un degli quali, ancor non è molt' anni,
Rupp' io per un che dentro vi annegava,

"one of which I broke not many years ago for one who was drowning within." The glory of this Baptistery, however, lies more in its doors than in anything else. Those bronze portals of Ghiberti that Michelangelo declared worthy to be the gates of Paradise, are the most celebrated

part of the building. "Lorenzo [Ghiberti] certainly deserved his success," remarks Vasari, "for he began them at the age of twenty, and labored at them with more than ordinary exertion for over forty years."

Ghiberti, according to Vasari, was born in 1378 and learned the goldsmith's art from his father. He was but little over twenty when the Signoria of Florence declared an open competition for the "other two doors of S. Giovanni, the ancient and original church of the city"; for the Baptistery was the original Cathedral, which the present one supplanted. Of the thirty-four who competed, Ghiberti's and Brunellesco's were chosen as the best designs, and Brunellesco withdrew. Both he and Donatello declared Ghiberti's design to be the most suitable. "This was a true act of friendship," cries Vasari in admiration, "a virtue without envy and a clear judgment of their own limitations." The northern door was finished in ten years. In twenty panels of carving that is almost painting, the story of the gospel is told from the Annunciation to the Pentecost. But more exquisite still is the low relief carved on the main door, facing the Cathedral. The ten panels tell

the story of the Old Testament, from the Creation to Solomon in his glory, visited by the Queen of Sheba. That was the door Michelangelo praised so highly. Ghiberti left it unfinished when he died, and other sculptors, including Brunellesco Paolo Uccello and Antonio Pollaiuolo, worked upon it afterward. Beautiful, too, are the south doors, with the life of St. John carved earlier by Andrea Pisano. But Ghiberti's are the more famous.

Within, this old Cathedral is dim and cold. Aside from the font, probably made by the Pisani, and the arch, not improbably Roman, there is some faint mosaic work dating to the thirteenth century, a contemporary pavement of white and black marble and Donatello's tomb of Baldassare Cossa, the anti-pope who called himself John XXIII, but was deposed in 1414 by the Council of Constance. Besides the Dante interest, the interior of this church seems to hold very little for the visitor. Neither this Baptistery nor the Cathedral next door gives you for an instant that genuine pleasure you feel in that most delightful of cathedrals, the Duomo of Pisa. There you really love to linger, without feeling the sense of duty.

A certain Church of Santa Reparata once stood on the site of the present Florentine Cathedral. But Pisa and Siena boasted glorious cathedrals, and Florence could not see how a city of its size and fame, foremost of all in Tuscany, could continue with nothing better than S. Giovanni. Accordingly Arnolfo di Cambio was engaged by the city to design a cathedral commensurate with the importance of Florence. Even religious zeal is so often sheer vanity. The Duomo, begun by Arnolfo in 1294, was finished in the first part of the next century by Giotto, who designed and built the Campanile as well. The dome was designed by Brunellesco and made in 1420-34. A beautiful and imposing group are those structures, monuments to the pride of mediæval Florence rather than to religion. But whatever their origin, who has not thrilled with their beauty as he looked upon them, and all the surrounding city from, say, San Miniato or Bellosguardo?

The Cathedral is no less beautiful in proximity, and its stripes of dark and light marble remain forever among your delightful mental pictures of places. The façade, to be sure, is no older than 1875, but anywhere else it would pass for dis-

tinguished work. Florence, however, has so much that is really marvellous, that it is the fashion to scorn the façade and to gaze on the other and older sides of the building. You see the painstaking inlaid work in marble and the statue of the Madonna and Child, said to be by Giotto, over one of the south doors. In the reliefs and mosaics of the tympana you behold scenes from the life of the Virgin, for the Cathedral is dedicated to Our Lady of the Florentine Lily. And the lily, so legend has it, covered all the plain where Florence now stands when Fiesole was the only considerable city in the neighborhood. But that was long ago. Every niche and corner of those cathedral entrances has something of interest. Over the mosaic of the Annunciation in the tympanum of the north door, for instance, is a beautiful relief by Nanni di Banco, finished by Donatello. It is called the Madonna della Bella Cintola, for the Virgin is about to drop her girdle into the hands of the kneeling St. Thomas. Our Lady's girdle, preserved at Prato, was the most important relic of this region.

But how bare is the interior! That is the one impression you carry away from this Cathedral

—its bleak, almost unmitigated bareness. Its interest lies rather on the imaginative side, where, for example, you people it with all the citizens in Florence bound by the spell of the Frate's rhetoric, and by the fascinating ugliness of his Etruscan features. You may find here, however, the tomb of one Giovanni Acuto, who was none other than Sir John Hawkwood, captain of those merry mercenaries known as the White Company, whom Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, a knight of our own times, has celebrated. Over the northwest doorway, among the monuments in grisaille of Florentine generals, you find Sir John's likeness, too, for with his free companions he fought both against Florence and for her, and he died in her service in 1394. In the octagon you find two of Luca della Robbia's reliefs, said to be the first he ever made, and in place of the choir is the shrine of San Zanobi, containing those precious relics, his head and ashes. In the north aisle is Domenico Michelino's picture of Dante expounding the "Divina Commedia," painted on wood in 1465, and those of us who have grappled with Dante problems cannot help wishing we could have attended such a discourse. You find here also Donatello's

statue of the humanist Poggio Bracciolini and Orcagna's picture of San Zanobi on the first pillar. Thus, we see, the Cathedral holds some treasures despite the first unpromising impression of emptiness.

Every one must at least glance at the Opera del Duomo, into the Cathedral Museum, if only to see Luca della Robbia's famous Cantoria and Singing Boys. The Cantorie, both Luca's and Donatello's, were once in the Cathedral. Why they were brought here, I cannot say. The silver altar of the Baptistery, exquisite in workmanship, is also here. There is a number of pictures here of the patron saints and some statues by Niccolò d'Arezzo and Andrea Pisano. The Campanile, which Giotto designed in 1334, is one of the most beautiful structures of the kind in the world. It is a striking example of the evolution of fourteenth-century sculpture. Giotto himself, as Vasari declares, "designed all the subjects comprised in the ornamentation, and worked out with great care the distribution of the black, white, and red colors in the arrangement of the stones and lines." Giotto died in 1336, and the work was carried on by Taddeo Gaddi and Francesco Talenti;

Andrea Pisano and Donatello made many of the reliefs and statues.

II

The Italians of to-day seem to have but a meagre interest in monks and priests and in much of the machinery of the church. But new as that spirit is, it is not so new as it seems. In the fourteenth century, even, the independently minded citizens of Florence were often impatient of the friars and not infrequently opposed them. The Church of Or San Michele, or Sanniciele, in the slurring vernacular, is a case in point. That church in the Via Calzajoli, about midway between the Cathedral and the Piazza Signoria, was originally a sort of loggia for grain merchants, where they met and traded. There was a granary (*horreum*) above it and not improbably a statue of the Archangel Michael, in some niche, hence, perhaps, Or San Michele; though Villani, writing at the end of the thirteenth century, calls it S. Michele d'Orto. In any case, the chronicle relates that a certain picture of the Madonna on one of the brick pillars of the loggia began to manifest miraculous power, to heal the sick and deformed

and to exorcise devils from those possessed. The company into whose hands the merchants had put the care of the loggia grew rich in consequence, to the great disgust of Franciscan and Dominican friars. The friars scoffed but the Madonna continued potent, so the people discredited the monks and flocked to Our Lady.

During the sempiternal struggle raging between the Bianchi and the Neri parties, a certain Ser Neri Abati set fire to some houses, and that reduced to ashes much valuable property, including Or San Michele. The Guild of Silk was intrusted by the commune with the task of rebuilding the loggia, and Taddeo Gaddi, the architect, made the pillars stone instead of brick and the Madonna was no doubt as potent as ever. During the plague in 1348 many citizens, whose kith and kin had died before them, left much property to the company of Or San Michele, which suddenly found itself very wealthy indeed. It was then decided to build a magnificent shrine to Our Lady of Or San Michele. In 1355 Andrea Orcagna was chosen to build that shrine, which folk still flock to see. So splendid was the work that the corn loggia was removed and a church built to hold it.

Thus, this church came into being in defiance of the Dominican and Franciscan orders, and that was five and a half centuries ago.

The marble Gothic shrine which we go there to see, is really a thing of dazzling beauty. It is a wonderfully rich canopy, inlaid with gold and mosaic and lapis lazuli. The reliefs, in many panels, dealing with the life of the Virgin, help to explain why this work took Orcagna ten years to finish. Bernardo Daddi painted the picture for which this shrine was built, though the original wonder-working Madonna had been painted by Ugolino da Siena. Nanni di Banco, Donatello, Ghiberti, and Verrocchio have works in that church, but for most of us the one object of interest is the shrine of Orcagna. Not in all Italy is there anything (of its kind) so beautiful as this monument in the crowded quarter of Florence.

Much of the value of travelling and all that business of sight-seeing, so often overdone, lies, I suppose, in this fact: We find that the wonderful things we have heard and dreamed of really have concrete existence, and that they were accomplished by beings demonstrably human. A visit

to Michelangelo's tomb at Santa Croce, for instance, brings home to us, as nothing else can, that human hands wrought his statues and painted the Sistine ceiling. And remote though such achievement is from our own powers, it nevertheless gives scope to our ideals. After all, we feel, he was human, and he accomplished that. In the same manner, a visit to San Marco clarifies your notions concerning Savonarola as no amount of reading can do. There are no monks in the convent to-day; it is known as the Museo di San Marco, and tourists straggle about the court and in the cloisters. But something of the ancient peace still dwells here, and shrubbery and palmettoes give the place a half-tropical air. It has, as Mr. Howells says, a climate of its own. Only a powerful conviction, you reflect, could make a studious and devout man like the Frate turn his back upon this tranquillity and go forth to preach Christ's republic to a corrupt age. Only a great strength and greater courage could enable a monk to go to the bedside of Lorenzo the Magnificent at Carreggi, most popular of rulers, and to refuse him absolution unless he restore to Florence her liberty.

For Lorenzo's great predecessor, Cosimo de' Medici really founded this house. A convent of San Marco was there, to be sure, but it was in the possession of the Sylvestrian monks. The Dominicans, who had come from Fiesole, were at San Giergio across the Arno. Cosimo asked the Pope to give San Marco to the Dominicans, and by a Bull issued January, 1436, by Pope Eugenius IV, the friars of St. Dominic took possession of San Marco. Michelozzo, the architect, then, at the request of Cosimo, built the house we see to-day, and Pope Eugenius consecrated it in 1443. Savonarola, as we have seen, came here in 1481, from Bologna. A feeling of tenderness comes to you in this monastery as nowhere else, but for this Fra Angelico is not a little responsible.

That painter was almost fifty when he came here from Fiesole, but he has left a whole life's work within these beloved precincts. Even in the court his work receives you: St. Dominic embracing the cross; the wounded Peter Martyr over the Sacristy door, finger on lip, demanding silence; St. Dominic with the scourge of discipline in his hand; two friars welcoming Christ in their home over the *foresteria*, or stranger's door — all these

at once give you the note of San Marco. And the artist must have wept copious tears when he painted the great Crucifixion in the Capitolo or Chapter-House. The persons about the three crosses are no mere nameless spectators of the tragedy; they represent the founders and patron saints of the monastic orders. In every cell you find a portion of the life of the Saviour, painted by adoring hands. Great men seemed to be the happy portion of this convent in Christendom. Besides Fra Angelico there was S. Antonino, the author of "*Summa Theologiae*," made prior of this convent by Pope Eugenius in 1439. Two years later, when the Pope appointed him Archbishop of the See of Florence, Antonino, in his meekness, was so troubled at having that great office thrust upon him, that he hid himself and begged the Pope to appoint some one more worthy of so great a place. But the Pope compelled him to accept.

A different order of man was Fra Girolamo Savonarola. Of his life and tragic end we have already seen a glimpse on a preceding page. Now as we enter his cell, the reality of that strong spirit strikes you like a sudden blast on a tranquil day. You see the desk at which he wrote, the books he

read, the chair he sat in, the hair shirt he wore for discipline. All the convent and its beauty fade before these vivid reminders, and the whole excruciating tragedy of the Piazza Signoria on that dreadful day in May, 1498, flames before your eyes. You are, perhaps, dragged into the adjoining church to see St. Antonine's chapel by Giovanni da Bologna, and the tombs of Politian and Pico della Mirandola, those two easy-living companions, who could spend their lives poetizing and philosophizing at the rich tables of the Medici. But the martyrdom of Savonarola will not out of your mind.

III

San Marco is not the only considerable Dominican monument in Florence. The Church of Santa Maria Novella, near to the railway station, is the older home of that order in the city. The great monastery for which the church served as a chapel, is now a college, but the beautiful church with its rose-tinted front, for which some five centuries have served as cosmetic, faces the silent old square that forms a curious backwater so near the modern railway traffic. The Rucellai and the Strozzi families are intimately connected with it, and

judging by the massive and gloomy Strozzi Palace, that you see every time you go to your banker's in the Via Tornabuoni, Strozzi patronage must have been a thing to prize. But now the church's patronage seems to depend wholly upon tourists; at all events, you meet only tourists going in and out. The church was begun in 1279 and finished about 1355, though the façade was not completed until the fifteenth century, by Leon Alberti, under the order of Giovanni Rucellai, whose family has many a memorial within. And the Strozzi, and the Tornabuoni, who were related by marriage to the Medici, those too were adherents of this church. And when the Grand Duke Cosimo married Eleanor of Toledo and brought her to Florence, it was the so-called Spanish chapel of that church that he assigned to her and her suite for worship.

The interior architecture is Tuscan Gothic, so the guide-books say, but how much more interesting is the fact that in the piazza, in front of the church, as we read in the "Decameron," Boccaccio met seven lovely ladies, on a Tuesday in 1348, conversing about death. There are a few figures of the past you love to picture and dream about

in the Florence of old, so much of which remains. Dante walking rapt in thought, Buondelmonte gayly riding across the Ponte Vecchio toward his bride and meeting death instead, Boccaccio with his humorous look meeting the lovely ladies in the piazza. The early part of this church, the side nearest the railway station, was being built when Dante was still a boy. On the left of the main doorway, as you enter, is a faint Holy Trinity by Masaccio, that young painter who, as Mr. Berenson declares, in a career of but a few years, "gave to Florentine painting the direction it pursued to the end."

In the Rucellai chapel is a Cimabue Madonna, which ought to be real, considering the pretty story that Vasari tells about it. The critics now insist that Duccio of Siena painted it. "The people of that day," writes Vasari, "who had never seen anything better, considered this work so marvellous that they carried it to the church from Cimabue's house in a stately procession, with great rejoicing and blowing of trumpets, while Cimabue himself was greatly honored." And all of this the critics deny. In this chapel, too, is the tomb of Beata Villana, whose career

was very much like that of Maeterlinck's Sister Beatrice. From aspirations to saintliness, she sank to the very dregs of life; but in the end she returned to piety, donned the hair shirt, and gave herself to the poor in service. Her grandson erected for her this tomb in the chapel of the Rucellai.

Within the Filippo Strozzi chapel, adjoining the choir, are some beautiful frescoes by Filippino Lippi, notably those of St. John raising Drusiana and St. Philip, patron of Filippo Strozzi, exorcising the dragon at Hieropolis. That Filippo Strozzi lies buried here in a tomb made by Benedetto da Majano, the same architect who built the Strozzi Palace. In the choir behind the altar are the realistic frescoes of Domenico Ghirlandajo, which Giovanni Tornabuoni caused to be painted over some works of Orcagna, that had been there before. Ghirlandajo is denied the highest rank as a painter by the critics, but he was the faithful portrayer of the Florentine life of his time. So that in his frescoes of the life of St. John the Baptist and the life of the Virgin we really see pictures of the contemporary conditions about him painted with painstaking realism.

Many of the figures are portraits, and therefore doubly interesting. And Andrea Orcagna, the builder of the tabernacle at Or S. Michele, is represented in the Strozzi family chapel by an Inferno, a Last Judgment, and a Paradise ; the latter ranks among his best work and is better preserved than the others. The altar-piece here is also by Orcagna, so that the whole chapel remains an example of decoration in the manner of Giotto. They show you a Della Robbia fountain in the sacristy, and in what is called the Green Cloister are some Old Testament subjects by Paolo Uccello, that lover of perspective. There remains but the Spanish chapel, which Ruskin praised so much. It was originally called the Corpus Christi Chapel, because a rich Florentine built it about 1340, for the celebration of the Corpus Christi Festival. It abounds in frescoes telling the story of the Passion and of the triumph of the Church in the Dominican version. It is melancholy to think that the black and white dogs worrying heretics, represented as wolves, on the right wall, really symbolize the Inquisition, which originated with the Dominican Order.

There are many other churches in Florence

that may be visited by any who have the time and the desire. The Church of Santa Caterina in the Borgo Ognissanti, founded in 1256 by the Humiliati Brothers, who taught Florence the art of wool-weaving, contains a St. Augustine by Botticelli and Ghirlandajo's Last Supper. That of the Santissima Annunziata, in the piazza of that name, is now the fashionable church of Florence crowded by titled ladies of Sundays. The arcades here are by Brunellesco decorated by the Della Robbia. This church contains some of the best work of Andrea del Sarto. In the Piazza del Carmine, on the other side of the Arno, stands the Carmine Church. In the Carmelite monastery connected with it, founded in 1268, lived that riotous Brother, Lippo Lippi. The Brancacci Chapel here retains important work by Masolino and Masaccio; it is therefore significant in the history of Renaissance painting. To Masolino, born in 1384, is attributed the Fall of Adam, the Raising of Tabitha and the Preaching of St. Peter, while to Masaccio, his pupil, born in 1401, Mr. Berenson gives the Expulsion from Paradise, Tribute Money, SS. Peter and John healing the Sick with their Shadows, St. Peter Baptizing, and SS. Peter and

John distributing Alms, to say nothing of portions of other frescoes. Others, such as St. Paul visiting St. Peter in Prison, St. Peter and St. Paul before Nero, and the Crucifixion of St. Peter are by Filippino Lippi. Here, as elsewhere in Italy, the riches will embarrass you.

IV

Santa Croce and San Lorenzo, however, deserve rather more attention than some of the churches just mentioned. To begin with, S. Croce is the Westminster Abbey of Italy; but aside from that, it is really a great museum of fourteenth-century art. As you approach it across the Piazza Santa Croce, the inferior modern statue of Dante drawing a Roman toga about him (Heaven knows why) disturbs your reverie. For you remember having read that Giuliano de' Medici here tilted in a tournament before the eyes of ladies and of knights, but especially before the eyes of La Bella Simonetta, a merchant's wife, who was the Queen of Beauty. She is said to be the wistful lady in Botticelli's Spring, looking toward Mercury, who was Giuliano. The new façade of this old Franciscan church was erected by an

Englishman in 1857, a Mr. Sloane ; were it not irreverent, one might suggest that it resembles an American soda fountain.

But as you enter, your mind is restored to the proper atmosphere by the simplicity and austerity of the interior ; for this is a church built by the order of St. Francis, ever wedded to poverty. The wide nave and the general effect of great space is what you expect in a church erected by the preaching friars of St. Francis. It was begun under the direction of Arnolfo di Cambio about 1294, some seventy years after the death of St. Francis, and it took about a century and a half to build. Instead of the side chapels, so characteristic of Italian churches, you have here the tombs and the monuments of the great of Italy, including some of the greatest of all times.

There are plenty of guides who will point out to you every tomb and monument ; here we can pause at but a few. Poor and feeble as is the monument to Michelangelo by Vasari, it nevertheless holds your attention longer than many another. Aside from the interest of Michelangelo as a personality, you are struck by the thinness of the features as they are carved in Battista Lorenzi's

bust. Unconsciously, if your experience was like mine, you have come to picture Michelangelo such a figure as his own Moses or David. But the features on this tomb show that the dust within was that of a man, though the soul was godlike.

Vittorio Alfieri, the celebrated writer of tragedies valued chiefly in Italy, lies in a tomb near by. Canova erected the monument at the order of the Countess of Albany, who loved Alfieri. Macchiavelli, whose name has come to have a sinister significance the world over, was buried here in 1527, though his monument was not made until 1787. Leonardo Bruni, one time secretary of the Florentine Republic and a famous scholar, who died in 1443, lies under a splendid Renaissance monument erected by Bernardo Rossellino in the fifteenth century. This, Donatello's *Annunciation* and Benedetto da Majano's *Pulpit*, stand out from among the many indifferent monuments here. There are other memorials, including tablets to greatness buried elsewhere, as for instance, to Dante, who lies at Ravenna.

The lack of side chapels in this church is more than balanced by the number of them in transept and choir. A series of frescoes, dim and in-

jured, by Agnolo Gaddi, a successor in the third generation of Giotto, remain in the chapel of the Holy Sacrament, in the right transept, while the Baroncelli Chapel, not far away, contains some excellent frescoes by Taddeo Gaddi, Giotto's pupil, dealing with the life of the Virgin. The Rinuccini Chapel, separated by an iron railing from the sacristy, contains the same subjects by Giovanni da Milano, a pupil of Taddeo Gaddi's, more lifelike and painted a little more gracefully. At the end of the corridor is the Medici Chapel, which Michelozzo, the architect, built for Cosimo, first of the Medici rulers of Florence. There are some fine examples of Della Robbia work here and a notable Tabernacle by Mino da Fiesole, the famous Tuscan sculptor. The Coronation of the Virgin here is attributed to Giotto, but not unanimously.

Of the dozen or so chapels remaining, ranged along the choir and forming the eastern end of the church, only a few have any interest for us. That of the Peruzzi family contains some frescoes painted by Giotto in 1307, but much spoiled by restoration. They deal with the life of St. John the Baptist. But these on the right wall, depicting St.

John the Evangelist, are among the maturest work of Giotto. The Bardi Chapel, also, contains some of the notable work of that painter, chiefly upon the life of St. Francis of Assisi. There are, of course, other things noteworthy, as for instance, Brunellesco's Pazzi Chapel decorated by Donatello, the Santa Croce Museum, and so on. Here, however, no more can be said about the Church of Santa Croce.

San Lorenzo alone remains. In many respects it is the most interesting, if not the most important, of all the Florentine churches. Not only are the Medici rulers buried here, but the Laurentian Library is connected with it; not only is some of the best work of Donatello here, but also of Michelangelo. No one who has not worked in the Laurentian will ever understand its wonders nor the gratitude of the student to the hated Medici, who collected all the treasures it holds. The Pandects of Justinian that Amalfi prized so highly and that the Pisans took away from them in 1135; Petrarch's Horace and Leonardo da Vinci's Treatise on Architecture, with illustrations said to be by Botticelli; Villani's manuscript of Dante, together with some one hundred and sixty

other Dante manuscripts ; a fourth-century Virgil, a seventh-century Anglo-Saxon manuscript, as well as a very early Homer, — all these are here, and much more.

The church itself is one of the oldest in Florence. Legend relates that a woman named Giuliana, living at the end of the fourth century, vowed that she would build a church to St. Laurence if Heaven would grant her a son. She kept her vow when her wish was gratified, and in 393 St. Ambrose came from Milan and consecrated the church. When it was burned down in 1423, the Medici, whose patron was St. Laurence, had it rebuilt after designs by Brunellesco. It is in a crowded quarter of Florence, with a flower and vegetable market near by, and its outer façade is wanting ; but its inner façade is the work of Michelangelo. Donatello's are the two pulpits, and that sculptor himself lies buried in the same simple tomb with Cosimo de' Medici before the altar. In the Martelli Chapel is a modern monument to Donatello, as well as a famous Annunciation by Fra Lippi. Brunellesco built the sacristy in 1421, and Donato Donatelli, again, made the decorations and the bronze doors. For Giovanni

de' Medici and Piccarda, his wife, Donatello made a monument in this Old Sacristy, and the father of Lorenzo the Magnificent has a tomb here by Verrocchio. But it is the New Sacristy, with the Medici tombs by Michelangelo, that we are impatient to behold. The monument to Giuliano de' Medici, Duc de Nemours, holds the famous figures called Day and Night; that of Lorenzo, represented as the thinker, has the figures conventionally called Twilight and Dawn. No one seems to know just why those marbles are so named, but as we gaze upon them we cannot but feel the impossibility of attributing names to such as these. For we see here, as we saw in the Sistine Chapel in Rome, that the mind even more than the hands of a titanic spirit was at work. We see here, too, that to the sculptor, life was at the best a tragedy, and, at its greatest, a great tragedy. He, the giant and the lover of liberty, was making these very statues for the house that took from Florence every vestige of freedom. Unlike the Christian Pilgrim, Michelangelo saw no escape from the Giant Despair.

CHAPTER XVIII

THE FLORENTINE SCENE

ALL day long you move about busily from one museum to another, from one "sight" to the next, with a persistence and indefatigable zeal, against which it is useless to preach. Experience alone teaches that the leisurely attitude is best. But in the evening, at all events, there is some peace for the wayfarer. Since the cafés in Florence are not very inviting, you stroll forth from your pension or hotel to the Lungarno, and walk by the river, which forms a bewitching picture, with the myriad of reflected lights sparkling in water that seems clear, now that the yellow mud color is invisible. At the beginning of the Ponte Vecchio you lean across the parapet, and its bars are reflected in the dim waters below like the pipes of some great church organ. To your ear comes the twanging of a mandolin, perhaps, and voices singing "Sole Mio," "La Luna," or "Funicola Funicoli," songs that have been with you

throughout Italy. Even the natives throw coppers to those melodious youths. As for the tourist from overseas, unaccustomed to such minstrelsy in his own great cities, what wonder if he is captivated? From the windows of the Grand and other hotels rains a shower of copper and silver until the singers exhaust their repertory and move on, followed by a troop of listeners.

There are no empty hours in Florence. A hundred sights and landmarks on every hand are there to fill in the interstices of time, if you are minded to see them. What better could you do, for instance, if you find yourself near the Cathedral, with an hour at your disposal, than to saunter down the Via Calzajoli, into the Via Tavolini toward the Piazza San Martino, traditionally associated with Dante? In the Via San Martino, No. 2, is a house bearing an inscription that proclaims it the birthplace of Dante. The house itself, open on Wednesdays and Saturdays from ten until three, contains little of interest, since everything there, the relics and the portraits, are of very dubious authenticity. There is small doubt, however, but that he was born in this region, and that the present house stands upon a

portion of the site of the old house that actually was Dante's. And the Donati, Laurence Hutton quotes Professor Cesare Calvi as saying, "had several houses, in one of which lived Gemma Donati, whom Dante married." He adds: "These houses looked out upon the back of the present Piazza della Rena, which, in those days, was called the Donati Courtyard." It is a poor and crowded region now, but none the less picturesque. At No. 4 Via del Corso, near by, is the site of the Portinari house, where Beatrice lived as a child, when Dante fell in love with her, he being then nine years old, and she having attained the ripe age of eight. A step away from "Dante's House" is the little church of San Martino, where Dante was married to Gemma Donati.

"In visiting these scenes," observes Mr. Howells, "one cannot but wonder at the small compass in which the chief facts of Dante's young life, suitably to the home-keeping character of the time and race, occurred. There he was born, there he was bred, and there he was married to Gemma Donati, after Beatrice Portinari died. Beatrice's father lived just across the way from the Donati houses, and the Donati houses adjoined the house

where Dante grew up with his widowed mother." Yet that did not prevent him from becoming a world poet. The grounds of the Villa Bondi, which your cabman will point out when you are driving up the hill to Fiesole, include a meadow that once belonged to Dante. There as a young man he spent much time in rhyming and in pondering, doubtless, the teachings of Ser Brunetto Latini, who from day to day taught him "how man makes himself immortal."

The Villa Palmieri, near to the Villa Bondi, on this same way to Fiesole, is famous for its association with Boccaccio. During the plague in Florence in 1348, the same one that made the Company of Or San Michele so rich, Boccaccio is said to have passed some agreeable days here with a number of ladies and gentlemen, telling such stories, presumably, as those we read in the "Decameron." Queen Victoria was fond of staying there when the English family of Crawford owned it. To-day it is the property of an American gentleman, Mr. Ellsworth, who has done much to beautify the grounds and the villa itself. The frescoes portraying Boccaccio's wedding feast, have been restored with care and taste, and the

garden is among the most beautiful in Europe. Fortunate are they who can enjoy Mr. Ellsworth's hospitality in the Villa Palmieri, for to see the garden alone is worth a journey to Italy.

On your way to Fiesole you may also see the Dominican convent at S. Domenico di Fiesole, where Fra Angelico served his novitiate. The house was founded in 1405, suppressed about a century ago, and in 1880 bought back by the Dominicans, who are there to-day. In Fiesole itself, after you finally reach it, there is little to see. There is an empty piazza, with a few hostlers waiting to wash down your cabman's horse (for which you are expected to pay), and a row of shops with the works of the straw-plaiter. This is supposed to be, even to this day, an Etruscan city, whose inhabitants are still filled with hatred against the Florentines, who conquered them by a ruse, in 1010, and compelled the Fiesoleans either to move to Florence or to go elsewhere. But you see so very few breasts for the nurture of such hatred. You are asked to see the tomb of Bishop Salutati, carved by Mino da Fiesole in the Cathedral, which was founded in 1028, the Etruscan walls, and the Roman amphitheatre.

But the views of the hills and the olive groves of the Val d' Arno and the Val di Mugnone are the more interesting sights of Fiesole. On your return, you may, if you wish, drive to the house of Boccaccio and to the little suburb of Settignano, where Michelangelo was nursed by the stone-cutter's wife. Any modern Michelangelo could still find many a stone-cutter's wife to nourish him here.

But in Florence itself, there are still many corners that may tempt the visitor. There is a whole section of the Lungarno named after him who gave his name to America, Amerigo Vespucci. At No. 18 Borgo Ognissanti stood the house he lived in ; the site is now occupied by a hospital founded by him.¹ South of Arno, at No. 13 Costa San Giorgio, is the house where Galileo lived for some years. If you wish to see another house of his, as well as his tower, you must drive to Arcetri. It was there that Milton visited him in 1638. In the study are preserved many relics and instruments of the great astronomer. Nearer still to the Ponte Vecchio, just after you cross it, is the Casa Macchiavelli, at No. 16 Via Guicciardini.

¹ Hutton, *Literary Landmarks of Florence*, New York, 1897.

Across the way is the Palazzo Guicciardini, where the historian and philosopher of that name lived and endeared himself by his geniality and wise sayings, such as, "Happy are the poor," "Prosperity is often our worst enemy," and so on. In the Casa Guidi, No. 9 Piazza S. Felicita, close by the Via Guicciardini, is the house where the Brownings lived and where Mrs. Browning died in 1861. If you continue from this region to the Porta San Giorgio you can ultimately arrive at what is left of the fortifications Michelangelo built against the siege of 1535. But the better way is to go by the Porta San Miniato, see the Piazzale Michelangelo with the copy of the David, the fortifications, and then continue to San Miniato al Monte.

The church itself is worth seeing, both because of its beauty and because it is one of the oldest in Florence. According to the tradition as narrated by Villani, the saint whose name it bears, Miniato, was an Armenian crown prince, who turned his back on regal splendor, came as a pilgrim to Rome in the third century, and, ultimately, to this place to lead a hermit's life. The Emperor Decius, who happened to be in Florence

in the year 270, caused San Miniato, together with other Christian martyrs, to be beheaded. But miraculously San Miniato put his severed head again upon his shoulders and walked back to his home across the Arno, where he gave up the ghost. A little church was built on the spot, where Alibrandi, Bishop of Florence, subsequently, in 1013, built a church of marble. Such is the story. Within the church is a chapel by Michelozzo, a tomb by Rossellino, some work by Luca della Robbia, and an Annunciation by Alessio Baldovinetti. Folk wander about among the marble tombs of the Campo Santo, which seems like a little crowded city of the dead. The best of this visit, however, are the views both of Florence and the country. All that nestling city divided by the Arno lies below you ; only the Duomo, the Palazzo Vecchio, and Giotto's Campanile surge up from the clustering houses. To the north gleam the snowy peaks of the Apennines. There are other walks and drives, such as the Cascine Gardens, or the Certosa monastery, where the Protestant sees the curious spectacle of a brotherhood of pious men engaged in brewing an alcoholic cordial, chartreuse. But it is Florence her-

self, the beautiful, with her spirit of glad tranquillity that you love best of all. And after you leave her your heart will ever yearn for her, and she will figure in your dreams for the rest of your days.

CHAPTER XIX

PISA AND SIENA

I

FROM Florence to Pisa you go ordinarily and very easily by rail, or less easily, but still agreeably, by motor. The roads are not of the most perfect, but you have the advantage of pausing by the way at Empoli and other towns, and of observing the life of the country folk and their cattle when your tires burst. In one of these wayside villages a certain motoring party that encamped by the side of the road, pending repairs, was invited with much native courtesy and not a little grace by a wrinkled Tuscan woman to take possession of her house.

"It is a poor house," she added deprecatingly, "but such as it is you are welcome. It is not our way to let strangers camp on the earth in our town."

We protested that our repairs were all but completed, and with what magnificence we could summon to meet such urbanity in this Tuscan

village, presented her with a polychrome likeness of the Sacred Bambino of Aracœli, that we had brought from Rome. The indulgence from Purgatory promised by that card was something considerable. When the tire was repaired the modern palmers sped on. Your road runs in the valley of the Arno, and you see the low meadows, almost marshlands, where the laborious peasants of these parts extract their meagre livelihood, and here and there you have a glimpse of the distant hills. The ruined castle at San Miniato al Tedesco, once the home of Barbarossa, is perched high on a rock to your left as you go to Pisa, and you are reminded that Francesco Sforza, afterward Duke of Milan, was born there. Before you enter Pisa the Duomo and the famous leaning tower surge up to greet you, and after you enter it is to them that you make your way.

The great peace and silence that hang over this ancient Tuscan city incline you to believe the legends that Pisa was founded by King Pelops, as one has it, or by Nestor on his way from Troy, as related by another. In any case, so early as 225 B. C. Pisa was a well-established Etruscan city friendly to Rome, and in Cæsar's time she

was a Roman military station. From the wreck of the Roman empire Pisa emerged a fighting city, full of vigor and prowess, a match, as we say, for anything of her size, and often for much more than that. For something over two hundred years, beginning about 1004, Pisa led a gay, picturesque life, fighting successfully against the Saracen pirates on her own coasts, at Sardinia, Palermo, and elsewhere, participating in Crusades, bringing home rich spoil, and building the Cathedral and Baptistery that we have come here to see. But from the year 1254, when she was defeated by the combined forces of Florence and Lucca, until 1406, when after repeated victories and defeats she was finally both starved and betrayed into submission to the Florentines, the chronicle is one monotonous account of bloodshed in external wars and of internecine struggle. "Pitiless Pisa," Mr. Howells calls her, but the turbulent little city was just as pitiless to herself as to her worst foes. It was in 1288 that the celebrated episode of Count Ugolino occurred; it gave Pisa a black page for her annals, and Dante material for the most excruciating picture of his lowest circle in Hell. A certain Archbishop Ruggieri

and Count Ugolino betrayed each other, but Ugolino was also accused of betraying Pisa. He, therefore, his two sons and three grandsons, were imprisoned in a tower of which the keys were thrown into the Arno, until the prisoners died of starvation. The horrible picture of their sufferings painted by Ugolino in the thirty-third canto of the *Inferno*, forms one of the most celebrated passages in the *Divine Comedy*. The punishment to which Ruggieri is adjudged seems too excruciating to set down in English. The Tower of Hunger, which stood in the Piazza dei Cavalieri, is no longer there to remind the Pisans of their deed.

But all that tumult of war has long since died down. As you walk toward the Duomo from the Lungarno, through the winding Via S. Maria, the silence keeps ever deepening, and only the soft radiance of the spring sunlight seems to be living in that street. You come upon the meadow by the blackened mediæval city walls, and you are dazzled for some moments to behold those three marble structures, the Campanile, the Duomo, and the Baptistery. No description in words or picture can really convey the appearance of those buildings. The gleam of that marble that has stood a

thousand years in sun and rain is something that passes description. It is whiter than you thought, and yet it is not white at all ; nor is it yellow, nor ivory-colored, but something of all these tints. And it is all so wonderfully clear and lucid in this mild clear air, though it has been here a thousand years. A few children are playing games in the Piazza, a party of tourists straggles here and there, the grass grows, and the white marble sheds its own strange light like a sort of deputy luminary, set down in this meadow by the walls.

The meadow was once a swamp. The church which the Cathedral replaced was known as St. Reparata in the Swamp. A Pisan annalist records that it was in 1063, after the victory over the Saracens at Palermo, that the city decided to build the Cathedral. Both the Pope and King Henry of Germany contributed liberally, the Pope blessings and privileges, the King objects of temporal value. Marble was brought from Africa, Jerusalem, and Egypt, and the Duomo was consecrated by Pope Gelasius II in 1118. Rainaldus and Busketus were the architects. The style is called Tuscan Romanesque ; at any rate, it became a model for cathedrals in Italy, though, of

course, the basilica shape was not new in ecclesiastical architecture. The nave and transept with their aisles, and the dome overhead, give a wonderful sense of space within; and the white and colored marble without, mellowed by time, produce an effect indescribably beautiful. The round arches, the tiers of columns and the doors by Giovanni da Bologna, add to the external beauty. But within is that more precious beauty of light and space. An Italian army officer, whom I saw in this Cathedral, told me that he comes here often to sit for an hour or two "to lighten his heart." Of how many churches can that be said?

This is all the more remarkable, since in the matter of pictures and ornaments this Cathedral cannot compare with any of the great churches of Rome and Florence. There is a statuesque St. Agnes on a pillar in the nave by Andrea del Sarto, and an altar-piece from the same hand; Battista Lorenzi's elaborate lamp which, by its swinging, is said to have suggested the pendulum to Galileo; a tomb or two, some restored mosaic work by Cimabue, — his only known undisputed work, — and a beautiful ivory Madonna carved by Giovanni Pisano in 1300. Meagre enough is this

collection, as we see; yet the interior of that Cathedral seems radiant with beauty.

You go forth into the sunlit meadow and the Baptistery is before you, and this also might be a fine ivory carving, so delicately wrought is its exterior. Within, the pulpit of Niccolo Pisano, who did so much for Italian sculpture, is deservedly famous. It is perhaps his earliest work, and therefore a landmark in the history of sculpture. You will probably find two or three Pisan mothers at the octagonal marble font, having their babies christened. The priest's cold eyes rove about the building, examining the visitors as he murmurs the prayers for the infant Pisans. When the assisting verger is freed from his sacred duties at the font, he will come to you and volunteer to shout for the echo. With small encouragement he will produce some quite startling reverberations under the high dome of this spacious building.

The Campo Santo near by is, perhaps, the strangest and most beautiful of all cemeteries. It is really not a cemetery at all, but an art gallery of sculpture and fourteenth and fifteenth century painting. It is from the sarcophagi and urns in

this place, brought as trophies of war by the victorious Pisans, that Niccolo Pisano learned something of classic art. There are some paintings here by Benozzo Gozzoli of the fifteenth century, and some famous frescoes by Giotto. There are also pictures by fourteenth-century Pisan artists, portraying the Triumph of Death, the Last Judgment, and Hell. The realism with which some of these are painted often brings smiles sooner than serious thought, and it is nothing unusual to see a party issuing from the cloisters of the Campo Santo trying in vain to stifle its laughter. Giovanni Pisano built the Campo Santo in 1283, and fifty-three shiploads of earth from Calvary were brought to consecrate the ground.

The Campanile, the leaning tower that is one of the wonders of the world, cannot be described in words. I have already tried to suggest its color. But for all its centuries of existence, it gives you at first almost the effect of newness. Every arch in the six stories between the base and the belfry seems perfect and intact, and the marble ever glistens in the sun. Various theories have been advanced for its inclination of fourteen feet from the perpendicular. Some believe one side sank

gradually. Mr. Edward Hutton¹ believes "that the lean of the tower is due to some terrible accident which befell it after the third gallery had been built, for the fourth gallery, added in 1204 by Benenabo, begins to rectify the sinking." It has already been said that the land here was known as the marsh.

There is much else in Pisa worth seeing, though the modern tourist seems content with a view of the three marble buildings already touched upon. There is, for instance, the thirteenth-century church of St. Catherine, the lovely small church of the Madonna della Spina, the huntsmen's church, that of St. Francis, in the Piazza San Francesco, said to have been built in 1211 by Niccolò Pisano, the church of St. Paul by the Arno, and the church of the Knights of St. Stephen. In the museum you may see many a relic of Pisa's bygone glory, including some old banners, shields, and bucklers used in the ancient game of *Ponte*. William Heywood² gives an interesting account of this game of *Ponte*, in which North of Arno fought South of Arno on the

¹ *Florence and Northern Tuscany*, New York, 1907.

² *Palio and Ponte*, London, 1904.

old Ponte di Mezzo. They had their squads and captains and standards, and swathed in cotton over their armor, their heads protected with casques and visors, they fought with wooden shields only. The winning side marched in triumph through the city, amid great acclaim by the citizens and ladies. Thus was the martial and chivalrous spirit preserved in Pisa. Not since 1807 has the mediæval game of *Ponte* been played here, and even then it must have seemed an anachronism.

II

The journey from Florence to Siena takes between two and a half and four hours, depending upon the kind of train; yet I have known folk to go and return the same day, vowing they had seen all there was to see in Siena. That would seem scarcely worth while, since the Cathedral alone is worth a couple of days on even a brief excursion. As soon as you leave the railway station, which is just outside the walls, you drive by the Via Garibaldi into the Via Cavour, which runs lengthwise through the city that slopes down on either side. A brisk city life courses up

and down this street, in quite modern fashion, not at all as in silent Pisa. The carriages, the well-dressed population, show an obvious prosperity in this mountain city; but on every hand the ravine-like streets dropping down into a kind of twilight bring home the fact that the life only is new — the city itself is from the dim past. The palaces have shops in their basements, but they are palaces all the same.

How dim that past is, the wolf and the two babes, Romulus and Remus, which you see on every side, bring home to you. For Senius, the son of Remus, is the traditional founder of Siena. At any rate, it was a military colony known as Sena in the time of Augustus Cæsar. It fell under the Lombard kings after the Empire and later, subject to Charlemagne. About 1125 it became a free city, with all that this implies in Italy, judging by such cities as Florence and Pisa: nobles and citizens fought and massacred and exiled one another, making common cause, however, against the enemy without the gates. Her most notable battle was that at Montaperto in 1260, in which the Sienese completely annihilated a Florentine army, killing ten thousand

and capturing fifteen thousand men. It was then that, in Dante's phrase, "the Arbia was colored red." A thousandth part of the slain at Montaperto could incarnadine that slender streamlet to-day. The *caroccio*, or battle-car, taken in this engagement was drawn in triumph in the streets of Siena every year at the *Palio* for some five hundred years; when it finally fell in pieces, like the "one-hoss shay," a copy of it had to be constructed which is put to the same use to this day.

In 1860, Mr. Howells recounts, when the Florentines invited the Sienese to celebrate the union of Tuscany with Italy, the official who received the invitation for Siena seemed skeptical.

"Does Florence really want us?" he queried dubiously. When reassured on this point he murmured:—

"Oh, that affair of Montaperto, you know"—which had occurred just six centuries before.

Gente vana, Dante called the Sienese, a vain race; and this incident would seem to justify the epithet.

Siena was not without a despot in its history. Pandolfo Petrucci, who seized the reins of gov-

ernment in 1487, much resembled the Medici Lorenzo. He too was called the Magnificent, ruled like the subtle tyrant of Florence, built churches and palaces, patronized art and letters. Later freedom came again to the Sienese, but in 1554, when the emperor and Duke Cosimo laid siege to the city, the end of Siena's liberty had come. For eighteen months the siege lasted, and the women fought valiantly side by side with the men. From forty thousand the population of the city was reduced to six thousand. When the besiegers finally entered, Siena was become a city of shadows.

In the very heart of the city is the celebrated Piazza di Campo, now renamed after Victor Emmanuel. On its southern side is the Palazzo Comunale, with the famous tower of the Mangia, that writers have rhapsodized over for centuries. There is, in truth, nothing in Italy to compare with this particular campanile. It seems swiftly to disengage itself from the mass of the palace, and to soar upward straight as a dart, and almost with the motion of a dart, shot skyward. It is a tower that really seems to be in the act of towering. This and the palace with its Gothic windows

and battlemented roof, the marble loggia at the foot of the tower, and the broad, clean square streaked by paths of white stone radiating outward from the palace, form one of the most beautiful pictures in Italy. The Palazzo was begun in the thirteenth century and finished early in the fourteenth. Here the Nine ruled when Siena had her liberty, and here Petrucci lorded it when he took it from her. It is the great piazza of Siena. Sodoma, her best painter, decorated the loggia, or Cappella di Piazza, as it is called, at the foot of the tower, and Jacopo della Quercia, her greatest sculptor, made the Fonte Gaja, the gay fountain, opposite the palace. The original, too precious to be exposed, is now in the museum of the Duomo ; the copy is in the square. Here, too, is held every year the *Palio*, the horse-race that is known the world over. So ancient is it, that beside it the English Derby is almost contemporary with the Brooklyn Handicap.

While the *Palio* was probably run at times earlier than 1260, it is certain that such a race took place in August of that year after the city dedicated itself to the Virgin, subsequent to the late unpleasantness at Montaperto. For some

time the *Palio* has been run twice a year, the 2d of July and the 16th of August. It takes place at six in the afternoon, and you can buy seats in the windows of ancient palaces or in the square, as to a coronation. Though there are seventeen regions in the city, only ten participate, and the horses ridden by professional jockeys are assigned one to each region by lot: so that the region whose symbol is the Goose may have the best horse this year and the poorest next. There is a pomp and circumstance about the *Palio* that would take long to describe. The standard-bearers, the heralds and pursuivants come forth in all their regalia of ancient days, and all Siena, to say nothing of a large influx of visitors, is there to see. The race is run in honor of the Virgin, and the winning banner is blessed in the Cathedral. Even the preliminary trials that take place some days before the race are of interest, for then many of the peasants with their provender, brought in for the market, make a background of a somewhat different style of picturesqueness. After the trials, when it is settled which ten horses are to run, the *contrade*, or regions, become extravagantly solicitous about the nags that are to re-

present them. There is a general trial on the eve of the race, and then the *Palio* itself. A brief mass is celebrated in the chapel of the Piazza, thus sanctifying the event. The prize is the *palio*, or banner.

The actual race abounds in picturesque features. All seems fair in the *Palio*. From the flag on the top of the Mangia tower to the very paving stones, all is alive with the excitement. We know how an English crowd behaves at the Derby. Imagine this far more intimate event in the midst of an Italian city. "It is not a call to arms by the heralds," says Signor Renzo Larco eloquently in his book, *Il Palio di Siena* published "with the discretion" of the city, "it is not the day of the lottery, it is not a menacing enemy at the gate," — it is only a call of the *contrade* to the *Palio*. Every horse is blessed in the church of his *contrada* before the race, and sprinkled with holy water, though from the conduct of some of those steeds in the race you would never suspect it. It is hard to understand how the winning *fantino*, or jockey, escapes suffocation by his admirers. The police, however, are a great help.

Previous to visiting the interior of the Palazzo

Communale it is well to go to the Institute of Fine Arts, and there to look upon the Byzantine Madonnas, those forerunners of the earlier art of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. Duccio did for Sienese art virtually what Giotto did for Florentine, though after him there was something of a relapse to the Byzantine. Sodoma, Raphael's contemporary and friend, is richly represented here. His Descent from the Cross is deservedly famous.

In the Palazzo are some great frescoes by Lorenzetti which every one goes to see. They are in the Hall of the Nine, and represent the Ideal State, Good Government, and Bad Government. The allegory in the first is very plain: Justice rules and the good citizens are free, whereas the bad are guarded by armed men. In the chapel are Taddeo di Bartolo's frescoes, and there are, besides, pictures, some by Sodoma, in various other rooms.

But the greatest work of art in Siena is undoubtedly the Cathedral. Its beautiful marble façade dazzles you even more than that of the Pisan Duomo. Innumerable marble sculptures deck out this front in a rich harmony that may well

come under the definition of frozen music. The arches of the three doors, the circular window, and the arcades above them with gables flashing the colors of rich, modern mosaic-work, would be difficult even for the brush to depict. And beyond this the striped campanile soars aloft with almost the grace of the Mangia tower. The Sienese obviously knew how to build towers—and cathedrals, too. For this Duomo is only a portion of what was originally planned for Siena. In 1339, a hundred years after the Cathedral was begun, it was decided to erect a nave so vast that the present structure was to be merely its transept. But the plague of 1348 clipped those ambitions. Before entering you may wish to see in the Baptistery the baptismal font wrought by Jacopo della Quercia, Donatello and Ghiberti.

In the Cathedral the interior is so rich that for a moment you gasp at the sight. You feel at once that this is not a restful place for prayer and meditation. The clustered pillars with their black and white stripes disturb you; the sculptures, the decorations are too numerous; the very pavement is a picture gallery. You will not come here, like the man in Pisa, to lighten your heart.

You are stimulated in a wholly different way ; at any rate, the effect is not one of light-heartedness. You look upon the altar of the Piccolomini, that powerful Sienese family that contributed two popes to the great number whose busts look down upon you from the cornice. The figures of the Saints in the altar are by Michelangelo. You see the magnificently carved pulpit by Niccolò Pisano, and in the chapel of San Giovanni, some frescoes by Pinturicchio and a John the Baptist by Donatello. Pinturicchio's, too, are the great frescoes in the library of the Duomo, which contains the best work, perhaps, of that artist. The frescoes deal with the life of Æneas Silvius Piccolomini, afterwards Pius II, of whom Siena is proud. Here, also, are preserved two flag-poles taken from the Florentines at Montaperto. The Opera del Duomo, or museum, contains works by Duccio, the Lorenzetti, and various other objects of interest collected during some six centuries.

Whatever shrines a stranger may slur or omit in Siena, the house of St. Catherine is not one of them. It is situated in an ancient quarter of the city known as the *contrada* of the Goose, for that

is the emblem of that ward — on a green field. It is not far from Fonte Branda, a fountain mentioned by Dante. Tanners occupied this region in 1347 when St. Catherine was born, and tanners occupy it still. Giacomo Benincasa was not a tanner, but a dyer, and the girl, who was one of his thirteen children, was not encouraged in her early visions, trances or ecstasies. She persisted, however, and finally persuaded not only her parents but everybody else that Christ had espoused her and given her His heart for hers. She donned the hair shirt, slept on stone with bricks for her pillow, and preached against cruelty and vice, so that kings and popes and even emperors listened to her. She is even credited with having put an end to the Babylonian captivity by persuading Pope Gregory XI to return from Avignon to Rome. The house is now wholly converted, and every room in it, including Giacomo's shop, is a chapel painted with frescoes and otherwise decorated. Great is the list of St. Catherine's miracles. Wherever she gave herself up to tending the sick in war or pestilence, she wrought miraculous cures. Well, whatever we may think or believe about the mystic spousals of which she spoke

as of a reality, we know what effect Florence Nightingale, for instance, had upon the mortality in the Crimea. Miss Nightingale has not yet been canonized, but she certainly, in her way, wrought miracles. It is not difficult to believe that past ages had their Florence Nightingales and that St. Catherine, who flourished in an age of mysticism, was one of them.

CHAPTER XX

VENICE THE ENCHANTRESS

NOTHING that you have gleaned concerning Venice, in picture or text or by word of mouth, will in the slightest impair your first impression of that regal city. The sight of the canals and their waters actually washing into the front doors of the palaces, regardless of the number of etchings or pastels you may have seen depicting this particular phenomenon, produces in your mind an effect that is at once unsettling and absurdly exhilarating. The towers, the spires, and the palace fronts, the rose tints of the clouds, the tender Venetian sky, the swish of the water that is here your slave at last, the cries of the gondoliers and their red sashes, bring to your mind the holiday mood that we, care-sick mortals, go seeking the world over. Trite as the phrase "Queen of the Adriatic" has by now become, it nevertheless describes the city to a miracle. For just as you appear in your best of raiment before a human

queen, so here your highest spirits rise within you to greet the queen of the cities. Whatever depression you may have felt after leaving Florence and the Tuscan country, that will ever remain first in your heart, is swiftly dispelled by this rival, so lavish in her charms. You will yearn and yearn toward Florence, for perhaps the rest of your life ; but the desire for Venice will come to you in sharp and fitful gusts, all but irresistible.

Who does not remember, after crossing a choppy bit of sea, the almost lulling softness of the still water in the haven, the grateful calm after the turbulent waves without the breakwater? You experience much the same sense of relief and rest when you actually find yourself gliding on the broad canal with the magical rhythm of the gondola. You scarcely know how you left the train, how you broke through the file of hotel porters, how you entered the gondola. The gondoliers bend gracefully to their work, the tumult of land travel drops away from you like a burden, and with a sigh of luxury you sink back among the cushions and gaze upon the unreality of palaces, bridges, and other gondolas, like one in a dream.

“*Ponte Rialto*,” announces a good-natured gondolier with an ingratiating smile, “*Palazzo Mocenigo—casa di Byron, Palazzo Browning*.” But whatever may be your subsequent interest in these landmarks, you scarcely heed him in your reverie, for Venice as a whole seems so infinitely greater than all its parts. It is the color of Venice, the flashing lights of the sunset on the canal, the easy graceful motion of the gondolas, the soft tints, the caressing air, the sense of well-being and beauty that insinuate themselves into your very heart, and henceforth you are a captive forever. You are probably taken to one of the row of hotels on the left bank of the Grand Canal and on the Riva degli Schiavoni,—the Danieli, Europa, Grand, Victoria, Roma, Bauer-Grünwald, and so on. There are, of course, many other hotels and innumerable pensions, less expensive than those named in the tourist quarter, but unless you know of them beforehand, these will supply a resting place until you find your particular lodgings. You can scarcely finish your dinner, so sharp is your longing to go out on the lagoon, where the musical barges make the night melodious, with all touristry for an audience.

Venice, she that supplied all Europe with luxuries during the Middle Ages, is still a trader to-day in the self-same commodities. Romance is one of them, and this music dispensed by the mandolin, the guitar, and the human voice, under the light of the moon, is ever in demand, and Venice continues to supply it. At all events, it satisfies some of your dreams of that gorgeous city. And when the picture and the singing come to the eager eyes and ears of the new arrival, they bewitch the senses like the magic spectacles in Hoffmann's tale. It matters not in the slightest that you see no Venetians, only foreigners, in the throng of gondolas crowded about the barges ; it is of no importance that the singing is often mediocre. You brave the night air (harmless here) for hours, listen enraptured, and contribute freely to the collector on his rounds, as he steps from one to another of the serried gondolas. Your old friends resound, "Sole Mio," "Funicola Funicoli," "Bianca Casita," "Santa Lucia," cloying sentimental ditties to well-known tunes ; you applaud them all. Now and then these are varied by something from "Trovatore," or "Rigoletto," or other operas, though strangely enough, no one

seems able to sing the famous Barcarolla from Offenbach's "Contes d' Hoffmann," peculiarly appropriate, one would suppose, to this place. The music-barges drift with the tide, and the enchanted gondolas follow like the children of Hamelin after the Piper.

To your right is the little island of San Giorgio Maggiore with its church and tower, and behind you the jutting point of the Salute, with the golden ball over the Custom House, and the church of Santa Maria della Salute against the sky. The beak of a ship from Trieste or Fiume looms in shadowy outline before you, and again you marvel at the security of this frail gondola on the deep waters. The music is stilled, the barges float away, and the listeners disperse. You tell your gondoliers to row to the Giudecca Canal, which seems to be a forest of masts and cordage, and you wonder how they pick their way through the ropes and chains of the anchors. Perhaps you glide into one of the silent canals of the Giudecca, bathed in moonlight, and only the plash of the oars disturbs the perfect stillness. Or you may turn into the narrow canal behind the Doge's palace, whose walls and those of the prisons rise

massive and beetling over the black waters spanned by the arch of the Ponte dei Sospiri, the ominous Bridge of Sighs. You pass through a whole network of dark, glassy canals, some less fragrant than others; and there in the sombre, intricate water lanes you feel something of the mystery of Venice, or at least the mystery that once was hers. Only the cries of the gondoliers, warning others at turnings, disturb the silence. Either at the Ponte di Rialto or some nearer exit you issue into the Grand Canal, and the spell is broken. But you return to your lodgings a different being.

You have seen her, this fairy city, beautiful as a princess, but aged as the Sybil. Perhaps, you think, legend is right in attributing her origin to those Eneti of the Scythian race who held with Troy against the Grecians? You are loath to believe that the unpoetic article of salt is the origin of this magical city, as historians relate. Yet it is true that salt and Attila the Hun, the Scourge of God, who drove before him the people of Altino, Aquileia, and Padua on the mainland to the bars and islets at the river's mouth, are probably the only begetters of Venice. Thus

the year 452 A. D., considerably later than the siege of Troy, as we see, is generally accepted as the date of the founding of Venice. Less than a hundred years later, in the days of the Goth Theodoric, we already hear of the prowess in shipping of the Venetians and the wealth they were amassing by the salt trade. So early as the sixth century, 584, Venice already made a treaty with the Eastern Emperor at Constantinople, and in 697 she elected her first Doge, Paolo Lucio Anafesto. From a mere handful, some forty thousand who fled before Attila, arose that nation, holding virtually no territory except this capital, which seems to have perennial life—and which is mostly water. For eleven centuries, from 742, their form of government remained practically unchanged. A Doge as a symbol of State, with much honor and small power, a council to rule, an aristocratic republic, in short, that was the government of Venice till its fall.

Mark the Evangelist may be the patron saint of Venice, but commerce was her god. She spread to every sea then known and sought trade in every port. All the Adriatic became hers; and when Pope Alexander III, fleeing before Barba-

rossa in 1173, declared the Adriatic to be the lawful bride of the Republic, Venice was not slow to take this literally and seriously, and every Doge solemnly espoused the sea by throwing a ring annually into the waters. From the East, whither they went for trade, the Venetians brought back luxury, art, and learning, so that from the thatched city that stood on wooden piles on the little islands grew the powerful metropolis, with her palaces, her splendid architecture, her beautiful paintings, her great university at Padua. Thus arose architects, Calendario and others, capable of building such a structure as the Ducal Palace; the Bellini, Giorgione, Titian and Tintoretto, among the artists; while such men as Galileo and Scaliger occupied chairs at Padua. All was for the good of the State, and every noble had to give his life to her service as Doge, councillor, senator, ambassador, overseer of the arsenal, and so on. That arsenal, which built and equipped the ships and galleys of Venice, was famous throughout the world. The Malebolge, with its boiling pitch, which Dante describes as the punishment for barratry in the *Inferno*, he compares to the arsenal in Venice,

with its seething and ceaseless activity, where everything pertaining to a ship was made, to say nothing of all artillery. Sixteen thousand men were at times employed here, and the docks could turn out a galley a day. If a noble was elected to be an overseer of the arsenal, he had to accept the office as cheerfully as that of Ambassador to Paris, and move from his own palace to a house in the yards. There were three such houses, for the three overseers, and these dwellings were popularly known by the names of Inferno, Purgatorio, and Paradiso.

It is scarcely possible here to give even a sketch of Venetian history, but no history is more fascinating to read. Such books as Yriarte's "Venice" and Crawford's "Salve Venetia" furnish admirably readable outlines. Few histories contain more absorbing romances than that of Venice. What can surpass in interest the life of the great soldier Vittor Pisani, in the fourteenth century? He is general of the forces one day, a prisoner of the Senate the next, leader again upon the demand of the people, and victor over the all but invincible fleet of Genoa. Or, there is the tragedy of Marino Faliero, the one Doge whose portrait is

missing from the collection, because, for a personal insult to his wife and himself by a noble, he plotted to overthrow the government of the Republic. To the time of Daniel Manin, who fought for the freedom of Venice against the Austrians, the annals of the Republic abound in romances of history. Those annals, by the way, housed in the old monastery of Santa Maria Gloriosa dei Frari, fill two hundred and sixty-four halls and chambers.

So many relics of all that ancient power and splendor remain, that the indefatigable sight-seer has much to occupy him here. But even that type of visitor (*quorum pars non fui*) seems to grow languid in Venice. An April sun with its caressing light and the luring waters of the canals and lagoons, seem to work transformations in those even who are born explorers of museums and galleries. The soft air blows about you, the waters flash and sparkle, and the peculiar tender light of Venice gives that radiance to everything, that at once soothes and stimulates your senses. Every one becomes a poet here. Sad is the heart that is alone in Venice. Everything here seems to cry for warmth and intimacy, and the lonely here are doubly lonely. Venice is now called the home of

German brides. If that appellation is true, German brides are no fools. For where, after all, can days be more happily and carelessly spent than here in a gondola on the smooth waters, in delicious sunlight, disturbed only by the singsong cry of the gondoliers, *Stalì, Premè?*

CHAPTER XXI

THE PIAZZA SAN MARCO

ONE day, in April, I was walking in the Street 22 March, as they call it, behind half a dozen French sailors from a visiting man-of-war. A Venetian street has a peculiar charm of its own. It is narrow, it is often clean; the walls of the buildings seem to overhang it like the sides of a cañon, and all nationalities seem to be laughing their way through it. Every one seems happy in these ravines. You pass by the shops and cafés through the Calle San Moise into the very narrow Bocca di Piazza. This mouth is only some seven feet wide. The French sailors suddenly fall back a pace.

“*La Place Saint Marc!*” exclaimed one of them, and they stood speechless. The effect of that Piazza is dazzling rather than overpowering. The white pavement with the squares and lines of gleaming marble, the arches and pillars on either side, the clock tower before you, and the

glory of the Cathedral of St. Mark, and the portion of the Palace of the Doges that you see before you, with their wonderful hues and tints that painters have tried in vain to reproduce, arrest your bewildered faculties for a moment, and you very naturally pause to recover them. The two rows of buildings, — the Old Procuratie on the left and the New Procuratie opposite, — with their colonnades, prolong themselves into ranged symmetry, in Ruskin's phrase, "as if the rugged and irregular houses that pressed together above us in the dark alley had been struck back into sudden obedience and lovely order, and all their rude casements and broken walls had been transformed into arches charged with goodly sculpture and fluted shafts of delicate stone."

The conduct of the French sailors, who come from a country rich in great public squares, speaks for itself. That is probably the way the barbarian or the provincial was struck by his first view of the Roman Forum in the days of the Cæsars. All the splendor of the dead republic seems to be concentrated in this square, as if in defiance of Buonaparte, who could abolish its government but not its beauty. From the Bocca di

Piazza, the Church of St. Mark, for which all the great square, in the words of Ruskin, seems to have opened "in a kind of awe," dominates the view. "A multitude of pillars and white domes," he continues, "clustered into a long low pyramid of colored light; a treasure-heap, it seems, partly of gold and partly of opal and mother-of-pearl, hollowed beneath into five great vaulted porches, ceiled with fair mosaic and beset with sculpture of alabaster, clear as amber and delicate as ivory; sculpture fantastic and involved, of palm leaves and lilies, and grapes and pomegranates, and birds clinging and fluttering among the branches, all twined together into an endless network of birds and plumes." It would, perhaps, be confusing to quote further, but even this gives one an idea of the opulent vision of that church that has ever been the Palladium of Venice.

In speaking of the Roman Forum some chapters back, I ventured to compare this radiant Square of St. Mark to that ancient centre of Roman life. Even in their origins those two spots are not dissimilar. The Temple of Vesta was built on swampy land, we recall, that Numa proceeded to drain. So this square was an area of mud dur-

ing the winter rains, cut by a small dyked canal, at the time the Campanile was begun here, in 888, by the Doge Pietro Tribuno. It was not completed until 1511, and by that time the Piazza was not unlike what we see to-day. The nobles used to meet on the platform of the Campanile and in the loggia, and young men, when they reached the age of twenty-five, were here introduced to their peers. The space between the Campanile and the columns bearing St. Theodore and the Lion of St. Mark, in the Piazzetta, before the Palace, near the Grand Canal, was a favorite loitering place of the nobles before and after Council meetings. But the Campanile fell in 1902, and when I saw it last, it was still encased in scaffolding in the process of rebuilding, begun in 1904. The offices of administration and residences of the republic's Procuratori, were in the Old and New Procuratie. Pietro Lombardi, the head of a long line of Venetian artists, that flourished from the middle of the fifteenth to the beginning of the seventeenth century, built the lower part of the Old Procuratie in 1496; the upper was finished by Bartolommeo Buono da Bergamo in 1517. Opposite are the New Procuratie

and the old library, built by Sansovino in 1536, and these together now form the Royal Palace.

Jewellers, bric-à-brac dealers, and booksellers tenant the ground stories of these Procuratie, but the more interesting doors are those opening into the cafés, Florian's, Quadri's, and a number of others. Florian himself has been dead this century past, and the date of the opening of that café is put anywhere from the days of the First Empire to those of the Roman empire. It certainly is the oldest café in the Piazza and a centre of cosmopolitan life in Venice. You see almost no one there in the daytime. Quadri's, on the other hand, has come to be a place for afternoon tea. But in the evening, when the band begins to play, the entire Piazza fills up. From the hotels on the Grand Canal they come, and from the Merceria, the interior of Venice, they pour into the Piazza, and the scene is unlike that anywhere else in the world. You see something of this outdoor life along the boulevards of Paris, but in Paris they have no St. Mark's Square. During the day, however, there is the compensation of the doves. Legend has it that when Enrico Dandolo, the crusader of the twelfth century, was besieging

Candia, certain carrier pigeons rendered service to him and to the State. However that may be, they were fed by the State for centuries, until a pious lady left a bequest for their maintenance. Every visitor is interested in them, and their flights and feeding add a charm to the square. All these things seem to lure the traveller far more than the riches of the interiors, and sight-seeing languishes. You know, however, that it is your duty to see the Ducal Palace, to which you make your way after a glance, perhaps, at the Old Library and the Zecca, or mint, that gave the coin and the word "sequin."

The façades of the Ducal Palace, notably the façade facing the lagoon and the Piazzetta façade, have been tantalizing you with their color and beauty, and you have a vague sense that the palace is a thousand years old, which makes the beauty even more wonderful. Well, what you see is not half so old, but it is certainly true that a Palazzo Ducale has stood here since 820, built by Agnello Partecipazio, tenth in the line of the one hundred and twenty doges in Venetian history. It was constructed in the Byzantine style, resembling, perhaps, the Fondaco dei Tur-

chi on the Canal. At that time Venice really came into being as a state; it was then decided to make the island of Rialto the seat of government, and Participazio, therefore, built the Church of St. Mark and a palace for the administration of the State's business. It suffered repeated injury by fire, and in 1173 the Doge Sebastian Ziani repaired and enlarged it. In 1309, under the great Doge Gradenigo, was added the large saloon in which the Council, recently enlarged, was wont to meet. That formed the beginning of what Ruskin calls the newer or Gothic Ducal Palace, and it faced the Rio Canal, which is overhung by the Bridge of Sighs. In 1340 a larger council chamber was built, facing the Grand Canal, and that room, we are told, is the one now in existence. A fire in 1419 destroyed a great part of the old buildings, and in 1423 was added the newer portion, in Ruskin's words, the Renaissance Palace, the Piazzetta façade, thus completing the Palace of the Doges, so that of the old Ziani Palace there is scarcely a stone standing to-day. The colonnades and the whole interior were built after another great fire in 1574, which gutted the entire palace.

You enter from the Piazzetta by the Porta della Carta, near St. Mark's Church, and find yourself in a court opposite Rizzo's Stairway of the Giants. It was down this stairway that the head of Marino Faliero was said to have rolled in 1355, when he was beheaded for plotting against the State. But as this staircase was built in 1485, that would seem scarcely possible. You look upon the Giants of the stairs, Mars and Neptune, the reliefs by Alessandro Vittoria and the brazen well-heads of the sixteenth century, and enter the lawyers' rooms where the Golden Book of Venetian pedigrees was kept. You look upon Giovanni Bellini's *Pietà* and mount the Scala d' Oro, where none but nobles trod, to the great halls that contain only memories of Venetia's ancient rulers; but of the painters, whom they in their might employed, there are still series of priceless treasures. The pictures abide to the glory of the artists, but the living-rooms of the powerful doges are now a small museum. When you see those rooms, or the dead court without, the same melancholy overcomes you that is inspired by all such places, — by the home of the Medici in the Palazzo Vecchio at Florence, the

Palazzo Communale at Siena, the Château at Fontainebleau, or that at Versailles; the transitory quality of human power buffets you on every hand. How little are we concerned by this or that "Most Serene Prince," as the Doge was addressed! It is the work of Titian, Tintoretto, and Veronese that we have come here to see.

By a steady and energetic succession, from the days of the Greek mosaic-workers, who were brought to decorate St. Mark's in the eleventh century, painting developed in Venice until we find in Titian, Giorgione, Veronese, men of the first order among the decorative painters in the world's history. They were not philosophers or profound thinkers like Michelangelo, or even Raphael, but simply great craftsmen and artists. In the Academy of Venice we may see some of their forerunners and successors. Since so much of the painting in the Palazzo Ducale is by Titian, Veronese, and Tintoretto, we must speak of them in this place.

Titian, as we have already seen some chapters before, was born in 1477, and lived ninety-nine years of a life habitually successful, and full of honors and glory, like that of any prince. He

was a pupil of Giovanni Bellini and of Giorgione, and for almost eighty years, virtually from boyhood, he practised every kind of painting, travelled over Europe, painted sovereigns and popes, and Venetian nobles, decorated almost every church in Venice, as well as the apartments of State and the Grand Council room in the Ducal Palace. In the Sala delle Quattro Porte we find on the entrance wall his Doge Antonio Grimani kneeling before Faith, and in the Sala dei Filosofi a fresco of St. Christopher painted in 1524.

Tintoretto ("the little dyer"), whose work is here so abundant, was a picturesque figure. His name was really Jacopo Robusti, but as his father was a dyer, he was called the little dyer. He was born in 1512 and died in 1594. The fact that Titian took him for his pupil indicates his gifts; and, indeed, very soon, he began to rival Titian and the two parted company. At twenty he already had the reputation of working with a lightning-like brush. After decorating the Scuola di San Marco, the wall eighty-three by thirty-four feet in the Great Council Chamber was intrusted, in the Italian phrase, to his "fulminat-

ing" brush. Afterwards he did vast works for the Scuola di San Rocco, for the Duke of Mantua, and then returned to the Ducal Palace again. Virtually all the works in the palace have suffered from restoration. Ruskin tells us that he himself was present at the re-illumination of a picture by Veronese, "with a brush at the end of a stick five feet long, luxuriously dipped in a common house-painter's vessel of paint." To glance at only the more important work of Tintoretto in the Palazzo Ducale, we have on the upper floor, in the Anticollégio, the Ariadne and Bacchus and the Minerva and Mars, and the further mythological scenes, the Workshop of Vulcan and Mercury with the Graces. You see his portraits of certain doges in the Sala di Collegio, that is, the hall of foreign ambassadors, and more portraits, with the ceiling picture of Venice as Queen of the Sea, in the Sala del Senato. In the Hall of the Great Council on the same floor with the living-rooms of the doges, is what Ruskin calls "Tintoret's *chef-d'œuvre*," the Paradise, "though it is so vast," adds Ruskin, "that no one takes the trouble to read it." But visitors do look at it and, after all, those scenes of doges and fighting galleys, Tin-

toretto's Paradise remains perhaps clearest in the memory, though it is the largest painting in the world.

Paolo Caliari Veronese, that other great Venetian master for whom the palace serves as a gallery, was a contemporary of Tintoret's, though he lived twenty-two years less than the little dyer; he was born in 1528 and died in 1588. "His," says Yriarte, "is not the greatest genius of the school, but it is the richest temperament, the happiest character, the most inexhaustible gift of creation; he was the most spontaneous spirit, the most original and most independent among all Venetian artists." He loved to dazzle the spectator with glittering pomp and splendor in his pictures, and even in his own dress he was fond of jewels and gorgeous brocades. A man of high temper, he was nevertheless much beloved for his simplicity and directness. To one who reproached him for not competing more zealously for the decoration of the Hall of the Great Council, he replied, "I understand better how to execute a commission than how to ask for it." It is on record that in 1573 Paolo Veronese appeared before the Inquisition in Venice because in a Last Sup-

per painted for the monks of San Giovanni e Paolo, he introduced, more or less arbitrarily, certain figures of German lanzknechts and halberdiers. The Inquisition ordered him to change the picture to the satisfaction of the monks. That was a habit of Veronese's — to introduce into any picture any figure or character, how irrelevant soever, that he saw fit.

In the Palazzo, his picture of the Rape of Europa in the Anticollegio is one that many have praised. "What a magician and what a poet!" exclaims M. Yriarte. "Where shall we find such gentle skies, or a landscape of such ideal allurements." The Venice Enthroned, in the Collegio, and the Battle of Lepanto, are marvels of composition. The Hall of the Great Council contains Venice Crowned by Fame, another of his great works. Many were his works executed during his career of forty years, and in the Venice Academy are a number of splendid pictures from the convent of St. Sebastian, where Paolo Veronese had shut himself up for sanctuary after a quarrel with a certain Zelotti, a painter.

There is, of course, no attempt here to speak of every picture in the palace, of the work of the

Cagliari, of Palma Giovane and so many others. Besides, there is much else to be seen in the palace. The Lion's Mouth, for instance, in the Sala della Bussola, the antechamber of the Council of Ten, where informations were laid against enemies, still gives you a thrill, though shorn by history of most of its legendary terror. The Bridge of Sighs and the Pozzi, or prisons, with their horrible dungeons, all these are part of the visit to the palace, and long after many of the pictures have faded from your memory, you still recall the little horrid dungeons where humankind has suffered. It is with something of gratitude that you issue again into the sunlight, and remember that the doges and the Council of Ten will nevermore imprison anybody in the Pozzi.

It is scarcely necessary to advise the abandonment of further sight-seeing the day you visit the Palazzo. Even the most virtuous of tourists feel the lure of the waters and the sunshine too much to resist them. You stroll down the Piazzetta toward the water's edge, glancing perhaps at the sculptured angles and capitals of the palace, to which Ruskin devotes so many pages. You make a mental note to read "Stones of Venice" again

when you return home, and listen to the call of the gondoliers.

“Gondola, gondola, gondola!” they cry in your language, or “*Alla barca, alla barca!*” in theirs, and Beppo or Giovanni, one or the other, carries you off down the Canal or to the Lido, or into the interior of Venice by the little canals.

St. Mark’s still awaits you, however, and sooner or later you will make the round of its inner beauties, though none of them, to my thinking, compare with the brilliant vision of the exterior of that church, with its domes and flag-poles and spires, its tints and its harmonies, flashing in the sunlight as you look upon it from the square.

St. Mark, the Evangelist, according to an early legend, was shipwrecked on the shores of Rialto, hence the Venetians’ devotion to him. His body reposed in the basilica at Alexandria, and how to get it was a problem that faced the pious citizens of Venice early in the ninth century, seeing that the Emperor Leo had forbidden all commerce with the infidels. Two Venetian merchant adventurers, however, Buono da Malamocco and Rustico da Torcello, risked their all, and decided to disobey the imperial mandate. They fitted out a ship,

went to Alexandria, and literally stole the saint's remains. The Doge of course forgave the crime, and from that time on St. Mark has protected the Republic until it ceased to exist. The Doge Partecipazio, whichever of that name was doge in 829, decreed a church to be built as a suitable tomb for the remains, and by the end of the century such a church had been built. After a fire it was rebuilt in 976, and additions made in 1043 by Doge Domenico Contarini, declares Yriarte, "gave it very nearly its definitive and present form." All travellers and navigators were requested to bring back spoil from Greece and the Orient for its decoration, and the Oriental and Byzantine influences are still traceable.

The four bronze horses, over the portico, for instance, which Goethe and others have praised so much, were brought from Constantinople. Though I confess, that to me the three red slabs of marble in the vestibule marking the spot where Frederick Barbarossa knelt to Pope Alexander III in 1177, are more interesting than the horses.

"I am kneeling to Peter, not to thee!" cried Barbarossa, as the pontiff put his foot on the Emperor's neck.

“To Peter and to me,” replied the Pope, in his pride.

The marbles, the mosaics, the tombs of the doges, all are interesting, no doubt; but there is something in the atmosphere of the church, certain gleams of splendor in the great dim spaces, which somehow bring back to you the Venice of the past, that makes the real interest of St. Mark's. “This church, indeed,” says Mr. Howells, in his “Venetian Life,” “has a beauty which touches and wins all hearts, while it appeals profoundly to the religious sentiment.” All the riches here seem to belong as of right to the whole effect. “Preciousness of material,” adds Mr. Howells, “has been sanctified to the highest uses, and there is such unity and justness in the solemn splendor, that wonder is scarcely appealed to.” The brilliant mosaics, some of them from the eleventh century, fill the wall spaces; for in the ages before printing, as Ruskin points out, “the walls of the church necessarily became the poor man's Bible, and a picture was more easily read upon the walls than a chapter.” The Zeno Chapel on the right, where lies buried the Cardinal Giambattista of the Zeno family, in a tomb by

Antonio Lombardo and Alessandro Leopardò, contains a series of twelfth-century mosaics telling the story of St. Mark. And in the Baptistery lies buried the Doge Andrea Dandolo, who died in 1354, "a man early great among the great of Venice," says Ruskin, "and early lost." Here, too, are many mosaics, and scenes from the life of Christ and John the Baptist.

"In the church you are again in the deep twilight!" in Ruskin's phrase, where "the roof sheeted with gold, and the polished walls covered with alabaster, give back at every curve and angle some feeble gleaming to the flames." Under foot, he adds, and overhead are "a continual succession of crowded imagery, one picture passing into another, as in a dream; forms beautiful and terrible mixed together; dragons and serpents, and ravening beasts of prey, and graceful birds that in the midst of them drink from running fountains and feed from vases of crystal; the passions and the pleasures of human life symbolized together, and the mystery of its redemption; for the mazes of interwoven lines and changeable pictures lead always at last to the cross lifted and carved in every place and upon every stone":

that is, the pavement and the walls carry much of the splendor of this church. No one can pretend to study all these things minutely, nor does anybody recommend such a study. You look on the marble statues of the screen on the bronze reliefs of St. Mark by Jacopo Sansovino, in the chapel of the Holy Cross. Under the High Altar are said to rest the remains of St. Mark, though Ruskin believes they were certainly destroyed by the fire of 976.

Before this altar it was that Venice, in 1489, adopted Catherine Cornaro as "a daughter of the Republic." Venetian by birth, she had become by marriage Queen of Cyprus. Finding it difficult to maintain her position upon the death of her husband, the king, she appealed to Venice for aid. She was treated with all honor and circumstance, and given a home in Venice, and called Queen of Cyprus; but gradually, subtly, Venice came into the possession of Cyprus. And that little intrigue probably caused Venice to sacrifice the opportunity of helping Columbus discover America and, in the end, to lose her commercial supremacy before the enterprise of Portugal.

The Pala d'Oro, a solid gold altar-piece, ablaze

with gems and jewels, brought from Constantinople in 1105, is used only on great church festivals, and on week days can be seen upon payment of a small fee. One may visit the Sacristy, the Chapel devoted to the life-story and the remains of St. Isidor, the Treasury and the Crypt. But it seems scarcely necessary to do all that, since the best of St. Mark's comes to you rather as you wander about among the aisles and chapels, without guides or tickets of admission to special places.

CHAPTER XXII

'IDLE DAYS IN VENICE

IN no city in the world is idleness so sweet as in Venice. The laughing waters are, of course, a great softening influence, as well as the warmth and the sunlight. But it has much to do, I fancy, with the size of the city in those conditions. It is nothing to be lazy or idle in some small back-water of a town, where you scarcely see a soul in the street. It is quiet there, but how could it be otherwise? Here, however, in this great city, with its constant traffic and large cosmopolitan population, all bent on holiday making, it is strange to find that your activity seems to evaporate from you, and that you eagerly welcome the delicious desire, strong as gravitation, to do simply nothing. You never hear the noise of horse or wheel, only the muffled, soothing sounds of water and things upon it. You loll about in your gondola or on the balconies of your hotel over the Grand Canal, dreamy, peaceful, at rest after a dynamic

life. You come to the notable conclusion that outside the Piazza San Marco there is really nothing to see in Venice except what passes on the Grand Canal. How false is that conclusion, few have the heart to insist ; but one may, at all events, suggest enough occupation to form a kind of hem to the garment of idleness.

Behind the Dogana, perhaps directly across the Grand Canal, if you are staying in one of the row of hotels neighboring the Piazzetta, is the church of the Salute, Our Lady of Safety, decreed by the Republic in thanksgiving for its deliverance from the plague of 1630. Its domes and silver-gray tint have beckoned to you across the water. Bartolommeo Longhena built it, and it holds a St. Mark by Titian, three ceiling paintings on Old Testament subjects from the same hand, as well as a famous bronze candelabrum by Alessandro Andrea, the Brescian, a pupil of that famous Venetian sculptor Alessandro Vittoria, who was called the Michelangelo of Venice. You can examine this church undisturbed, for few visitors seem to take the trouble to cross the canal for its sake. San Giorgio Maggiore, on the near-by island of that name fares little better, though recently,

after the fall of the old campanile in the Piazza, the campanile of San Giorgio remained the highest in Venice, and that was an attraction. The church, built by the great architect Palladio, at the end of the sixteenth century, contains sculptures by Alessandro Vittoria, a number of doges' tombs, and some remarkable pictures by Tintoretto.

On the island of the Giudecca is another famous Venetian church, that of the Redentore, also built by Palladio, between 1577 and 1592. This, too, was built as a thank-offering after a plague — that of 1576, by which Venice lost forty thousand of her people. Every year after the opening of the church, on the third Sunday in July, was celebrated the *Sagra*, or thanksgiving, with a festival and a solemn mass, at which the Doge and the Signory, as well as most of the population, assisted. A bridge of boats was and is still constructed to unite the Giudecca with Venice proper on the other side of the Giudecca Canal. In the course of the centuries this festival has come to be merely a picturesque Venetian fair, where people eat, drink, and make merry, in a kind of carnival mood.

If you wander long enough to the northeast

from the blue and gold clock in the Piazza, by way of the teeming and busy Merceria, with its warren of shops, you will come first to the church of Santa Maria Formosa, and, beyond that, to the greater one of SS. Giovanni e Paolo. The Campo Santa Maria Formosa would elsewhere be a piazza, but in Venice there is only one Piazza, — St. Mark's. All these other squares are called *campi*, and they have their churches, their shops and trades, forming a sort of parochial centres. Of the original church of Santa Maria, which the Bishop of Uderzo is said to have built in obedience to the Virgin on a spot where a certain white cloud rested, nothing remains. The greater part of the present building dates to 1492. It contains a famous picture by Palma Vecchio, a St. Barbara, which was really a portrait of the painter's daughter, Violante, Titian's sweetheart. Santa Barbara was the patron saint of the gunners in the Arsenal, and so beautiful must have been the face of her who served as model for it, that it is no wonder Titian loved her. With this church, moreover, is connected an ancient Venetian custom called the Feast of the Maries.

Marriages in Venice were in early days celebrated on the 31st of January at dawn in the Cathedral. Arrayed in what splendor she had, the bride, surrounded by her friends, went to the church, carrying under her arm a little casket called the *arcella*, which contained her dowry and jewels, if she had any. On one such solemn morning, probably in 959, when the brides were standing thus grouped about the altar, a band of Istrian pirates landed at the point probably where the Arsenal was subsequently built, made their way to the Cathedral, and carried off the brides as well as their dowries. One may imagine the consternation of relatives and friends in that church, and the spectacle discovered by the bridegrooms when they came a little later upon this scene of terrified humanity. Headed by their Doge, Pietro Candiano III, the young men seized what weapons came to hand, manned a number of boats, and set forth in hot pursuit of the corsairs, overtaking them in one of the lagoons. A young man fighting for his bride, with her as a spectator, perhaps, is like to fight very hard indeed. The Venetians laid aboard the pirate ships fiercely and slew the robbers, every one. Both they and the

captive girls came off unhurt. Now, most of those victorious bridegrooms were boxmakers by trade, from the parish of Santa Maria Formosa. When the Doge inquired what reward he could bestow upon them for their splendid valor, they asked that he favor them with his presence in their church every year on Purification Day, the 2d of February.

“But what if it rains?” he asked.

“We shall give you a hat to cover you,” they said.

“And what if I am thirsty?” he pursued in jocund humor.

“We will give you somewhat to drink,” they replied.

For several centuries the Doge paid an annual visit to the church of Saint Mary the Beautiful, receiving gifts of malmsey and straw hats. Such was the Feast of Maries in early days.

Continuing across the broad canal, the Rio S. Marina, you find yourself before San Zanipòlo, as the Venetians speak it, that is the church of Santi Giovanni e Paolo, in the *campo* of that name. The statue of Colleoni in this square is a famous one, and had Michelangelo seen it, he

must have said "*cammina*" to this horse as he did to that of Marcus Aurelius in Rome. Andrea Verrochio, the Florentine, made it at the order of the Republic. For Bartolommeo Colleoni, one of the ablest *condottieri* who ever served diverse masters, did much for the army of Venice, and when he died, in the latter part of the fifteenth century, he bequeathed a portion of his fortune to Venice that a statue might be erected for him. Alessandro Leopardi put the final touches to the statue after Verrochio's death.

The church itself, built during the fifteenth century, is filled with great sculptured tombs of doges. St. Mark's, the Frari, and San Giovanni e Paolo were the three great Pantheons of Venice. In the development of Venetian sculpture an early form of sepulchral monument was to have the statue recumbent on its bier¹ with a Gothic dais. In this Dominican church of SS. John and Paul is a number of such monuments, excellent in workmanship as, for instance, that of Doge Antonio Venier, in the left transept, who died in 1400, and that of Jacopo Cavalli in the chapel of S. Pio. In this temple also lie buried the Doge

¹ Yriarte, *Venice*, p. 172.

Pietro Mocenigo, who spent his life in the wars against the Turks and ruled Venice only two years, until his death in 1476. Pietro Lombardi made his tomb. Doge Andrea Vendramin, who died in 1478, lies under a beautiful monument by Alessandro Leopardi in the left apse; Marco Corner, Giovanni Dolfín, Tommaso Mocenigo, and Nicolo Marcello, who acquired the island of Cyprus, are some of the other doges who have beautiful monuments here. Over the door of the sacristy are busts of Titian and the two Palmas. In this church are also the remains of the two painters, Giovanni and Gentile Bellini. East of the church at the end of the island is the Arsenal, already touched upon, with its armory, where much may be learned concerning the history of Venice. To the south of the Arsenal are the Public Gardens, entered from the Riva degli Schiavoni by way of the Via Garibaldi, a park created by Napoleon in 1810, on the site of some crumbling monasteries.

Near to the Piazza, but still in this eastern portion of the city as measured from St. Mark's, is the church of San Zaccaria, built by Antonio di Marco in 1457-77. Every year, at Easter, this

church was visited by the Doge with a great procession, to honor the nuns who, in the twelfth century, had given part of their garden for the use of the Piazza San Marco. The ancient church that stood on this site contained the tombs of some of the earliest doges, those of the ninth, tenth, eleventh, and twelfth centuries. The sculptor, Alessandro Vittoria, erected here a tomb for himself before his death, in 1608. The church is rich in beautiful paintings, among which are a famous Virgin and Child by Giovanni Bellini, a Tintoretto, and a Palma Vecchio.

The notable palaces along the Grand Canal, which the gondoliers can point out, to a large extent speak for themselves. The guide-books enumerate the more important ones, giving the dates of their construction. Associations, literary and historical, cluster about many of them. The Hotel Danieli, which under the Republic was the Signory's palace for the entertainment of guests of the State, is associated with the names of George Sand and Alfred de Musset, who stayed there in 1833. James Russell Lowell also lived there, and not improbably Dickens. The Palazzo Giustiniani, now the Hotel Europa, opposite

the Dogana, has had among its guests Chateaubriand, Wagner, and Ruskin; George Eliot and her husband, Mr. Cross, were there in 1880. Wagner is said to have written much of his "Tristan and Isolde" in this house. Laurence Hutton quotes Sir Walter Scott's biographer as authority that the one thing in Venice concerning which the author of "Waverley" displayed curiosity was the Bridge of Sighs and the dungeons, "down into which he would scramble, though the exertion was exceedingly painful to him." How many of us have done it since that May in 1832, with no less discomfort! Just before the Grand Hotel, which is made up of a fifteenth-century and a seventeenth-century palace, the Ferro and the Fini, is the little Palazzo Contarini-Fusan, which the gondoliers call the "house of Desdemona." For this there is no foundation in fact, though the palace is beautiful and Eleonora Duse has lived there in our times. Beyond the Grand Hotel they show you the Palazzo Corner della Cà Grande, a beautiful sixteenth-century building by Sansovino, now the Prefecture, and on the other side beyond the Palazzo Loredan, now the home of Don Carlos, by the bridge, is the Accademia delle Belle Arti.

Among the seven hundred pictures in the Academy there are so many masterpieces that the place is easily one of the richest art treasuries in the world. Carpaccio, the Bellini, Titian, Veronese, Tintoretto, Palma, all are represented here, including even some of the very early Venetian painters, thus making the Academy a very citadel of Venetian art. "From Vivarini to Guardi and Tiepolo," says M. Yriarte, "these painters had a special stamp of their own, an innate genius, a savour of the soil, which makes it easy to recognize them at once and to class them in the same family." Free spirits, this writer calls them, "who create without effort and labor without fatigue, minds that produce almost as spontaneously as the plant the flower and the flower the fruit." As soon, he adds, "as the school shakes off the inevitable influences of Greece and Florence, and produces those great artists who were national and inspired directly by Venice herself, it is marked by independence, freedom of style, and a contempt for traditions and rules which were till then looked upon as unalterable." Of two of those early Venetian painters, Johannes Alemannus and Antonio Vivarini, who flourished about the middle of the

fifteenth century, there are many works in the Academy. Gentile and Giovanni Bellini, those two illustrious sons of Jacopo Bellini, who had worked with Gentile da Fabriano in Florence, were already producing great art in Venice in the middle of the fifteenth century. Carpaccio was a contemporary of theirs, and all of them are well represented at the Academy. It was the Bellini, as M. Yriarte puts it, that opened the way to Giorgione and Titian. Giorgione was the heir of Carpaccio and Giovanni Bellini. He appeared at a time when Venetians were no longer satisfied with the pageant pictures at the Palazzo Ducale and other public buildings. They wanted pictures in their homes. And easel pictures, as Mr. Berenson observes, "had to be without too definite a subject and could no more permit being translated into words than a sonata." In the rooms numbered XV and XVII, named for the brothers Bellini, we find not only their own work, but at least one rare picture (582) by Jacopo, their father. Carpaccio has a number of works here, including a series of pictures in room XVI portraying the life and martyrdom of St. Ursula. Perhaps the most beautiful of Giovanni Bellini's

paintings is that of the Madonna with Six Saints (38) in the Hall of the Assumption; Ruskin declared that this picture alone was "worth a modern exhibition building, hired fiddlers and all." In the same room is a great Assumption by Titian (40). Here also may be found other excellent Titians, including a Presentation (626), one of his earliest works, and the Dead Christ (400), the very last work of the master, finished after his death by another hand, that of Palma Giovane. Of Giorgione, there are, according to M. Yriarte, three pictures at the Academy, but Mr. Berenson allows him none in this place; St. Mark appeasing a Storm (516), long attributed to Giorgione, is now held to be the work of Palma Vecchio. And many are the pictures here by Veronese and Tintoretto and Bonifazio — a whole gallery by themselves, to say nothing of Cima, Bordone, Pordenone, and Tiepolo.¹

Below the Academy, on the same side of the canal, is the Palazzo Rezzonico, restored but conspicuously imposing, where Browning spent the last year of his life and where he died on Decem-

¹ An excellent handbook is *Venetian Painters of the Renaissance*, by Mr. Bernhard Berenson (Putnam's).

ber 12th, 1889. A tablet records the fact with the verses: —

Open my heart and you will see
Graved inside of it "Italy."

The palace has passed from the hands of the Browning family. A little below this point on the right are the three Mocenigo palaces; in the middle one Byron lived for a space in 1818. He had a number of other homes in Venice, however, including the Armenian monastery on the island of San Lazzaro. Almost opposite the Mocenigo palaces is the canal of the Frari, that leads to the beautiful church of that name. Though it dates to 1250, it was rebuilt in the Gothic style between 1330 and 1417. This, too, is a Venetian Pantheon holding the tombs not only of many doges, but of what interests us more, Titian and Canova. The vast monastery is wholly occupied by the archives of Venice. The School of San Rocco, with many mural paintings by Tintoretto, is near by.

The beautiful Rialto Bridge has an interesting history of its own. It was originally a bridge of boats, built probably about the time of the first church of St. Mark. In 1260 it was made

a wooden drawbridge, and in 1588, it is said, Michelangelo was one of many competitors with plans for a durable bridge. He failed to win the award; it went to a certain Antonio da Ponte. The region of the Rialto is one of the most picturesque in Venice. Aside from its literary association with the merchant of Shakespeare's play, it has a vivid interest of its own with its shops and fruit and vegetable markets. Venice, the living and chaffering Venice of to-day, holds its own here against the inroads of touristy. In the Campo S. Bartolommeo, near the right end of the bridge, stands the statue to Goldoni, the greatest of Venetian playwrights. North of the bridge is the sixteenth-century Fondaco dei Tedeschi. Giorgione is said to have decorated its exterior. That and the eleventh-century Fondaco dei Turchi, on the opposite bank lower down on the canal, are two buildings that bring home to us the care with which Venice fostered her commerce. She built those combinations of hostelries, clubs, and warehouses for foreign merchants come to Venice with their merchandise. The Tedeschi, or Germans, and the Turks were both important commercially to Venice. Hence these hospices built for their

comfort in the city. The Fondaco dei Tedeschi is now occupied by the post office ; that of the Turchi is a museum.

Every visitor in Venice makes the excursion to the island of Murano to see the glass-blowing, as well as that to the island of the Lido. To some of us it is impossible to see beauty in Venetian glass, though the process of making it and the deftness of the makers is not uninteresting. But the Lido with its trees and beach and wonderful views of the Adriatic is a delight to the senses. How refreshing it is to see trees growing, and horses in the pasture, after the treeless miles of stones of Venice ! One may bathe in this region quite early in the season, and I have an entry in my diary reminding me that I swam in the Adriatic on April 23d, though officially the baths open a few days later. The greens and blues and purples of that sea give the unaccustomed eye some wonderful experiences, and not the least picturesque detail is contributed by the colored sails of the fishermen that we have so often seen in paintings. Now and then a couple of officers canter by on the beach to exercise their horses, but even the novelty of cavaliers in Venice cannot

turn your gaze for long from the resplendent bride of the doges. And when the day of your departure comes and your gondolier, Beppi or Giovanni, has looked upon you with brimming eyes at the railway station, and assured you that your like was never seen before in Venice, it is perhaps some of those idle hours spent upon the Lido that will come to your mind, with that noble, flashing, changeful sea dotted with purple sails.

CHAPTER XXIII

MILAN, GENOA, AND THE LAKES

I

IF you travel from Venice direct to Milan, without halting at Padua, Verona, or Brescia, you will find the contrast a sharp one; for the Lombard capital is a brisk and modern city, more populous than Rome and almost as populous as Naples. The emotions you felt upon entering such cities as Florence, Pisa, or Venice are wholly absent here; nor, on the other hand, is there the depression that comes with your first glance upon the streets of Rome. It seems much like entering a large American or German city, and you know at once that you will not linger in Milan, as you felt inclined to linger in Florence or in Venice. There are numerous hotels here, of all grades and conditions, and the Palace Hotel near, though not too near, the railway station, is as good as any other.

One's attitude toward Milan depends to a large

extent upon the direction from which one approaches it. If you have but just entered Italy either at Genoa or at the Swiss border, Milan will seem a great treasure-house filled with objects of art and interest. You will want to luxuriate in the Cathedral, gaze long upon the Castello, upon many of the churches, and give much time to the Brera Gallery, to the Poldi-Pezzóli Museum, and to the Library of St. Ambrose. And, in truth, all of these places are rich in returns for time spent upon them. But if you have been travelling from the south of the Italian peninsula northward, pausing at Naples and Rome, halting for a time in Florence and absorbing the atmosphere of Venice, the city of Milan will jar somewhat upon your fancy. And, trite as it sounds, the Cathedral, the Last Supper of Leonardo da Vinci, and brief visits to the Brera and some of the other places mentioned, suffice the traveller whose tour is limited, and he departs either to Genoa, Switzerland, or to the lakes, with an untroubled conscience.

In ancient times Milan was not greater than Rome in population, as she is to-day, but second in Italy, and her name was Mediolanum. So early

as 222 B. C. the Romans made this town, founded by the Gauls, a Roman stronghold, and in the course of the next centuries it developed into a magnificent and opulent city. Were it not for the many sieges she sustained from the fifth century on, Milan would doubtless show more remains of antiquity than any other place in Italy, except Rome. But the Huns in 452 and the Goths in 493 sacked and burned and plundered, and later, after reconquest by the Romans, the Lombards, the Franks, and the Huns were in turn her masters, so that scarcely a stone of the Roman period remained standing. Then in 1162 the Emperor Barbarossa virtually obliterated the city from the map. Some five years later, however, the Milanese suddenly gathered again from their refuges, attacked the emperor, and again there arose a city of Milan. A ruler came in the person of General Pagano delle Torre, who fought successfully against another Hohenstaufen, Frederick II, and first the Torre family and then, from 1262 to 1447, the Visconti family reigned in the city; and then came Francesco Sforza, who had married a Visconti child, Bianca; the Sforza ruled until Spain took Milan in 1535. From 1714 until

the union in 1859, not counting the brief interlude of Napoleon, Milan remained a duchy of Austria. Such, in a word, is the career of the city.

Her monuments, as we see, could not go back beyond Barbarossa, for he was a destroyer. There were none of account built by the Spaniards or Austrians. Virtually all, therefore, are due to the houses of Visconti and Sforza. The great Cathedral, to which perhaps every visitor in Milan goes first of all, is due to Gian Galeazzo Visconti, a fierce antagonist, but a capable ruler, who took the government in 1378 and, with the sanction of the emperor, boldly assumed the title of first Duke of Milan.

Next to St. Peter's this Cathedral is the largest in the world. Externally it looks larger, because it is not so closely surrounded by other buildings. The hundreds of spires and statues leaping like a great fountain upward, and the gleam of the white marble from which it was built, give it the appearance of some gigantic carving. One wonders whether Gian Galeazzo Visconti, who died in 1402, about fifteen years after the Cathedral was begun, foresaw the entire building as it is to-day. He was buried there, but not much of it could

have been built at that time. In 1560 it was still in process of building, and the façade was only finished in 1805, by the order of Napoleon, and the bronze door in 1906. As you walk round it and gaze at the tracery of spires and sculptures delicately outlined against the sky, you realize that ordinary human enterprises are trivial and insignificant compared to this Cathedral. Some five centuries suddenly seems to you as a natural length of time for the erection of such an edifice.

So old is the Christian tradition in Milan, and so important a stronghold of Catholicism has it been from early times, that certain phases of liturgy and ritual, modified elsewhere, have remained unchanged here. The Ambrosian liturgy resembles that of Eastern Catholicism rather than Roman. The pillars sweep straight upward, giving a sense of enormous height, and you feel there is endless space. You see here many monuments considerably earlier than the Cathedral itself. Archbishop Aribert died in 1045. The crucifix above his tomb is of that date. Two Visconti archbishops and early Milanese rulers of that family, are in the same aisle. The tomb of Ottone is in red marble and was originally in the church

that stood on the site of this Cathedral. You may also see a bronze monument of Leone Leoni's, erected by Pope Paul IV to his two brothers. The altar itself with its figures and statues looks like the façade of a church in size, and the bronze candelabrum, given in 1562 by the Trivulzi family, seems gigantic. There are ambitious spirits who climb some five hundred steps to the roof, whence the view is said to be very impressive.

From the Piazza del Duomo a system of tramways radiating in every direction take you for a sum equal to an English penny to any part of the city. Both the Visconti and the Sforza families, fond as they were of embellishing the city, would find no fault with this excellent system of tram-cars. One of them, the Sempione, takes you to that fine old fortress, the Castello, which Francesco Sforza ostensibly intended as an ornament to Milan. The Visconti really built it, but in 1447, when the populace proceeded to enjoy three years of liberty, they destroyed it as an earnest of their serious intention to do away with despotism. But, as we see, Francesco Sforza began to rebuild it in 1452, and for almost a hundred years

it was in process of construction. There are museums, civic and archæological, housed there now behind the dry moat. A moat was the Sforza idea of beautifying the city. It was impolite to speak of security against one's own subjects. The Castello has been used and abused for a variety of purposes. But of late it has been restored to the appearance it had before the moat was dry.

A very short walk from the Castello brings you to the Church of Santa Maria delle Grazie, where Leonardo da Vinci's Last Supper has survived for four hundred years. Almost nothing of the original drawing and coloring remains, for injury has been the portion of this great picture during all its life. A few years after it was painted it was already damaged. The Refectory, moreover, where the picture was placed, has been used as a stable and a hay magazine by the French. The painting has been restored over and over again, the last time so recently as 1908. But for sentimental reasons, it is still worth seeing, as the greatest work of that mysterious genius who was almost a magician. St. Mary of the Graces had been the favorite church of Beatrice, wife of Duke Ludovico Sforza. After her death in childbirth,

Ludovico ordered Leonardo to paint the picture in the Refectory.

Those who have read Walter Pater's essay, will recall that beautiful, haunting portrait that the writer drew of the painter—how he came to Milan, in 1483, with an offer to sell the Sforza secrets in the art of war, and how he entered the city as a player on a harp, wondrously wrought in silver by himself, not as a painter at all. Yet he was to influence Milanese painting more than any other outside artist. In the Piazza della Scala may be seen a modern statue of Leonardo, looking like one of the Magi, together with four of his pupils, erected by a grateful city; though, as we know, he was only a sojourner in Milan. When Ludovico Sforza was made a prisoner by the French in 1498, a year after the Last Supper was finished, Leonardo da Vinci, after more wanderings ended his days in the little Château de Clou, that Francis I had given the painter to hold him in France.

In the Brera Gallery may be seen some of the Leonardo influence in most of the Lombard painters. Luini, Borgognone, and Gaudenzio Ferrari are all represented. The frescoes of Luini in a

measure summarize the Milanese school of painting, though they cannot be enumerated here. But the Brera is a rich collection, and one who has not seen good pictures for some time before entering Milan turns to it hungrily. The Poldi-Pezzóli Gallery, the Ambrosian Library, and a number of churches still remain ; but when all is said and done, the Cathedral, the Cenacolo of Da Vinci, and the Brera Gallery are the principal remnants of the glory of Milan.

II

Genoa is not a museum, and few travellers are tempted by her art or by her memories. Like Venice, she lived and grew by and for commerce. But whereas in Venice we saw magnificent collections of pictures by her own artists, that remain a precious memorial to the ages, and lend a charm to her commercial greatness, in Genoa we find only the fading record of the greatness without the charm. Yet the city is beautiful as she lies white and gleaming in the sun, stretching from the noble harbor up the hill. She was early Christian and early devout. She participated in the crusades, and to this day she believes that her

Cathedral of San Lorenzo holds the earthly remains of John the Baptist and that blessed vessel, the Holy Grail.

But all the zeal and all the crusading was for the sake of spoil and trade rather than the Holy Sepulchre. Her aim was to supply ships and food for the armies of the crusaders, for the profit in the contracts. It was from Genoa that Godfrey de Bouillon set sail on the First Crusade. Where so much life and so much treasure was lost in the crusades, Genoa alone was a gainer. We have already seen how she had fought against Pisa and Venice, all for the sake of commerce. So early as the thirteenth century she was a great banker, and from 1407 on she had her Bank of St. George, whose home is still standing to-day. She had her great admirals and sailors, such as Doria and Christopher Columbus, and notable leaders and doges, like Venice. Yet to most of us to-day Venice is a goal of our dreams, while Genoa is merely a port of entry or embarkation, or a point on the way to the Riviera.

The line of arcades in the Via Carlo Alberto facing the harbor give that part of the city a Spanish appearance, but the activity in the heart

of the city is very far from reminding you of Spain. The Piazza Banchi, and, ascending from it, the Via Orefici, are filled with busy men, women and children, bespeaking an activity greater than anywhere else in Italy. Below the square, across the way of the arcades, is the Palazzo S. Giorgio, built in 1260, and later occupied by the Bank of St. George. It is now the Dogana, or custom-house, but it still contains many historic monuments, including the statues of Genoese citizens who left legacies or gave gifts to the city, each depicted according to his giving. If he gave a hundred thousand *lire* he was carved in a sitting posture, if half that, standing, and so on.

From this street, one may walk by the Via San Lorenzo to the Cathedral; and it is always better to walk or use the trams in Genoa than to employ the cabmen — a rapacious race. The black and white Gothic cathedral, much restored, is not the most interesting church in Italy, unless one believes that the remains in the sarcophagus under the altar of the chapel of St. John the Baptist are beyond question the remains of the Baptist, or that the green glass vessel you see in the sacristy is truly the cup of the Last Supper, the

Holy Grail, the sacred chalice, the quest of which played such havoc with Arthur's knights of the Table Round. You may, if you wish, see the Palazzo Ducale, the Palazzo Rosso, and the Palazzo Bianco, with their assortments of pictures, as well as that grotesquely interesting sculpture gallery, the Campo Santo.

Since the Ducal Palace adjoins the Piazza De-ferrari, it is but a step thence to the house of Columbus at No. 37 Vico Dritto di Ponticello. It is not, as is commonly said, the birthplace of Columbus, but the house where he undoubtedly spent most of his childhood. When you come there you have put new Genoa behind you, and you find yourself in an ancient gorge-like street, remote from all modern influences. It looks to-day much as it must have looked when Domenico Colombo came there with his family, which included the infant Christopher. A narrow thoroughfare this is, as we have said, crowded with tall, thin houses, with shops in the ground storeys and flapping lines of washing hung from the upper.

"It is a strange place," observes Filson Young in his "Christopher Columbus," "in which to

stand and to think of all that has happened since the man of our thoughts looked forth from those windows, a common little boy. The world is very much alive in the Vico Dritto di Ponticello ; the little freshet of life that flows there flows loud and incessant ; and yet into what oceans of death and silence has it not poured since it carried forth Christopher on its stream ! ” The empty house is, to my thinking, the greatest monument Genoa has to show. It bears a tablet with this inscription : —

NULLA DOMUS TITULO DIGNIOR

HEIC

PATERNIS IN AEDIBU

CHRISTOPHORUS COLUMBUS

PUERITIAM

PRIMAMQUE JUVENTAM TRANSEGIT

III

If ever there was on earth any spot resembling the island valley of Avilion, “ where falls not hail or rain or any snow, nor ever wind blows loudly,” it is the region of the Italian Lakes. And though rain does occasionally fall, and winds do at times

blow, it certainly lies deep-meadowed, happy, fair with orchard lawns and bowery hollows crowned with summer sea. It is as near paradise as anything we may hope to discover even in Italy. Despite the glittering snow on the Alps, you find there an almost tropical climate with none of the faults of the tropics. The sky is of a tender blue and the waters match them. Soft winds play about among the flowers and foliage, and the voice of the nightingale is no mere figure of speech on the shores of the Lake of Como. The palaces and villas that seekers after peace and beauty have reared on the shores of these lakes, the wonderful formal gardens with their profusion of color, with their aroma of orange and lemon groves, go far to make this region a sort of human fairyland. Garda, D'Orta, Como, Lugano, Maggiore — the names themselves make a kind of music.

Pliny the Younger had a villa at Bellaggio; Virgil was born near Lake Garda, and Dante has celebrated it. But no region stands less in need of historic or literary association. The lakes are like the beautiful village maids that serve as models for Venus or Madonna. Their beauty is all the attribute they need. If you go from Milan

northward, the very first glimpse of Lake Como, with its azure surface, its tender sky overhead and radiant sunshine all about, will thrill you like the sight of a mirage. Folk have come to these lakes for a week's visit and have remained years at Bellaggio, or Cadenabbia, on the paradisical shores of Lugano, or wandering among the Borromean islands in Lake Maggiore. The travel is easy and life inexpensive. The one fear is that it all may prove too enchanting, and that the visitor may forget the struggle in the world without. But therein lies at once the danger and the fascination of all the land of Italy.

APPENDIX

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